Collier's

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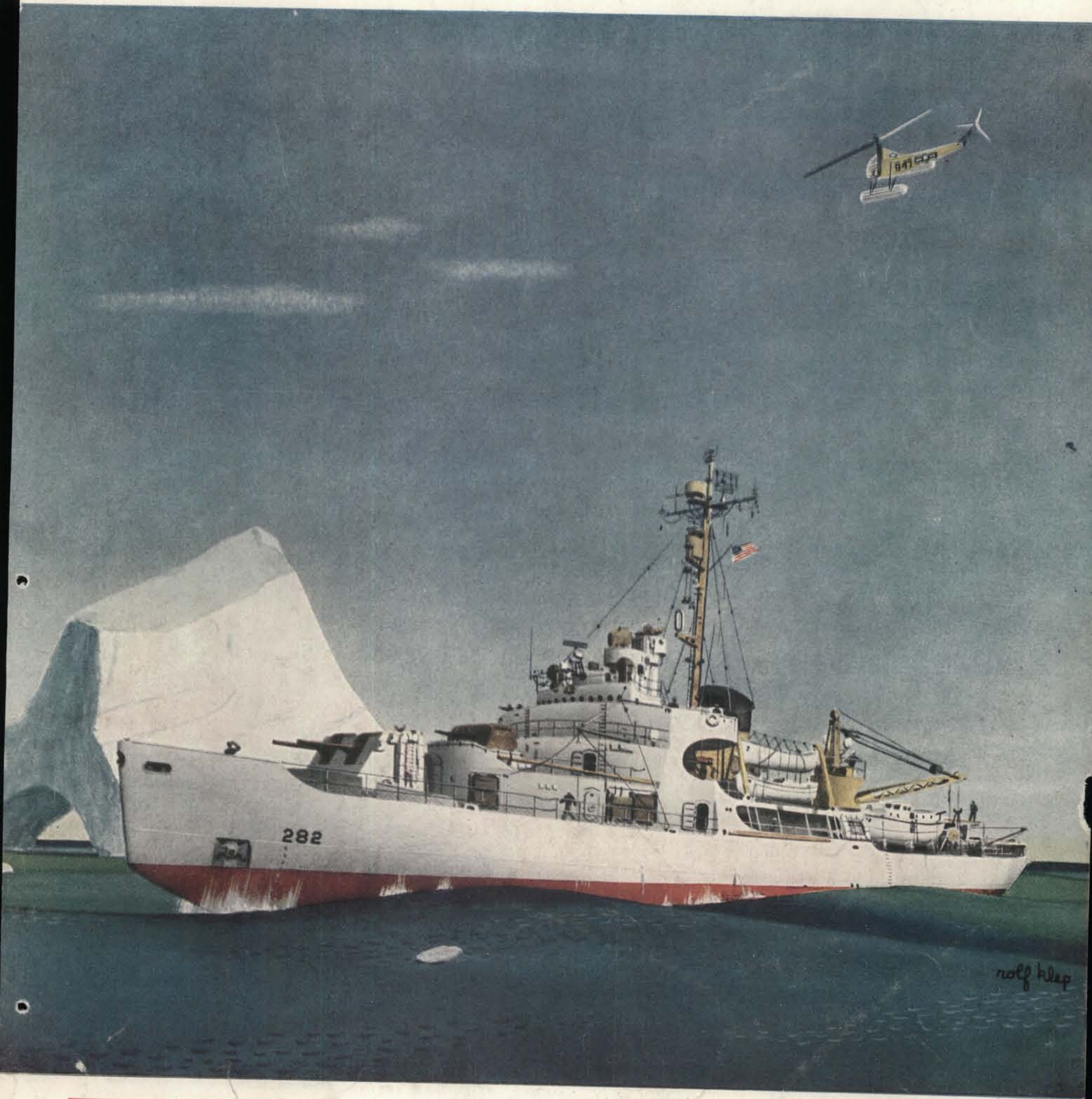
March 25, 1950

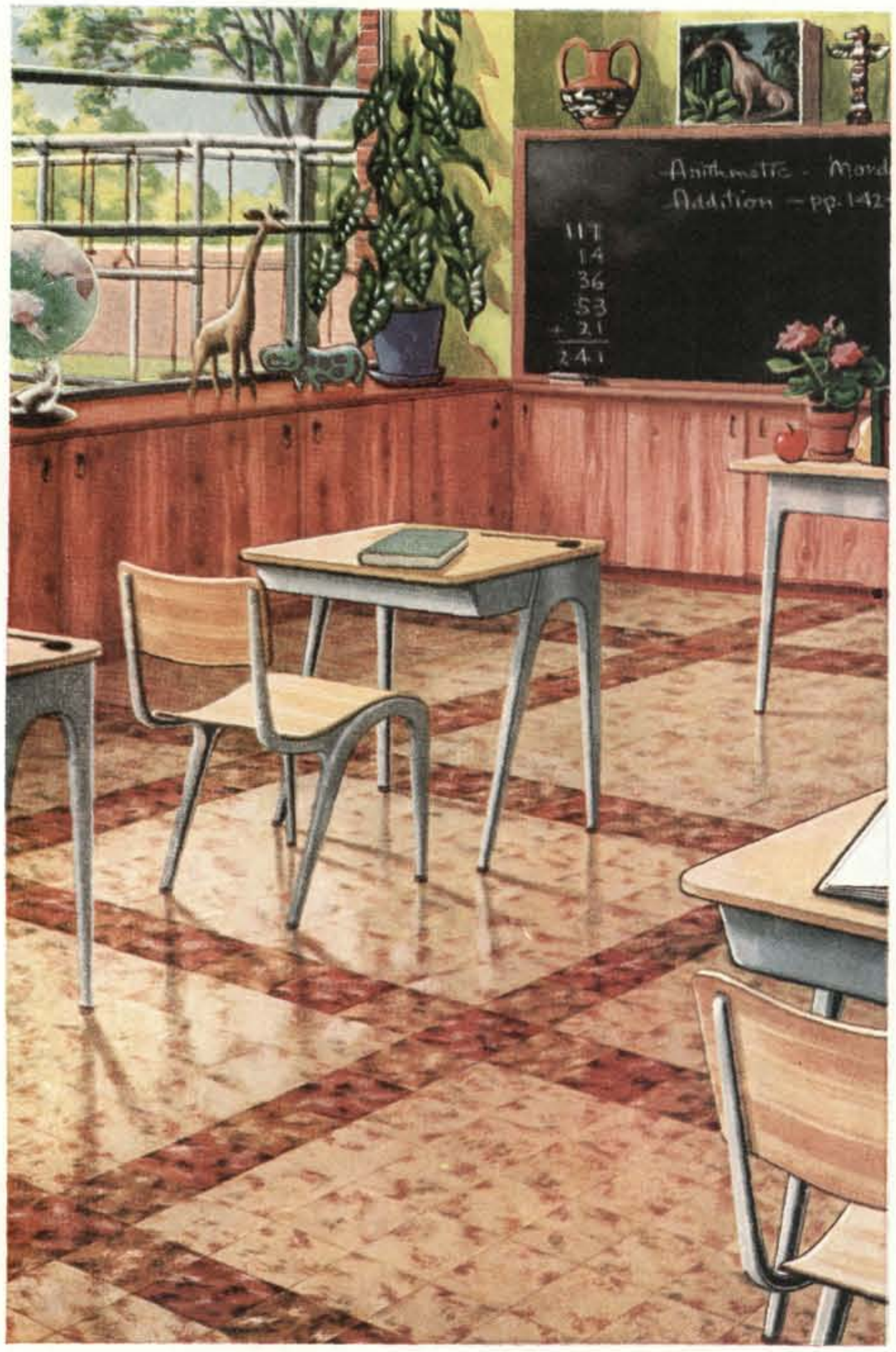


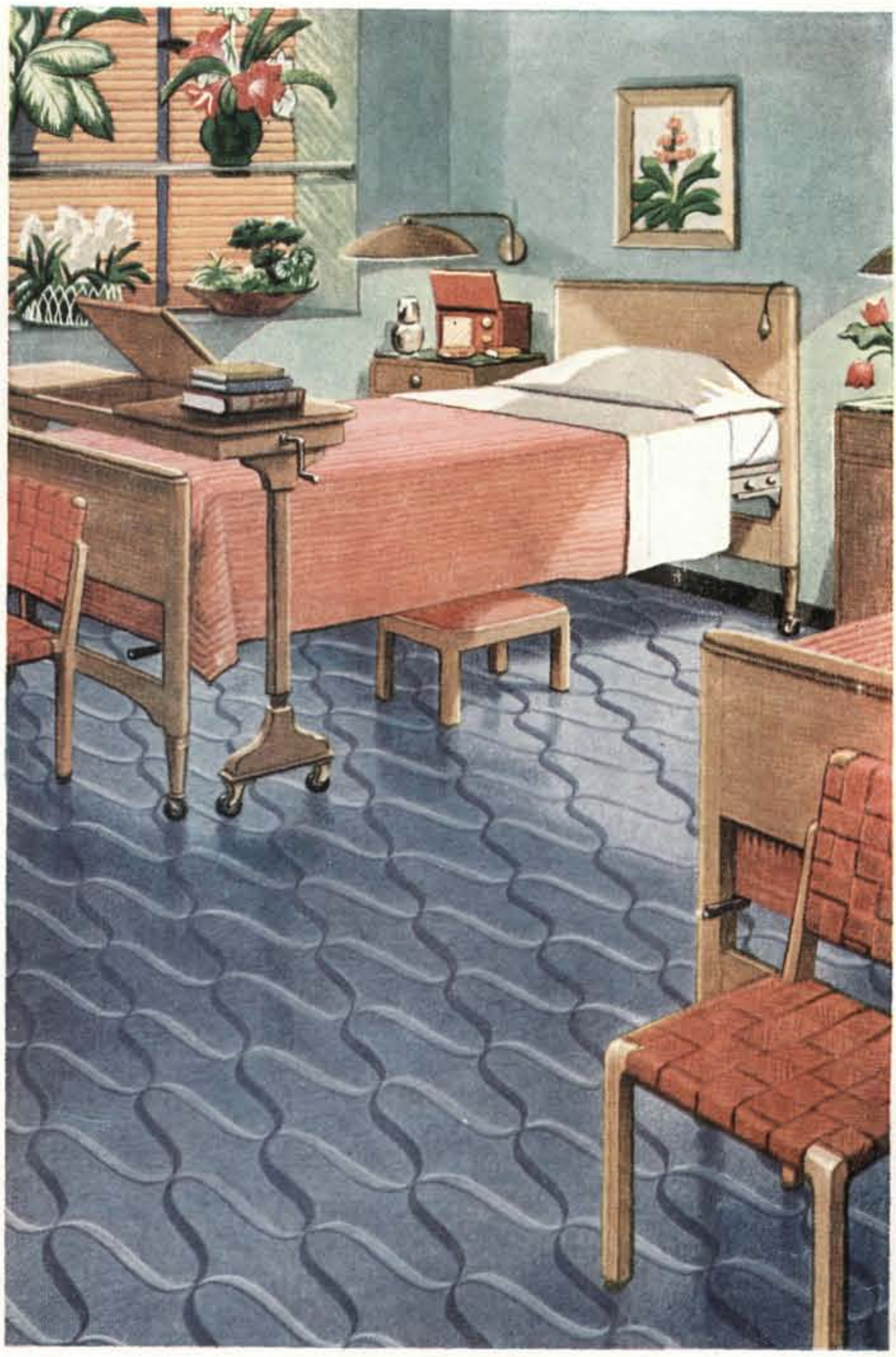
Basketball's ALL-AMERICA

THE CASE OF THE SMU

By Erle Stanley

ar.25, 1950





This floor is Armstrong's Asphalt Tile

When you're working on a tight budget, but still need an attractive floor that will stand up under hard wear, Armstrong's Asphalt Tile is your logical choice. It's low in first cost and economical to maintain. Tough and long-wearing, this floor gives good service even under heavy traffic. Countless designs are possible because this flooring is laid tile by tile. The range of plain and marbleized colors is so broad that it's easy to work out a color scheme to suit any interior.

Armstrong's Asphalt Tile can be used on any type of subfloor. It's particularly recommended for basements and other places where the subfloor is a concrete slab in direct contact with the ground. The alkaline moisture that's always present to some degree under such conditions is harmful to most flooring materials, but an important characteristic of Armstrong's Asphalt Tile is its ability to resist the damaging effects of alkaline moisture.

They're both Armstrong's Floors

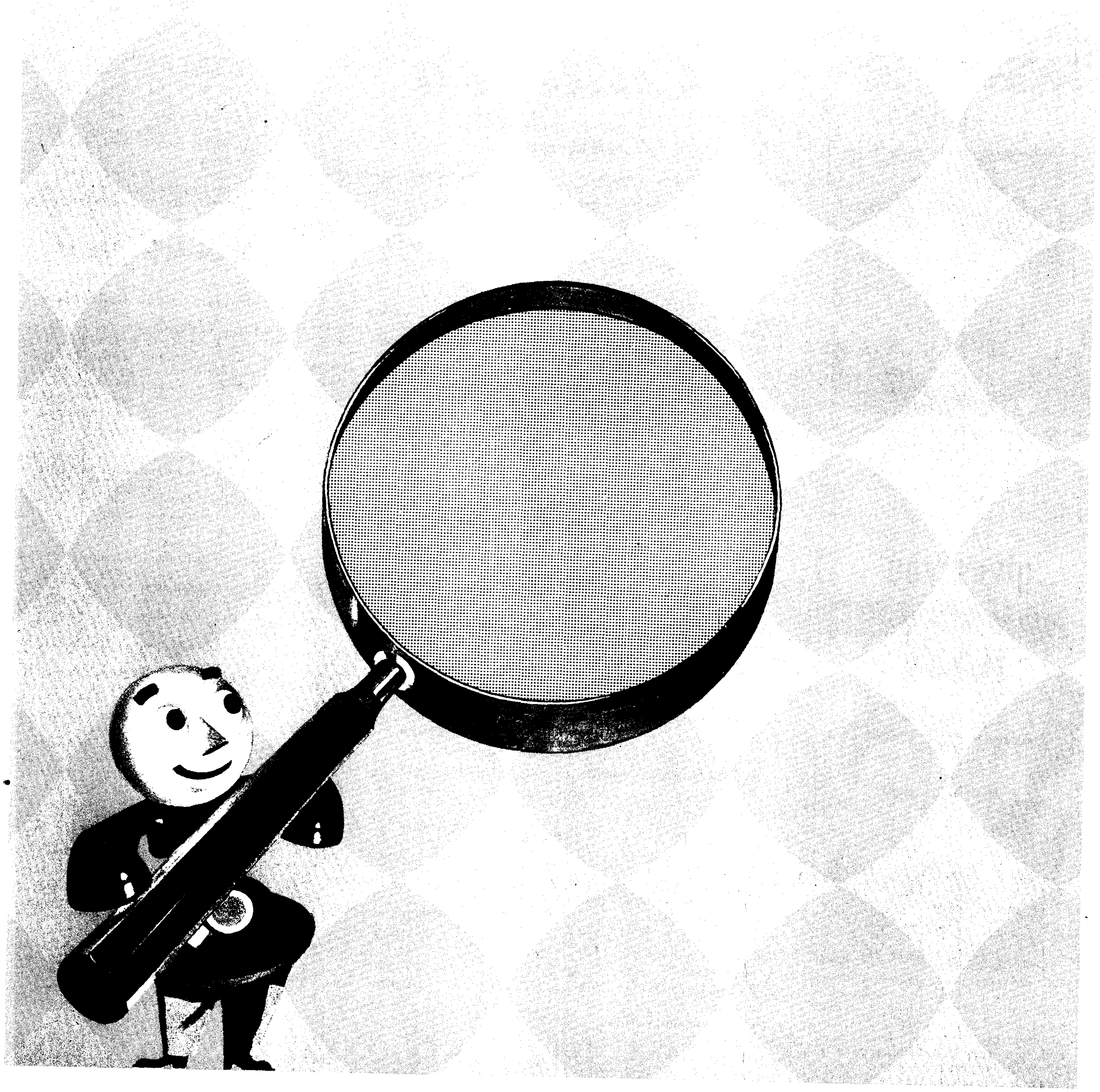
This floor is Armstrong's Linoleum

Long famous for its handsome appearance and the way it stands up under hard usage, Armstrong's Linoleum is the most popular Armstrong Floor for stores, offices, and public buildings. Moderate in first cost, it offers the greatest choice of color, texture, and pattern. Its cushioning effect makes it quiet to walk on and comfortable underfoot.

Armstrong's Linoleum is a better buy today than ever before. Manufacturing refinements have made it tougher and more durable. Colors have a new richness. The smooth surface reduces cleaning time and cuts maintenance cost.

Send for free booklet, "Which Floor for Your Business?" This 20-page booklet shows floor designs in full color and gives all the facts about Armstrong's Asphalt Tile and Linoleum as well as Linotile®, Rubber Tile, and other Armstrong's Resilient Floors for business and institutional uses. Write Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 5003 Jackson Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Which floor for your business



Have you ever seen a MILLION?

A million of *anything?*

There are about a million dots in the entire panel above — so tiny and close they look like solid gray. But count 'em if you care to!

If each dot stood for one telephone, it would take *40 times this many dots* to represent all the telephones in all the United States.*

That may give you some idea of the size and complexity of the job of connecting you — in a matter of seconds — with one particular telephone among those 40 million.

It may be 40 or 400 miles away—in a crowded city or a crossroads town. But your Long Distance operator finds it for you quickly and courteously. And you enjoy a friendly visit or settle a business deal almost as if you were face to face.

The simple fact that you can talk to any one of 40 million telephones at any time and at low cost is a measure of the value of your telephone to you.

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...gives you
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HAIR

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● **Many skin specialists** prescribe two of Vitalis' basic ingredients for dry, flaky scalp. Vitalis *stimulates* scalp, *prevents* dryness.

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*VITALIS and the
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March 25, 1950

ARTICLES

The All-America . . . in College Basketball..........BILL FAY 16
(Selected by THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF BASKETBALL COACHES)
Florida's Struggle with the Hoodlums............PAT FRANK AND LUTHER VOLTZ 20
(PART ONE OF TWO PARTS)
World on Fire....................DR. IMMANUEL VELIKOVSKY 24
Maternity Can Be Chic, My Dear.............HELEN WORDEN 26
Twelve Famous Artists, C.O.D..............ARTHUR D. MORSE 30
'The Only Carrier the Air Force Ever Sank'................ADMIRAL LOUIS E. DENFELD 32
(Continuing WHY I WAS FIRED)
No Answer..................................MARTIN SCOTT 70

FICTION

The Case of the Smuggler's Bell........ERLE STANLEY GARDNER 13
(PART ONE OF SIX PARTS)
One of Those Days.................HAL AND BARBARA BORLAND 18
Thousands of Beautiful Girls.................MURRAY HOYT 22
The Prisoner...................................A. J. CRONIN 28
(CONCLUSION)
Jeff Coongate's Water Cure...................EDMUND WARE 34
The Rookie....................................JIM DAILEY 54
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)

●

Keep Up with the World...................FRELING FOSTER 8
Fabulous Fish..............................DAVE HELLYER 10
Editorials.. 94
Cover..ROLF KLEP

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▶ **CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.** ◀

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The Cover

Always partial to nautical subjects, Artist Rolf Klep salutes the Coast Guard with his painting of the 269-foot cutter Northwind. Built in 1945, this latest type of heavy icebreaker spearheaded the 1946 arctic expedition Operation Nanook, and the 1946-'47 Operation High Jump in the antarctic. Recently she returned from a four-month patrol of the Bering Sea and waters contiguous to the Arctic Ocean. The helicopter is for operations and rescue work.

Week's Mail

Welfare & the Individual

EDITOR: Thank you for the article on Oscar R. Ewing (Mr. Welfare State Himself, Feb. 4th). Before reading the article I did not know who was giving Mr. Truman his new ideas for his welfare state. A man in Mr. Ewing's position is to be feared by all who still want America to remain a country for individualism and private enterprise.

Why don't these government people understand that most of us don't want government help?

I'm twenty-two years old and look for a future without assistance. I've got my own health insurance and I'm most happy to pay for it by myself.

I'm not rich and don't suppose I ever will be but I'm sure I'll have more chance of getting ahead in this world if I'm left alone and not herded around with the rest of the U.S. citizens by a few men in government.

BETTY G. KINNEY, Wichita, Kans.

. . . The powerful leading article in the Feb. 4th Collier's is enlighteningly intriguing.

If, long ago, controlling heads of otherwise foresighted, well-managed, ever-increasing large corporations had but fairly considered the plight of the labor masses and adequately provided for their welfare, would the occasion and/or necessity for even mentioning, let alone advocating a welfare state ever have been precipitated?

EDWARD W. BRENISEN, Holliston, Mass.

. . . One magazine like Collier's is worth the power of 20 congressmen. Its courage in attacking the present Administration's policy and pointing out its errors, as well as supporting its successful endeavors, portrays a truly great publication.

Many had forgotten the excise taxes until Collier's launched its powerful editorial a few weeks ago. If it continues to depict the many flaws and fallacies of the welfare state, perhaps we may head off the imminent danger of state socialism.

WILLIAM E. SEWELL, Nashua, N. H.

. . . Mr. Ewing is to be commended for his ideal that there should be a standard of living below which no human being should exist.

He is able to do what he thinks advisable toward that goal because, under a government made great throughout its history by private enterprise, he was able to become independently wealthy—incidentally by legal fees from giants of private enterprise.

Will he be able to keep his zeal as God's gift to the underprivileged and at the same time protect the path he has followed to get where he is today? Those who choose to follow his footsteps will need the same proved, untrammeled, unlimited advantages of private enterprise.

MARY ETHEL KINDLE, New York, N. Y.

. . . You are to be congratulated on your timely, factual article on Oscar Ewing. The hidden dangers of the welfare state are

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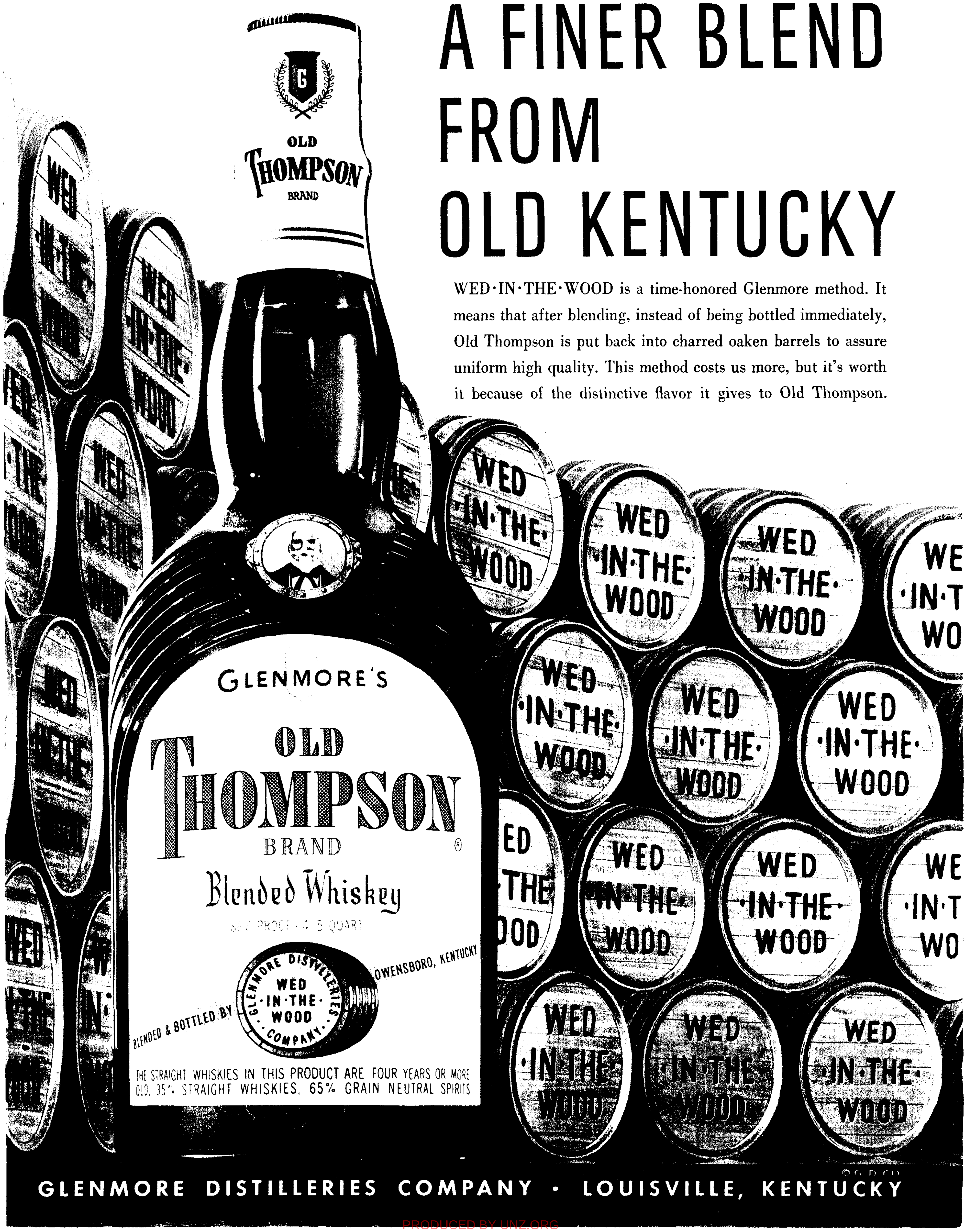
WED·IN·THE·WOOD is a time-honored Glenmore method. It means that after blending, instead of being bottled immediately, Old Thompson is put back into charred oaken barrels to assure uniform high quality. This method costs us more, but it's worth it because of the distinctive flavor it gives to Old Thompson.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GENERAL ELECTRIC

clearly indicated in Mr. Ewing's admission that his basic motives are principally political.

What a pity such men cannot see that Socialism and its dire consequences will be the inevitable result of what they now consider to be nothing more than political logistics. R. F. CURRY, Washington, D. C.

Cold War Ally

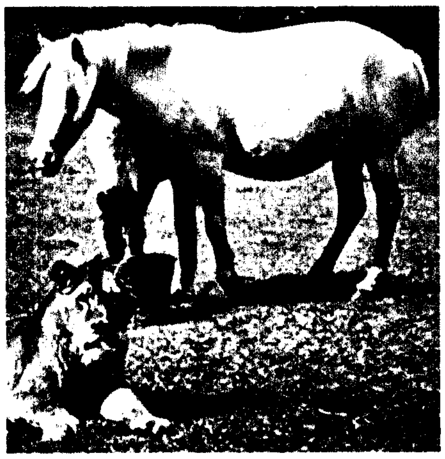
EDITOR: Congratulations to you and Ernest Leiser on your fine RIAS article (Voice Behind the Curtain, Feb. 4th). The Communists at home and in Germany who dubbed me *"der unheimliche Mr. Heimlich"* and "the iron fist in the velvet glove—tool of the Wall Street bankers" will now turn their wrath on you.

The two things which they hate are the exact things which Collier's and RIAS have in common—truth and ridicule for Communist machinations.

I'm glad to be on Collier's side in the cold war.

WILLIAM F. HEIMLICH, New York, N. Y.

Background Phenomenon



EDITOR: Your article about Little Tyke, the African lioness (There's a Lion in the House, Feb. 4th), was very interesting. However, I think the two-headed horse in the background should get a little attention.

ROBERT J. HIXSON, JR., Reedley, Cal.

Olivia's Good, Too

EDITOR: As to who has the ability, actor or director, David Chandler's article on William Wyler (Willy Makes the Stars Tremble, Feb. 4th) is slightly misleading. One is expected to believe that "actors are cattle" (quoting Director Alfred Hitchcock) and Wyler's fearsome reputation for perfection coaxes great ability from the dumb creatures. That's not so!

Take the case of Olivia de Havilland. Olivia has one Academy Award and four Oscar nominations to her credit, not to mention numerous other awards. None of these were from Wyler pictures, and if her performance in Willy's The Heiress tops her masterpiece performance in The Snake Pit (directed by Anatole Litvak) it will be topping sheer perfection.

Mr. Chandler just might have mentioned the fact that Wyler, besides being a great director, is also very lucky to have working for him great artists like Bette Davis, Laurence Olivier, and Hollywood's first lady, Olivia de Havilland.

LAURENCE BEYER, Mineral Wells, Texas

Kind Words for the Cops

EDITOR: I wish to congratulate you on the lead editorial, Who Wears the Gumshoes, Anyway? (Feb. 4th). I am confident that every sheriff, chief of police and most of the private detective agencies join in this commendation.

During the past few years, the International Association of Chiefs of Police and the National Sheriffs' Association have prevailed upon motion-picture producers to present the modern law-enforcement officer in an entirely different light from the characterization in the old Keystone comedy films. Perhaps there is similar work to be done among the radio producers.

In actual police practice, many of the famous "private eyes" in radio would quickly find themselves in the "clink" for interfering with official police investigations.

In years gone by, when private agencies handled a great deal more criminal work than they do today, their operatives invariably worked hand in hand with local law-enforcement authorities.

Old-time Pinkerton agents on the trail of migratory bank yeggs and train robbers, who rode the rods and slept in the jungles and could cook up a mulligan, were commissioned as special deputy sheriffs in as many as 100 counties throughout the United States.

CHARLES J. HAHN, Executive Secretary,
The National Sheriffs' Association,
Washington, D. C.

. . . Your man who wrote Who Wears the Gumshoes, Anyway? is a little behind the times.

He says, in his last paragraph, "Someday, we suppose, a daring innovator will come up with a whodunit in which the culprit is nailed by a sleuth in the public pay roll who doesn't smoke Egyptian cigarettes, quote Herodotus, or raise orchids as a hobby." Why, man, that was done a year ago.

I'd like to call the writer's attention to Dragnet, a whodunit on NBC Thursday nights, which follows the police of Los Angeles through actual cases, showing how the lawless are dragged in and punished. This program, the best of its type on the air by a jugful, shows the long hours of waiting, the danger and the co-ordination of many men which are necessary to capture criminals.

No big fearless, omnipotent, omniscient heroes; just cops, on the public pay roll.

EDDIE MILLER, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Remarkable

EDITOR: Your remarkable article (The 'Boss' Who Didn't Get Licked, Feb. 4th), about the remarkable mayor, Jasper McLevy, would be all the more remarkable if it had also stated that during his administration of 16 years as mayor of Bridgeport, there were practically no increases in tax rates or assessment valuations.

If all government throughout our land were as honestly and as ably performed, democracy would rest on a much stronger foundation.

P. M. LEAVITT, Manchester, N. H.

Turn to the Left

EDITOR: In regard to The Very Remarkable Amish (Feb. 4th), I would like to know if there ever has been a horse-drawn plow that turns the soil to the left as shown in the picture of the farmer plowing his field. To my knowledge, all walking-type plows of the type shown turn the soil to the right.

ROBERT BURKHALTER, Corvallis, Ore.

. . . I was raised on a farm in Iowa and had never seen a plow that turns the soil toward the left. If this is a fact, it would be interesting to know why these people use a left-handed plow.

J. A. PETERSON, Council Bluffs, Iowa

The plow is turning the soil to the left, all right, but we don't know why. We doubt that this leftish tendency is politically significant, however. It's probably just further proof that, as Richard Gehman said, the Amish are a very remarkable people.

Dark Horse

EDITOR: I nominate Judge Bill Richburg of Dallas for President (The Law West of the Trinity, Jan. 28th). Boy, do we need him! EMMA CARRUTH, Lubbock, Texas

NEW 1950 ANNUAL CONTEST
OF THE
DISABLED
AMERICAN VETERANS
SERVICE FOUNDATION

$100,000 IN CASH PRIZES

YOU MAY WIN
$50,000⁰⁰

3 PRIZE GROUPS WIN A PRIZE IN EACH GROUP!

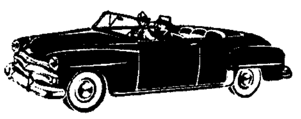
	GROUP NO. 1	GROUP NO. 2	GROUP NO. 3
1st Prize	$5,000.00	$15,000.00	$30,000.00
2nd Prize	$1,500.00	$3,500.00	$7,500.00
3rd Prize	$750.00	$1,750.00	$3,500.00
4th Prize	$500.00	$1,250.00	$2,500.00
5th Prize	$200.00	$500.00	$1,000.00
	6th to 8th Prizes, each $100.00. 9th Prize, $50.00. 10th Prize, $40.00. Next 20 Prizes, each $25.00. Next 50 Prizes, each $15.00. 254 additional Prizes. each $5.00.	6th to 8th Prizes, each $250.00. 9th Prize, $135.00. 10th Prize, $125.00. Next 20 Prizes, each $75.00. Next 50 Prizes, each $25.00. 254 additional Prizes, each $15.00.	6th to 8th Prizes, each $500.00. 9th Prize, $250.00. 10th Prize, $200.00. Next 20 Prizes, each $150.00. Next 50 Prizes, each $50.00. 254 additional Prizes, each $30.00.
Total	$10,860.00	$29,570.00	$59,570.00

HERE IT IS—the 3rd great annual contest of fun and skill brought to you by the Disabled American Veterans Service Foundation. Once again $100,000 in cash prizes MUST be won. Of this huge sum, as many as 3 cash prizes totalling $50,000 may be yours . . . in return for a good deed and your skill in puzzle-solving.

Study the Official Puzzle on this page, but first read the instructions and see how we have solved for you a similar puzzle. Then send in your solution fast! That's the way YOU may become rich—by winning as much as $50,000!—and an extra prize of a new Plymouth Convertible for fast action. So don't delay! Start TODAY!

EXTRA PRIZE FOR ACTION!

You May Also Win a 1950 PLYMOUTH CONVERTIBLE If you act fast!



To become eligible for this extra award, your original entry must be postmarked before midnight. April 10, 1950. Your best solution *(original or substitute)* will then be judged in competition with those submitted by all other contestants who meet this deadline and who have not been awarded an automobile as an extra prize. If it ranks highest (in case of ties, official contest rules apply) you will win a brand new 1950 Plymouth Convertible. In addition you may be one of the cash prize winners. So don't put it off – send in your entry now!

Help Us to Help America's Disabled Veterans

Incorporated by special Act of Congress, the DAV needs funds to help rehabilitate America's 2,500,000 disabled war veterans—to help them to obtain needed claim evidence, service connections, medical care, hospitalization, vocational training, and suitable employment . . . yes, even to solve personal problems.

It is for these services that the Foundation again solicits your support. Yes, your contribution is needed and you will be happy to know that every penny of the net proceeds of this contest (after paying for the prizes, advertising and all other necessary expenses) will be used by the Foundation and by the DAV to continue its work.

Act on this golden opportunity now. Read the Entry Form and read the rules. Then try your hand at solving the Official Puzzle printed here. Note that you may send in a higher score *free of charge* later on if you find you can improve on the solution you now send in. So there's really no reason to delay. The important thing is to get into the contest now and put in your bid for your share of the prizes.

FOLLOW THESE INSTRUCTIONS ➘ SOLVE THIS *DAVogram* PUZZLE ➡

❶ Identify the six objects at the top of the puzzle. (The name of each object is a six-letter word. There are therefore 36 letters in the six names.) In so doing you must use only 16 *different* letters of the alphabet in the 36 letters you use (10 letters of the 26 in the alphabet not being used).

❷ See the table of letter values below the puzzle. Each letter is worth a certain number of points. If you have exactly named the objects as instructed you will find that the total value of the 36 letters that spell out the six names of the objects is 931 points. If you don't arrive at 931 points then try again, for the 36 letters (comprising 16 *different* letters of the alphabet) must add up to 931 points.

❸ Now your job is to place these six words, correctly spelled, into the shaded letterpaths, each of which has space for six letters. You can place any one of the six words in any one of the shaded paths. Each word must read from top to bottom or left to right.

❹ You will now note there are 13 empty white squares remaining in the diagram. Now you must insert letters of your own choosing into those 13 white squares and by combining these letters with the interlocking letters you have already filled into the grey squares, spell out 5 extra, different, complete words. Each of these 5 extra words, too, must read from top to bottom or from left to right.

❺ Of course, it is easy to fill in 13 extra letters which in combination with the letters in the grey squares will spell out 5 extra different words (a total of 11 differently spelled words), but remember your job is to use 13 letters that will give you a high score when the value of those extra letters (as shown in the table of letter values) is added to the 931 points you will have already earned if you identified the pictured objects correctly.

SEE SAMPLE PUZZLE BELOW *And Read How We Solved it!*

DIAGRAM No. 1

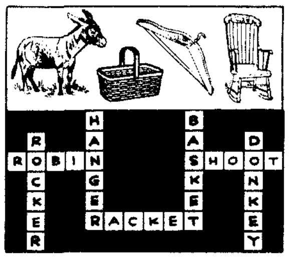
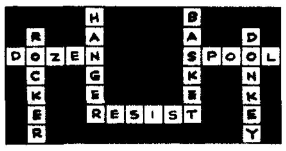


DIAGRAM No. 2



We have worked out here a typical puzzle to show you how to go about solving DAVogram puzzles of this kind, and we have also worked out alternate answers to get higher scores. Read below, then try your skill on the Official Puzzle.

First, we identified the objects pictured: DONKEY . . . BASKET . . . HANGER . . . ROCKER . . . and then we added up the value of all the letters in the names of these four objects (using the table of letter values given for the Official Puzzle) and found the total was 574 points. Next, as you can see in the first diagram, we filled in these four names in the four shaded paths and then added 10 extra letters which gave us three extra words: ROBIN . . . RACKET . . . SHOOT . . . These 10 extra letters which we had filled into the white squares had a total value of 230 points, thus giving us a total score of 804 points when added to the letters we had filled into the shaded squares.

We felt we could do better by a little further work, so with some thought we changed our 10 extra letters and got three different extra words, as you can see in Diagram No. 2. We changed ROBIN to DOZEN, RACKET to RESIST and SHOOT to SPOOL. We thus attained a total of 251 points for the 10 extra letters we filled into the white spaces, giving ourselves a total score of 825 points.

Of course these are only two possible solutions and perhaps we might have done even better by shuffling the four identified names around into different shaded letter paths. Now, if you get the idea, why not try your hand at the Official Puzzle.

THE OFFICIAL RULES *Please Read Carefully!*

1. $100,000.00 will be awarded in accordance with the instructions, official prize list and these rules to the contestants who achieve the highest scores in solving the Official Contest Puzzle. This sum will be awarded in three prize groups: Group No. 1 with a first prize of $5.000.00; Group No. 2 with a first prize of $15.000.00; Group No. 3 with a first prize of $30.000.00. Each group has an additional list of 333 prizes each, making a total of 1002 prizes in all. (See official list of prizes.)

2. To enter, a contestant must send with his answer a donation to the Disabled American Veterans Service Foundation. $2.00 is required to enter Group 1; $5.00 for Group 2 and $10.00 for Group 3. A contestant may compete in any one, two or all three prize groups and, after entering, may transfer from one group or groups to another (or others) by submitting the required additional donation prior to the deadline date shown in Rule 8.

3. Each prize group will be judged separately. The contestant who submits the highest valid score in Group 1 will be entitled to first prize in Group 1. Second prize in Group 1 will be awarded to the contestant with the second highest score submitted in that list and so on until the 334 prizes in Group 1 have been awarded. Prizes in Groups 2 and 3 will be awarded similarly.

4. In the event of ties in any group (which seem likely, since this is a large national contest), as many prizes will be reserved in that group as there are tied contestants, before any prizes are awarded for lower scores. To break such ties these tied contestants will be required to send in solutions to a series of five tie-breaking puzzles. The solutions to puzzle No. 1 in this tie-breaking series will be judged first. If this is not sufficient to break all ties and permit awarding of all the tied-for prizes, then the solutions to puzzle No. 2 submitted by the remaining tied contestants will be judged. If ties still remain, the solutions of the still tied contestants to puzzle No. 3 will then be judged and so on, if necessary, to puzzle No. 5. This may mean that puzzles Nos. 2 to 5 may not have to be judged. (It is worth noting that in the two previous DAV Service Foundation Contests first prizes of $33.000 and $50,000 were awarded in each case as the result of judging only puzzle No. 1 in the first tie-breaking series.) However, if further needed to break ties a second, third or even a fourth series may be used. All tie-breaking puzzles will be similar to the original puzzle with clearly identifiable objects, though the objects will be more difficult and more numerous. Partial credit may be given for partial solutions. Tie-breaker puzzles will be judged on a similar basis as the original puzzle. The time limit for solving and mailing back the first series of tie-breaking puzzles (if needed) will be not less than 14 days from the date of mailing to tied contestants, and therefore all tie-breaker puzzles will be released in the mails on a schedule so timed that they should arrive on the same day for each tied contestant; and for the second, third and fourth series (if needed) not less than 3 days each will be allowed. Tied contestants will not be required to make any additional contributions. Should final ties remain after the fourth series of tie-breaking puzzles, each tied contestant will receive the amount of the prize for which he or she is still tied.

5. The contest is open to any resident of the Continental United States except employees of the DAV and its subsidiary units, the DAV Service Foundation, its advertising agency, its service organization, or members of their families. Also excluded is anyone who has won $500.00 or more in cash or kind awarded in any other contest prior to entering this contest, or any member of his or her family. Every possible precaution will be taken to enforce this provision. Only one member of a family may compete. All entries must bear a bonafide permanent home address in the Continental United States to which all contest mail will be sent. Where a contestant changes such permanent home address, the DAV Service Foundation should be notified immediately. The Foundation can, in no case, assume responsibility for delivery of mail. *In view of the uncertain address of members of the Armed Forces on active duty, and the consequent delay in mail delivery, this contest of necessity is not open to them.*

6. Each contestant will be mailed an acknowledgment and an entry number upon receipt of his or her solution to the Official Puzzle, which solution must be submitted on an Official Entry Form and must be accompanied by a contribution of $2.00 or more. At no extra cost, *one* substitute solution can be submitted on the Official Substitute Solution Form which will be sent to each contestant and which will carry the entry number registered in the contestant's name. In working out and submitting puzzle solutions, contestants must follow the instructions accompanying the puzzle. Neatness does not count, but unsigned or illegible entries, or entries so unclear as to be confusing, will not be considered, and donations accompanying such entries will be returned upon request after judging is completed. Where more than one entry is submitted by an individual his or her highest valid score will be considered only in that group or groups in which that score is entered. That score will serve to compete in any one, two or all three prize groups, depending on the amount donated with that particular entry. An individual may win one prize in each prize group.

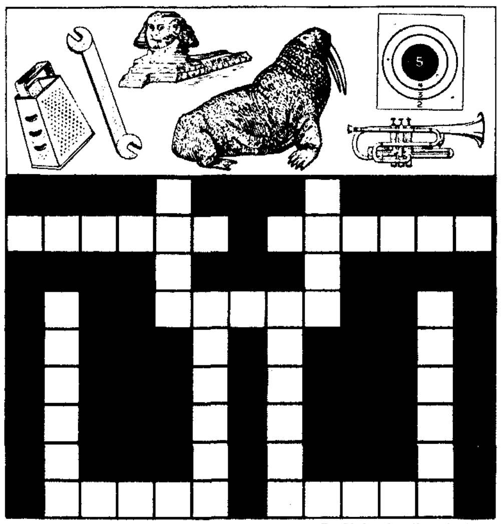
7. In solving the puzzle, practically any word that fits may be used. A contestant will not receive more points than claimed nor more than earned. Therefore, please use care in totalling your score. Do not use any hyphenated word or form, prefix, suffix or combining form, abbreviation or contraction. The final word source authority for this contest will be the Merriam-Webster New International Dictionary, Unabridged, Second Edition (any printing from 1947 through '50) and (with the exceptions noted) any word may be used provided it actually, completely appears in bold-face type anywhere on any page within the A-Z main alphabetical section of the above dictionary. No plural or other inflectional form is acceptable unless it appears in bold-face type. No word that appears only as part of a two or more word phrase or expression (such as "suey" in "chop suey") is admissible. The names and definitions of the objects are also covered by this entire rule.

The DAV Service Foundation will not enter into any individual correspondence concerning the eligibility of any word for use in solving the puzzle. But the failure of any contestant, after request by the DAV Service Foundation, properly to identify the page-source of a questioned word, may make said word inadmissible.

8. All entries must be sent by mail to:
DAV SERVICE FOUNDATION
$100,000 3rd Annual Puzzle Contest
Washington 6, D. C.
and must be postmarked before midnight, May 1, 1950, and received before 5 P. M., May 15, 1950, to be eligible for consideration. However, an extra 60 days from these dates is allowed for the mailing and receipt of substitute solutions and additional donations to transfer from one group or groups to another group or groups. The DAV Service Foundation will not be responsible for lost or delayed communications or for clerical or mechanical errors and each contestant by the act of sending in an entry agrees to be bound by the rules and instructions and, in any event, with the decision of the DAV Service Foundation and/or its Committee on Awards on any and all matters affecting the contest.

9. Any contestant who accepts help of any kind from any one (same family or household excepted) will be disqualified. Sworn statements to this effect will be required from all winners and every reasonable effort will be made to enforce this rule.

OFFICIAL PUZZLE & ENTRY FORM



Entire contents of this page copyright 1950 by DAV Service Foundation

TABLE OF LETTER VALUES

A—32	F—25	K—12	P—21	U—14
B—19	G—22	L—34	Q—13	V—10
C—27	H—11	M—17	R—29	W—18
D—26	I—16	N—31	S—30	X—15
E—23	J—24	O—28	T—33	Y— 9
				Z—20

My Score is
— — — — —
POINTS

It is important that you be careful in adding your score. Mistakes may cause you to lose out. Enter right away for you may improve your score by sending substitute solution later free of extra cost. YOU MUST SEND IN THE COMPLETE PUZZLE. DO NOT DETACH FROM THIS ENTRY. MAIL TODAY!

To the DAV SERVICE FOUNDATION
$100,000.00 Puzzle Contest
Dept. 240, Washington 6, D. C.

FULL LIST OF WINNERS WILL BE SENT TO ALL CONTESTANTS AFTER FINAL JUDGING

I enclose herewith $.................. contribution to the DAV Service Foundation. Enter me in your contest. I have filled in the diagram above and at left above have also filled in the score achieved by me in solving the Official Puzzle. [Please check prize group or groups you are entering.]

( ) Enter me in Prize Group No. 1. First Prize $5,000.00. I enclose a contribution of $2.

( ) Enter me in Prize Group No. 2. First Prize $15,000.00. I enclose a contribution of $5.

( ) Enter me in Prize Group No. 3. First Prize $30,000.00. I enclose a contribution of $10.

Note: Donations should be made payable to the DAV Service Foundation. Please send check, money order or postal note only. Do NOT send cash.

NOTE: You may enter any one, two or all three prize groups depending on the amount donated. The following shows how a contestant can qualify for the various prize groups.

Group No. 1 ($5,000 First Prize) $2 contributed
Group No. 2 ($15,000 First Prize) $5 contributed
Groups No. 1 and 2 ($20,000 combined first prizes) $7 contributed
Group No. 3 ($30,000 First Prize) $10 contributed
Groups No. 1 and 3 ($35,000 combined first prizes) $12 contributed
Groups No. 2 and 3 ($45,000 combined first prizes) $15 contributed
Groups No. 1, 2, and 3 ($50,000 combined first prizes) $17 contributed

It is understood you are to send me an Official Receipt for my entry and donation and an Official Substitute Solution Form on which I may submit (free of cost) a better score for the puzzle if I find I can improve my score any time prior to the final closing date for substitute solutions. (See Rule 8.) I have read the rules of the contest and agree to abide by them.

SIGNED..

NAME..
Please Print Plainly

ADDRESS..

CITY.. STATE..................

If you have previously entered this 1950 DAV $100,000.00 Puzzle Contest, **DO NOT USE THIS FORM** for submitting a substitute answer. Please be patient until you receive your Official Substitute Solution Form with your Official Entry Number (allow 2 to 3 weeks depending on distance from Washington, D. C.). Additional copies of this official puzzle and entry forms will be sent free on request when accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelope. (Address Dept. 500)

TO BE ELIGIBLE FOR PLYMOUTH CONVERTIBLE ENTER BY MIDNIGHT APRIL 10, 1950

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!
U.S.A.

"**HE MAY THINK** he's going places—but he won't get anywhere with his Dry Scalp! Golly, his hair is so dry it goes every which way! And look at that loose dandruff on his coat. He needs some down-to-earth advice about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic, and I'll see that he gets it!"

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp
Vaseline HAIR TONIC

IT'S A CINCH! Check Dry Scalp easily and effectively with just a few drops daily of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. It supplements natural scalp oils . . . relieves dryness . . . loose dandruff . . . makes your hair look *naturally* better. Gives double care to scalp and hair. Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients . . . It's economical, too.

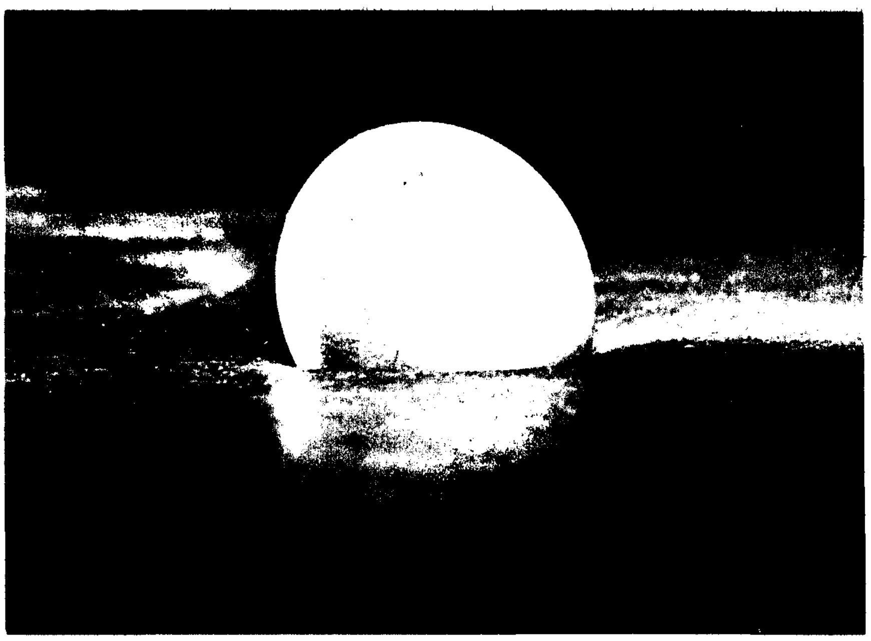
Vaseline HAIR TONIC
TRADE MARK ®

TOPS IN ENTERTAINMENT: DR. CHRISTIAN, STARRING JEAN HERSHOLT, ON CBS EVERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT. SEE YOUR NEWSPAPER FOR LOCAL BROADCAST TIME.

VASELINE is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd

Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER



This egg, dropped on new cellular rubber, bounced without breaking

A new cellular rubber contains 250,000 nitrogen-filled cells per cubic inch which give it incredible cushioning qualities. In a recent demonstration in New York, a number of eggs were dropped, one at a time, from the roof of an 11-story building to a three-inch-thick mat of this rubber on the sidewalk. Although they struck the mat at a speed of 67 miles an hour, each egg remained unbroken—and rebounded several feet in the air.

In 1776 in Watervliet, New York, six men and three women started a strange religious sect, the United Society of Believers, whose followers were later called Shakers. Because its founders felt that sex was the cause of all suffering, the members were pledged to strict celibacy, although they lived together in "families" which comprised from 30 to 50 individuals. Each family occupied a house of its own and the men and women had their sleeping quarters on different floors, ate in different dining rooms, had their own staircases and even separate front and back doors. As the only way the organization could grow or maintain its size was by making converts and adopting orphans, it has long been dying. At the peak of its success in 1860, the sect had 6,000 adherents in 60 communities. Today there are fewer than 50 Shakers still alive in three small colonies.

On the evening of December 21, 1908, in Glasgow, Scotland, a spinster-recluse was murdered during the 10 minutes her maid was absent on an errand. Apparently, the killer had come in search of a document as he had examined all the papers in the safe and stolen only a diamond brooch from a drawerful of jewelry. Within four days, an Oscar Slater happened to pawn a diamond brooch and sail for New York where he was arrested and returned to Glasgow. Besides having a perfect alibi, he proved that his brooch was not the one stolen and that his U.S. business trip had been planned for weeks. Thus it was clear that he was not involved in the crime. Nevertheless, Slater was tried and convicted on the testimony of witnesses who identified him as the man seen running away, although he did not fit any description given by them when first questioned. But his death penalty was commuted to a life sentence because it was urged by 20,000 persons in a petition. After numerous requests, a court of appeals finally reviewed the case, found Slater innocent and set him free on November 14, 1927. He was also awarded $30,000 as compensation for his false imprisonment of nearly 19 years.

During the London Naval Conference in 1930, the British government gave a state banquet for the 500 delegates, a number of whom were connoisseurs. Wishing to offer them one of the world's rarest and finest wines, Château Lafite 1865, and at the same time to keep it from guests who wouldn't appreciate it, the man in charge of the dinner subtly listed this precious claret as second choice after champagne with the entree. And his psychological trick was highly successful as the Château Lafite constituted only 14 per cent of the total consumption of the two wines.

A species of small edible octopus is caught, in the coastal waters of Japan, in an earthen jar which is lowered on a rope to the bottom of the sea. No bait is needed as the octopus, upon seeing the jar, promptly climbs into it, snuggles down and, if permitted, will stay for some time. To dislodge the creature, therefore, is difficult and can only be accomplished by pouring hot water on him through the hole in the bottom of the jar.

Of the hundreds of unusual first names that have been given to white American women, the following 10 are among the oddest still in use. They have been discovered, in recent years, in newspapers, telephone books, social registers and lists of college students. The 10 are: Blooma, Chlorine, Dewdrop, Dinette, Faucette, Larceny, Lotawanna, Mecca, Twitty and Zippa.

Wakes you gently!

our favorite musical program comes on utomatically in the morning. Just pre-set the ectric alarm! Ten minutes later, if you're ill a sleepy-head, a buzzer signal comes on utomatically, buzzes 'til you turn it off! adio continues to play!

Lullabys you to sleep!

And turns itself off, too. You simply adjust the Delayed Timer Switch—and the radio plays as long as you want, up to an hour, before turning off automatically! Comes on again automatically at pre-set time in the morning!

Operates bed lamp, heating pad!

Just plug the bed lamp or the heating pad into the outlet provided at the rear of the radio cabinet, and they will turn off at night or on in the morning, automatically with the radio!

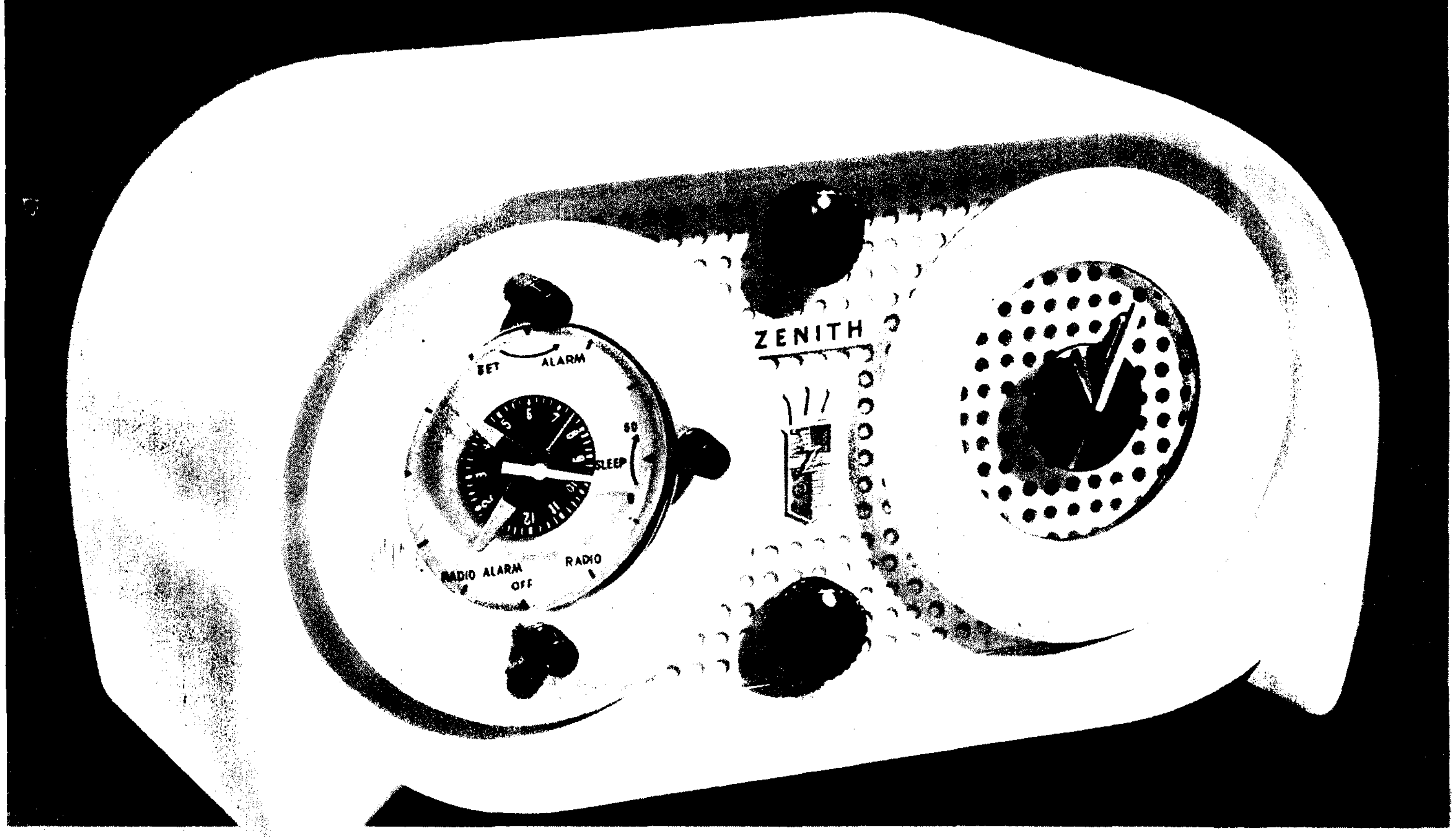
Operates kitchen appliances!

Plug in the toaster, or the coffee maker. They'll turn on or off automatically with the radio! Also operates appliances without the radio if you wish. Simply turn radio volume control down.

ANNOUNCING THE EXCITING NEW

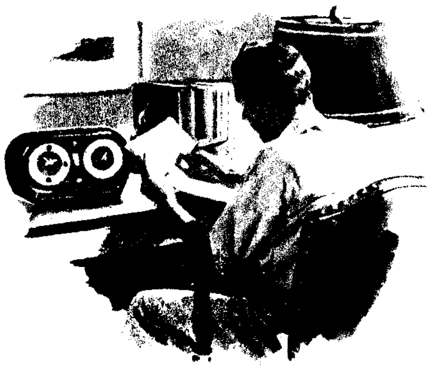
Zenith Clock Radio

You'll marvel at how many things it will do—for you!



Acts as a reminder!

Simply pre-set the alarm, and your Zenith Clock Radio will automatically remind you when it's time to phone Aunt Mary, or call for Junior, or take the cake out of the oven. Use it to turn on your television set automatically, too—so you won't miss your favorite programs!



Plays superbly, tells time!

A set you'll be proud of, in any room or office. If you wish, pre-set the alarm to turn on any program—your favorite music, news, weather and market reports—any time of day or night. The clock itself operates continuously, whether or not the radio is in use. It is powered by an exceptionally fine, accurate electric movement. And its luminous hands tell time even in the dark.

*West Coast and far South prices slightly higher. Prices subject to change without notice.

Now—for the first time—you can own a clock radio by Zenith®... A new beauty that will not only wake you to music and "sing" you to sleep, but serve you *all around the clock*... A superb radio with all of Zenith's world-famous superiority in tone quality and reception!

Its powerful Alnico Speaker is Zenith-built to assure rich, full bass and beautifully clear treble tones! Its exclusive Zenith Wavemagnet® pulls in stations sharp and clear! Its big round polished brass dials have large, easy-to-read numerals for quickly telling time and fast, accurate tuning! Its smart plastic cabinet is only $6\frac{3}{16}$ in. high, $11\frac{3}{4}$ in. wide, $5\frac{3}{8}$ in. deep!

You must actually see, hear and operate this new Zenith beauty to appreciate its thrilling 'round-the-clock convenience! Your Zenith dealer invites you to a demonstration—now!

Black or Walnut plastic cabinet, $\$37^{95}$*
Ivory plastic, shown above, $\$39^{95}$*

ZENITH
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
•LONG DISTANCE• RADIO
and TELEVISION

Over 30 Years of "Know-How" in Radionics® Exclusively • Zenith Radio Corp., Chicago 39, Ill. • Also Makers of America's Finest Hearing Aids

©1950

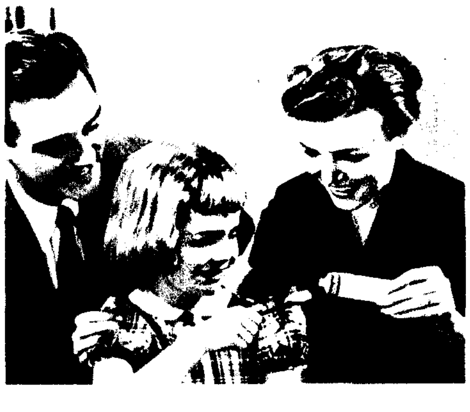
No Other Dentifrice Offers Proof of Such Results! Proof That Using

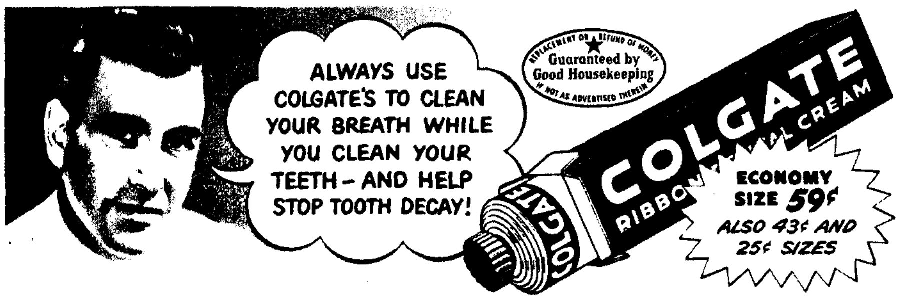
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HELPS STOP TOOTH DECAY!

2 Years' Research by LEADING UNIVERSITIES Proves That Using Colgate's Right After Eating Helps Stop Tooth Decay Before It Starts!

THE MOST CONCLUSIVE PROOF IN ALL DENTIFRICE HISTORY ON TOOTH DECAY! Proof based on more than 2 years' scientific research at leading universities—hundreds of case histories! Modern research shows that tooth decay is caused by mouth acids which are at their worst right after eating. Brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream as directed helps remove these acids before they can harm enamel. And Colgate's active penetrating foam reaches crevices between your teeth where food particles often lodge.

YES, THE SAME TOOTHPASTE YOU USE TO CLEAN YOUR BREATH WHILE YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH, has been proved to contain all the necessary ingredients, including an exclusive *patented* ingredient, for effective daily dental care. No risk of irritation to tissues and gums! And no change in Colgate's famous flavor, foam, or cleansing action! No dentifrice can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream as directed is a safe, *proved* way to help stop tooth decay!




ALWAYS USE COLGATE'S TO CLEAN YOUR BREATH WHILE YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH – AND HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
ECONOMY SIZE 59¢
ALSO 43¢ AND 25¢ SIZES

FABULOUS FISH

By DAVE HELLYER

The California grunion swims ashore to lay its eggs and its only enemy is man

LAMAR BOREN

LOOKING at a grunion, you'd wonder why it rates mention as ichthyology's Fish of Distinction. No longer than your hand, and equipped with silver belly and a bluish-green back, it gives little evidence of being a superfish.

But during the first high tides of springtime in California, Mr. and Mrs. Grunion come into their own. Then, in the moonlight, they dance and frolic on dry land in a strange orgy of fruition which still has the scientists guessing.

No one knows for sure what "grunion" means. Nobody, except the Mexicans, takes Webster's groon-yon seriously, preferring to rhyme it with bunion.

Much more baffling than its name are the grunion's weird sex habits. Early each spring, they begin their after-dark visits to the beaches of southern California and northern Mexico. Timing their runs in their own mysterious way to phases of the moon, the silversides make their spawning sallies so regularly that arrivals may be predicted to within ten minutes.

So far as marine scientists know, grunions exist nowhere in the world except on the beaches of California from Monterey Bay south, and in part of Baja California across the Mexican border. Heaviest runs in the Golden State have been noted at Long Beach, La Jolla and San Diego, and at Ensenada in old Mexico.

April and May are top months for grunioning, but they also are the only months when grunion fishing is taboo by law.

Every two weeks during spring and summer months, the tiny female feels the eggs within her ovaries ripening. When her secret stop watch tells her it's time to hit the beach, she not only knows *when* to go, but where. She seeks out the hard, clean sand of a beach where the tide sweeps high. Only certain stretches of sand offer her the conditions she requires. This explains why thousands of grunion hunters come home empty-handed, cursing grunioning as a diversion.

At peak tide, Mrs. Grunion gets aboard a wave. Convoyed by one or more males, she permits herself to be stranded on the beach, swimming desperately against the strong outgoing surf. Before the wave has completely receded she begins to dig in. Arching her back, she vibrates her tail back and forth, burrowing into the semifluid sand until her body is partially buried. Then she twists and bores, deeper and deeper, until she is buried nearly to her head.

Her solicitous consort stays close while his lady performs this wearisome labor. When the little female has buried herself, the male curls around her, and releases a milklike fluid known as milt.

At that precise moment, the female grunion deposits from 1,500 to 3,500 eggs. As the milt sinks through the sand around her body, it fertilizes this "pod."

By now another great wave is sweeping up the beach. As the welcome water engulfs her, the female struggles from the grasping sand. Then, exhausted by her efforts, she joins the males, and they swim back in the receding tide to deeper water.

Total elapsed time for this action-packed drama: about 30 seconds.

As the peak tide recedes, the sweep of the waves grows shorter, and finally the eggs lie stranded beyond the high-tide line, buried from four to six inches in damp sand. For the next two weeks, bathers walk over these microscopic eggs, unaware of the struggle for life burgeoning under their bare feet.

Because she lays her precious burden in sand, free from the countless enemies which feed on the eggs of her deep-water sisters, the grunion's pods are very small. Where most other fish must lay millions of eggs, she lays but a few thousand, assured by a benevolent nature that most of her children will survive. And with remarkable adaptation, she chooses nighttime for laying, thus protecting herself and her consorts from the depredations of sea gulls and other predators. Man is the grunion's only serious predator.

Time passes, the moon changes, and again high tides sweep over the beaches in long, hissing strokes. As the surf reaches and roils the upper sands, the tiny eggs are washed to the surface. Agitated, the tough outer membranes break, and out pop the baby grunions.

On the receding tide, the minute larvae wash into the shallow surf. The cycle begins anew. THE END

"– and have a good trip home!"

It's a great feeling, in blustery weather, when you reach the snug security of your car — and its Body by Fisher.

The solid *ker-chuck* of the door closing behind you tells you how stout a fortress this is against traffic and the weather.

The comfort you feel, deep and inviting as your favorite easy chair, makes this seem like a bit of home on wheels.

Even little things you can see—like the stencil that identifies all glass as Safety *Plate* Glass—are visible evidence of the thought and care Fisher people give, so your car body will measure up to your highest expectations.

You can hear, see and feel the difference so clearly that we invite you to listen, look and feel when you shop the new cars. We are sure that the evidence you uncover will show that Body by Fisher is better than ever — and make your next car one by General Motors.

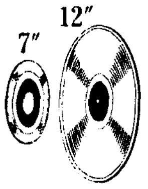
FEEL THE DIFFERENCE! *Quality in a car body shows in many ways. Just try for yourself the deep comfort, the roominess of Body by Fisher—feel the built-to-last luxury in the fabrics and fittings. There's a difference all through Fisher Body—you can see it, hear it, feel it!*

Body by Fisher —*BETTER THAN EVER!*

You get Body by Fisher only on General Motors cars: CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK · CADILLAC

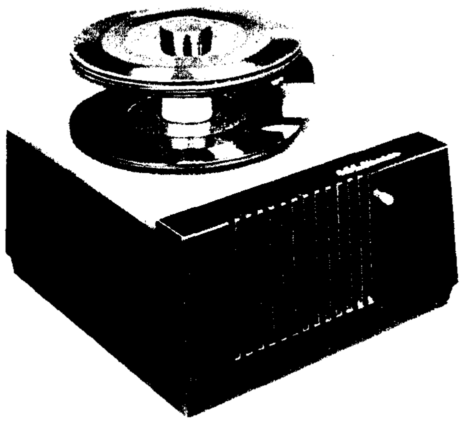
VICTROLA "45"

● This new System of recorded music has proved its popularity by its rocketing sales—65,000 automatic changers, a million and a half records a *month* . . . it's sweeping the country!



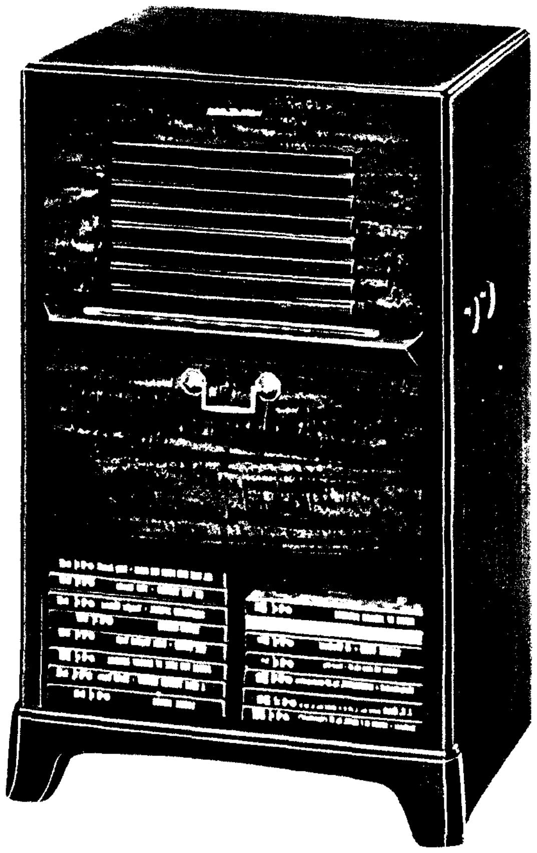
Over 2000 selections are now on 45 rpm records. The little, 7-inch, non-breakable discs can play as long as ordinary 10- and 12-inch, last up to 10 times longer.

"Here Come the Dance Bands Again"—Your favorite all-time hits are now on "45"—specially arranged for dancing. 15 great albums, each by a big name band!



This Victrola "45"—a complete automatic phonograph, not an attachment—takes up less than 1 cubic foot of space. Sounds better, plays "easier," costs less! RCA Victor 45EY. AC. $29.95

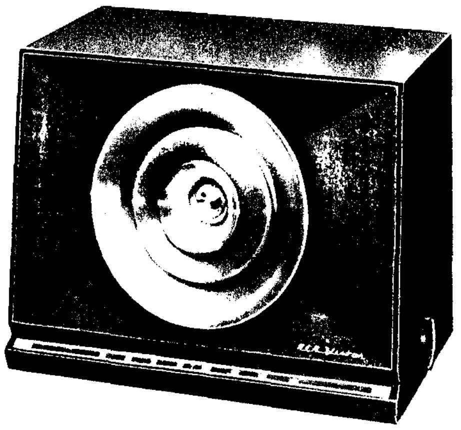
Imagine a complete Victrola radio-phonograph with full-size tone—yet just 1½ feet wide, less than 2½ feet high! Has AM radio and the world's finest, simplest, *surest* automatic record changer, the RCA Victor "45." AC. RCA Victor 9W51. $99.95



Newest in recorded music... Newest in radio too!

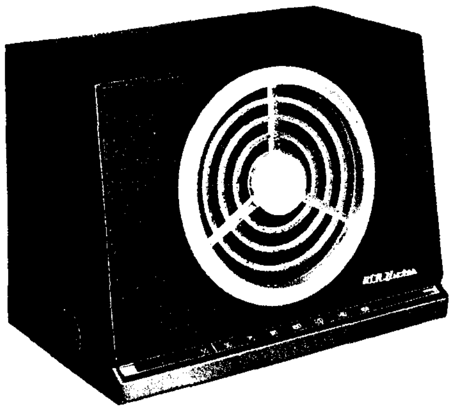
TONE you could never get before in a Table Radio

There's a giant, 8-inch console-size speaker in this dramatic little table radio. And it has the famous "Golden Throat"— finest tone system in RCA Victor history. Result—a depth, brilliance, range of tone you'd expect to get from a fine, full-size console! Has 3-point tone control. Cabinet is rich mahogany "Fine-Wood" finish on plastic, with a phono-jack for attaching a "45" record changer. AC. RCA Victor 9X571. $39.95



"Victrola"—T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The "45" automatic record changer attachment (not shown) which plugs right in to either of these radios, can easily be attached to *any* radio, phono or television set. It plays up to 10 of the new 45 rpm records automatically. Only $12.95



This beauty in ultra-modern maroon plastic also has 8-inch console-size speaker and the "Golden Throat." A spectacular performer! RCA Victor 9X561. AC. $29.95

Tune in RCA Victor's "Screen Directors' Playhouse"—radio version of famous movies with the original movie star and director, Friday nights on the NBC radio network.

Prices shown are suggested list prices and are subject to change without notice. Slightly higher in far West and South.

RCA VICTOR

WORLD LEADER IN RADIO
FIRST IN RECORDED MUSIC
FIRST IN TELEVISION

DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Collier's, March 25, 1950

FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
KANSAS

The case of the SMUGGLER'S BELL

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Rob Trenton and Linda Carroll heard the innocent music of the Swiss cowbells, and neither knew it was the portent of a murder and a terrifying chase

PART ONE OF SIX PARTS

SEVERAL large cities now insist that a person standing on this or that corner will eventually meet everyone he knows. Originally intended as an index of cosmopolitan background, this plausible sophistry has degenerated into the advertising slogan of a dozen chambers of commerce.

But one thing is certain: Any American tourist who sits at the sidewalk tables of the Café de la Paix in Paris sooner or later will meet every fellow passenger who has not as yet taken off on one of the beaten paths of tourist travel to Switzerland, England or Italy.

Rob Trenton, occupying a sidewalk table for the second consecutive afternoon, consuming Cinzano at intervals so carefully spaced that he could maintain perpetual occupancy of his table, realized, to his disgust, that the law of averages is a treacherous thing. Every one of the shipboard bores he had avoided on the trip over insisted on dropping into the vacant chair beside him, telling him at length what he should see in Paris. But the one person Rob wanted to see failed to show up.

There was, Rob realized, an atmosphere of mystery about Linda Carroll. On shipboard she had been friendly to the point of cordiality, yet he had never been able to get her to talk about herself or her background. She had casually mentioned the Hotel Lutetia in Paris, but when Rob called at the hotel he found that she was not registered.

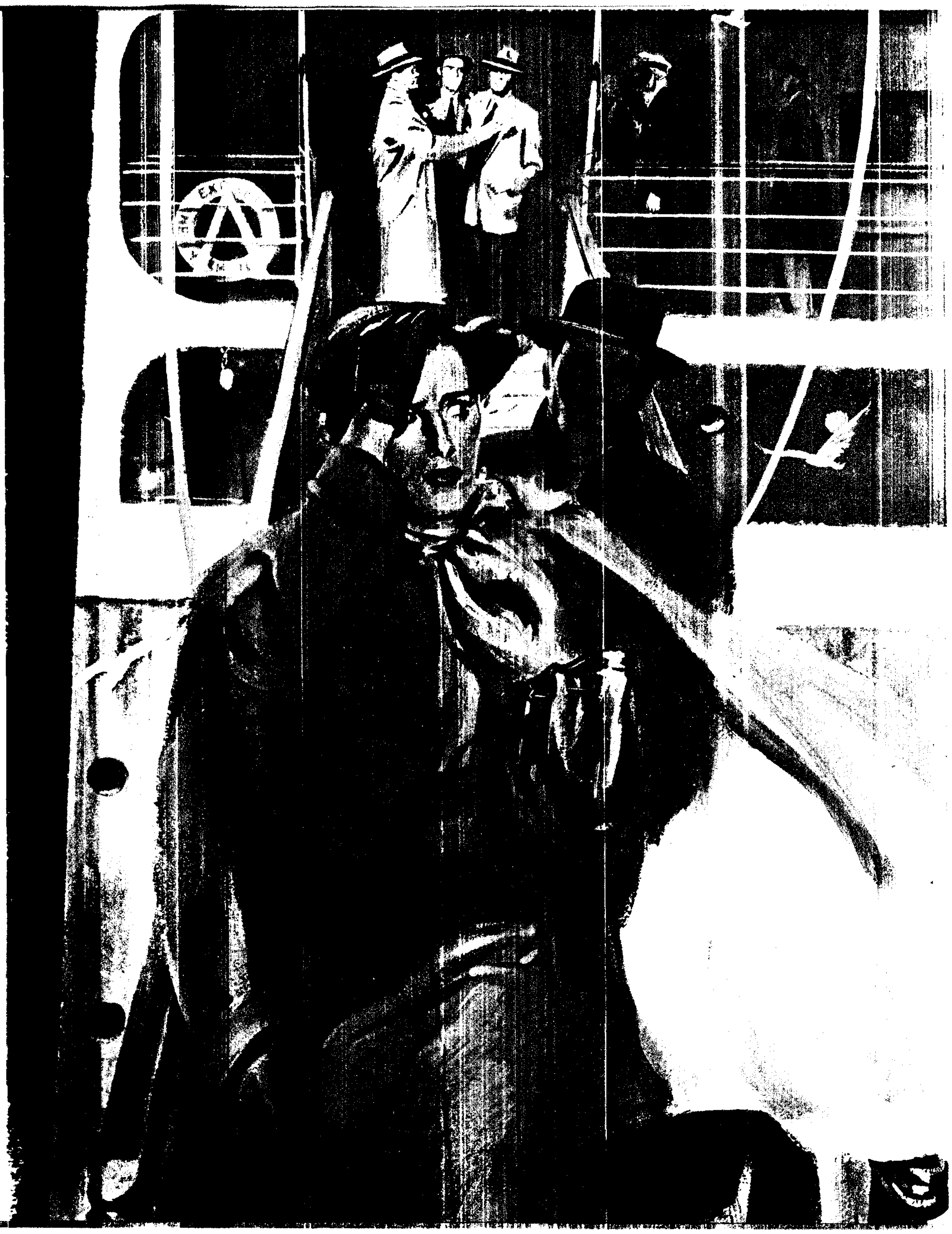
So Rob, having made a fruitless canvass of many other hotels, had decided to wait at the Café de la Paix, his eyes restlessly searching all passers-by.

And then, on the second afternoon, she suddenly appeared, standing matter-of-factly with Frank and Marion Essex, saying, "Oh, there you are! I'd heard you were spending most of your time warming a chair here. Would you like to make a fourth?"

Rob began nodding eagerly while he got to his feet and before he asked, with what he hoped was a conservative note of cautious humor, "A fourth at bridge, poker or what?"

He moved chairs, and they sat around the table. Rob caught the eye of a waiter and gestured.

Linda Carroll said, "A fourth for a tour in my car. I brought it over with me, you know. Frank and Marion are coming along, and I find that by



Two customs men, smiling without cordiality, approached Trenton. "If you don't mind," one said, "we'll examine your baggage in your stateroom"

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE

installing one of those roof racks so we can carry all our baggage on the top I've room for a fourth. We're going all through Switzerland, then back to Paris, and will catch the boat at Marseille. It's a four-week trip. We'll split expenses four ways."

"Except on the car expense," Frank Essex interposed. The Essexes had also been passengers on the ocean crossing. "It's understood that the three of us are to pay all the car expenses—gasoline, repairs, tires, and I'd like to make an allowance to Linda of so much a mile and . . ."

"You can't do that," Linda interrupted, "without making me a common carrier, and then the insurance wouldn't be any good. Do come, Rob. I know it's sudden—but I like to do things suddenly." She smiled.

The waiter stood respectfully silent, and Rob hoped no one noticed the eagerness in his voice as he tried to make his consent sound casual, agreeing to be a fourth on the tour, and asking them what they wanted to drink, all in one breath.

While the waiter was filling their orders, Linda regarded Rob Trenton with thoughtful speculation. "What on earth have you been doing here all this time?" she asked.

"Watching people, trying to see—well, just watching."

Linda turned to Marion Essex. "Don't pay any attention to what he says," she warned. "I had a chance to sound him out on the ship. I didn't get anywhere. He's a dog trainer, and he's over here to investigate foreign methods."

"How interesting!" Marion Essex said.

Rob Trenton had only met Frank and Marion Essex casually on the ship. He had, in fact, confided his vocation to but three or four people and it embarrassed him to have these persons discuss him so lightly.

"What do you do with the dogs after you train them?" Marion Essex asked.

"Oh, he probably trains them to retrieve and things like that," Frank commented.

"I give my dogs basic training for more serious things than that," Rob said, trying not to seem curt.

"You mean hunting?" Marion Essex asked.

"Hunting men," Linda Carroll explained. "He's told me all about it. He's closemouthed and probably won't tell you a thing but I'll give you the high spots. State police use bloodhounds to trail persons, but a bloodhound with a really *good* nose is very valuable. He's not what you'd call expendable in a military sense. So when a criminal has been run to earth and the trail begins to get hot, they use dogs like German shepherds or Doberman pinschers to go in for the kill."

Frank Essex regarded Trenton with respect. "Sounds interesting. Perhaps you'll tell us more about it while we're on the tour."

The waiter arrived with their drinks. All four raised glasses and touched the brims.

THERE followed pleasant days of riding through rolling green plateau country, past ridges covered with thick conifers, along winding roads; the tourists were delighted by mountains white with snow, by quaint farms and lovely lakes.

Rob Trenton tried to find some clue to Linda's feeling toward him—but it was no use. He felt certain she hadn't invited him to come along on the trip simply for the purpose of sharing expenses. On the ship he had been strongly attracted to her. So had a dozen other young men. Yet Rob felt she had been interested in him. And she certainly must have hunted him up there at the Café de la Paix with a definite purpose in mind.

At one time, when he had seen her busying herself with a sketchbook while Frank and Marion Essex were in a near-by cocktail bar, he had asked her a direct question, "Do you paint for a living?"

She turned to regard him with quizzical eyes. "My painting is definitely not important," she said.

Then, suddenly something clicked in Rob Trenton's mind. "Wait," he said. "I remember one of the most unusual paintings I ever saw. It was on a calendar, and was the picture of a lake in Switzerland with snow-capped peaks and wisps of clouds. It was early in the morning and there was a lake deep down in the valley in the shadows. There was a campfire on the shore of the lake and the smoke went almost straight up for two or three hundred feet and then suddenly dispersed laterally, just as you sometimes see it in the early morning on a lake. And that painting was signed *Linda Carroll.*"

For a moment her eyes seemed to have something like panic in them. "You—you're certain of the signature?" she asked as though sparring for time.

"That picture made a tremendous impression on me," Rob said. "I'd been wondering where I'd heard your name before. I think that was one of the most wonderful paintings I've ever seen."

"Rob," she said, "*I* didn't paint that picture."

"Linda, you must have. It's exactly the way you would have seen the country. It was a completely unconventional approach."

She suddenly snapped her sketchbook shut, closed the package of crayons, and said with definite finality, "Rob, I did *not* paint that picture, and I dislike people who ask intimate personal questions. Now would you like to join me for a cocktail?"

FROM that moment on, it seemed she erected a barrier against anything related to her background. She was cordial enough otherwise, but there was that in her attitude which indicated a cold determination to keep from discussing her personal affairs; nor would she let anyone see the inside of her sketchbook. Several times Rob saw her in the distance, sketching, and in the swift motions of her hand, the smooth pivoting of her wrist, he could see that she had a mastery of her subject, a sure control and a deft touch. But the subject of her work and the sketchbook were both definitely closed.

They breezed along through Switzerland as a friendly foursome, keeping their conversation for the most part on an impersonal bantering plane.

At Lucerne there was an unexpected development. A cablegram came for Frank and Marion Essex; it contained a peremptory demand that Frank return to the States for business reasons. So the Essexes dashed off to Zurich to catch the first plane out, and Linda Carroll and Rob Trenton found themselves faced with a problem.

"I'm afraid I don't know any other people to ask," Linda said pointedly.

"Well, after all," Rob pointed out, "we *were* a little cramped, and we had quite a bit of baggage on the roof."

Her steady eyes regarded him with a slight twinkle. "Are you suggesting," she began, "that we—"

"Definitely," Rob Trenton interposed.

She gave the situation thoughtful consideration. "It wouldn't look good. The Garden Club in Falthaven wouldn't approve—if it knew."

"But it would be fun," Rob insisted, hopefully. "We could pretend Frank and Marion were here with us, and, as you pointed out, the Falthaven Garden Club wouldn't need to know a thing about it."

"I didn't point out anything of the sort."

"Well, you pointed out the way for me to point it out."

Linda considered the matter for several seconds. "No funny business," she said at length.

Rob made her laugh by pretending to debate the matter with himself. "No funny business," he promised, with an exaggerated show of reluctance.

And so they had embarked upon the second stage of an idyllic holiday, stopping at little taverns where the production of two passports and the request for two rooms at the time of registration invariably provoked a rapid fire of conversation which Rob couldn't understand and about which Linda was consistently noncommittal. . . .

Shortly after they left Interlaken, Linda told Rob that there was a little inn which she wanted to visit. Some relatives of hers had been there the year before and had asked Linda

(Continued on page 61)

Marie left the room quietly, giving them all a courteous good night, but reserving for Ostrander a glance of worshipful affection

The ALL-AMERICA…

Selected by the National Associatio

FIRST TEAM

Forward	BOB COUSY	Holy Cross
Forward	DICK SCHNITTKER	Ohio State
Center	SHERMAN WHITE	Long Island U.
Guard	PAUL UNRUH	Bradley
Guard	BILL SHARMAN	Southern Cal.

SECOND TEAM

Forward	JOHN PILCH	Wyoming
Forward	PAUL ARIZIN	Villanova
Center	DON LOFGRAN	San Francisco
Guard	CHET GIERMAK	William & Mary
Guard	DON REHFELDT	Wisconsin

N.C.A.A. DISTRICT ALL-STAR TEAMS

1

MAINE NEW HAMPSHIRE
VERMONT MASSACHUSETTS
RHODE ISLAND CONNECTICUT

F	BOB COUSY	Holy Cross
F	F. OFTRING	Holy Cross
C	J. ROCKWELL	Harvard
G	M. FORMON	Holy Cross
G	J. OSBOURN	Yale

Honorable Mention

John Burke, Springfield; Bruce Blount, Rhode Island State; Frank Mahoney, Brown; Bob McMullan and Andy Laska, Holy Cross; James Mullaney, Tufts; Tom O'Brien, Boston College; Vin Yokabaskas, Connecticut.

2

NEW YORK NEW JERSEY
PENNSYLVANIA DELAWARE
WEST VIRGINIA

F	P. ARIZIN	Villanova
F	ED DAHLER	Duquesne
C	S. WHITE	L.I.U.
G	C. COOPER	Duquesne
G	L. FOUST	La Salle

Honorable Mention

John Azary, Columbia; Gerry Calabrese and Bob Zawoluk, St. John's; Jack Kiley, Syracuse; George King, Morris Harvey; Bob MacKinnon, Canisius; Curt Norris, Colgate; Jim Reilly, Swarthmore; Ed Roman and Ed Warner, CCNY; Paul Senesky, St. Joseph's.

3

MARYLAND DIST. OF COLUMBIA
VIRGINIA NORTH CAROLINA
SOUTH CAROLINA KENTUCKY
TENNESSEE MISSISSIPPI GEORGIA
LOUISIANA ALABAMA FLORIDA

F	B. J. ADCOCK	Vanderbilt
F	JIM RIFFEY	Tulane
C	C. GIERMAK	W. & Mary
G	DICK DICKEY	N. C. State
G	C. ANDERSON	Ga. Tech.

Honorable Mention

Sam Ranzino, North Carolina State; Bob Lavoy, Western Kentucky; Jim Line and Bill Spivey, Kentucky; Dick McKenzie, Alabama; Joe Noertker, Virginia; Jimmy Slaughter, South Carolina; Sumner Tilson, Virginia Tech.

4

ILLINOIS OHIO
INDIANA MICHIGAN
WISCONSIN MINNESOTA

F	D. SCHNITTKER	Ohio St.
F	MEYER SKOOG	Minn.
C	D. REHFELDT	Wisc.
G	R. O'BRIEN	Butler
G	KEVIN O'SHEA	Notre D.

Honorable Mention

Ron Bontemps, Beloit; Dick Dallmer, Cincinnati; Bill Erickson, Illinois; Bill Garrett, Indiana; Hal Haskins, Hamline; Ray Ragelis, Northwestern; Charles Share, Bowling Green; Henry Vaughn, Akron; Lou Watson, Indiana; Bill Schroer, Valparaiso.

5

MISSOURI NORTH DAKOTA
SOUTH DAKOTA KANSAS
NEBRASKA OKLAHOMA
IOWA

F	M. WHITEHEAD	Nebr.
F	JOE OSSOLA	St. Louis
C	C. LOVELLETTE	Kansas
G	RICK HARMAN	Kans. St.
G	PAUL UNRUH	Bradley*

Honorable Mention

Clarence Brannum, Kansas State; Dave Dunlop, Grinnell; John Friedersdorf, Wichita; Wayne Glascow, Oklahoma; Norm Jespersen, Iowa Teachers; Lou Lehman, St. Louis; Gene Melchiorre, Bradley*; John Rennicke, Drake; Jack Shelton, Oklahoma A & M; Ed Weber, North Dakota.

6

ARIZONA TEXAS
ARKANSAS

F	T. HAMILTON	Texas
F	JACK BROWN	So. Meth.
C	G. McLEOD	T.C.U.
G	J. McDOWELL	Tex.A&M
G	L. BLEVINS	Arizona

Honorable Mention

Bob Ambler and Jim Cathcart, Arkansas; Don Heathington and Odell Preston, Baylor; Joe McDermott and Warren Switzer, Rice; Wade Oliver, Arizona State (Tempe); John Dewitt and Walter Davis, Texas A & M.

7

WYOMING COLORADO
UTAH MONTANA
NEW MEXICO

F	JOHN PILCH	Wyoming
F	LOY DOTY	Wyoming
C	M. HUTCHINS	B. Young
G	JOE NELSON	B. Young
G	R. MINSON	B. Young

Honorable Mention

Glendon Anderson, Colorado A & M; Kenny Berrett, Utah State; Keith Bloom, Wyoming; Bob Cope, Montana; Syd Ryen and Dale Toft, Denver; Glen Smith, Utah; Jack Quamme, Colorado College.

8

CALIFORNIA OREGON
WASHINGTON IDAHO
NEVADA

F	W. SHARMAN	So. Cal.
F	ED GAYDA	Wash. St.
C	D. LOFGRAN	San Fran.
G	L. SORIANO	Wash.
G	G. STANICH	UCLA

Honorable Mention

Gene Conley, Washington State; Rene Herrerias, San Francisco; Frank Guisness, Washington; Bob Payne, Oregon State; Alan Sawyer, UCLA; George Yardley, Stanford; Stu Inman, San Jose; Billy Hagler, California.

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* Bradley, member of Missouri Valley Conference, assigned to District 5 by N.C.A.A.

in College Basketball

By BILL FAY

of Basketball Coaches

THE line-ups tell the authoritative story of how the coaches selected the 1950 All-America in college basketball. First, they picked an All-Star team in each of the eight National Collegiate Athletic Association districts; then, they sifted this honor squad of 40 candidates for the nation's five best players.

More than 200 members of the National Association of Basketball Coaches took part in the All-America balloting. Their recommendations were consolidated and evaluated by Collier's All-America board of famous coaches, which includes Vadal Peterson of Utah, chairman; Gordon Ridings, Columbia; John Bunn, Springfield; Roy Mundorff, Georgia Tech; Paul Hinkle, Butler; Edward Hickey, St. Louis; Jack Gray, Texas; Everett Shelton, Wyoming; and A. T. Gill, Oregon State.

* * *

Any discussion of the personnel of this year's All-America must start with Bob Cousy of Holy Cross. His deft passes set up the plays which made the Crusaders the nation's No. 1 ranking team through most of the season. His flicked, one-hand shots accounted for 25 per cent of the Crusaders' total offense—and his astute defensive maneuvers frequently confounded the opposition.

Against Kansas, for instance, he intercepted two passes and scored two baskets within four seconds. In the last two minutes, with Holy Cross leading 55 to 53, he went into a dribbling stall and controlled the ball until the game ended. Desperate Kansas defenders fouled him twice in those hectic final moments and he converted both free throws. Final score: Holy Cross, 57; Kansas, 53.

The great passers in pro football—T-formation experts like Johnny Lujack and Otto Graham—can watch two or three potential receivers simultaneously. Coaches have a name for this rare skill—peripheral vision. Cousy has it, too. He frequently jumps for a shot, then passes to a teammate cutting in from the corner to a better shooting position. Phog Allen, the Kansas coach, commented: "I think that Cousy can watch both corners and the basket, too."

Cousy is a one-sport man. He plays basketball every day in the year. Last summer he worked as a waiter in a hotel in the Catskill Mountains and practiced three hours on an outdoor court every afternoon (perfecting the fine art of dribbling behind his back). Bob lives in Saint Albans, N.Y. He's a senior, twenty-one years old, six feet one inch, 180 pounds. Not a big fellow as basketball players are measured, but the pros can't wait to grab him. "You know something," one pro coach commented recently, "that Cousy's going to be the greatest player since Nat Holman."

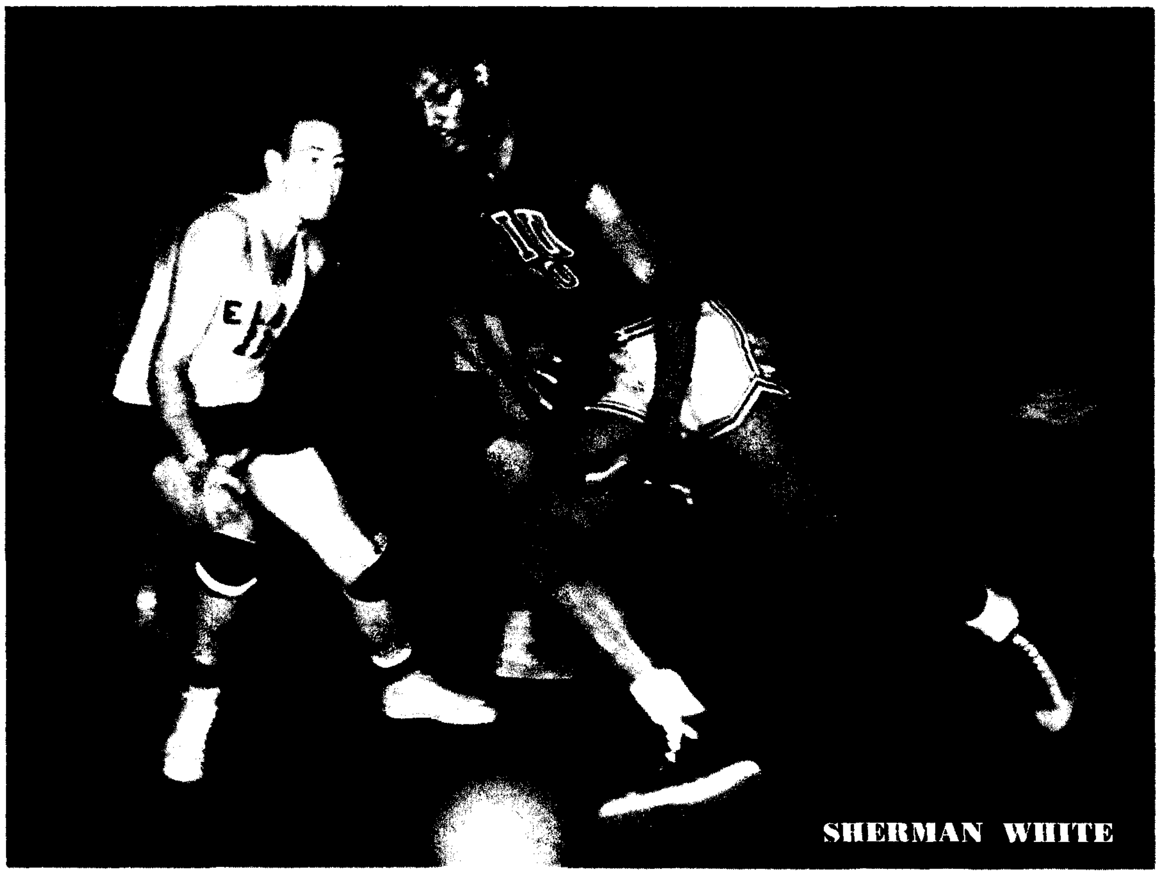
* * *

Cousy's running (and shooting) mate at forward in the All-America line-up is Dick Schnittker of Ohio State. That name should be familiar to football fans, too, because Dick is the big fellow (six feet five inches, 206 pounds) who played offensive end on the Ohio State eleven which edged California in the Rose Bowl last January 2d.

Although Dick was an all-Ohio end in high school he did not participate in varsity football at Columbus until last September when Sherwin Gandee, the Buckeyes' ace pass catcher, suffered a shoulder injury. Whereupon, basketball coach Tippy Dye suggested to football coach Wes Fesler that Schnittker fill in for Gandee, temporarily.

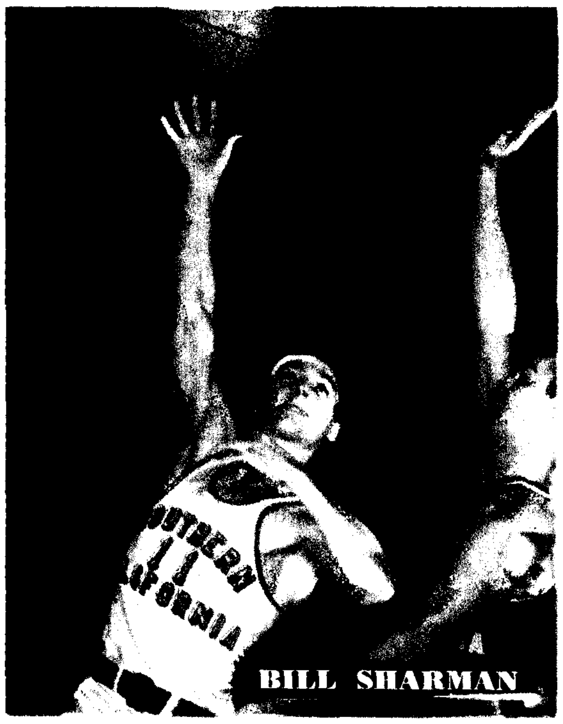
Fesler accepted—and Dye did not recover his basketball captain and leading scorer until Ohio State tied Michigan for the Big Ten championship in the final game of the season. Then Fesler said, "Go ahead, Tippy. He's yours for a couple of weeks."

Schnittker practiced for *(Continued on page 87)*

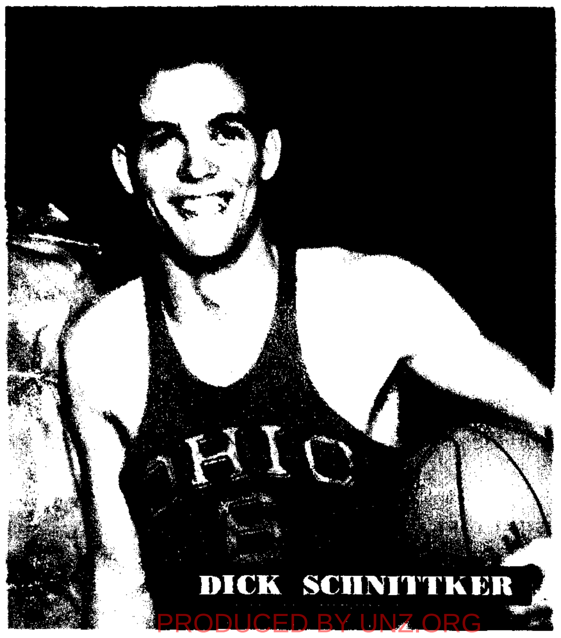


SHERMAN WHITE

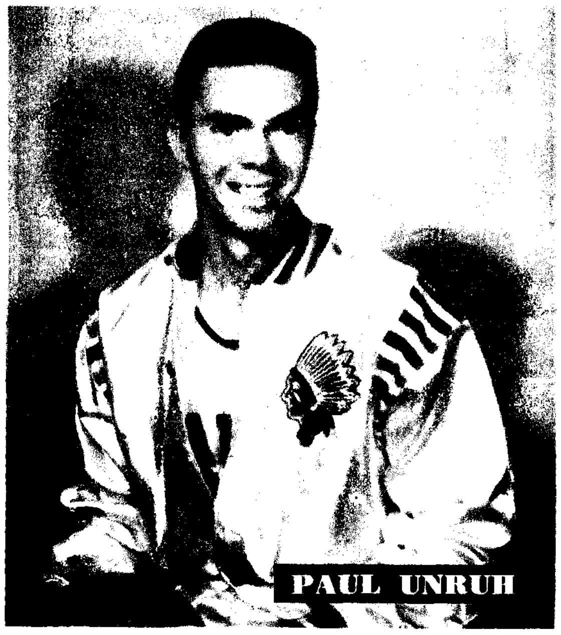
BOB COUSY



BILL SHARMAN



DICK SCHNITTKER



PAUL UNRUH

One of those DAYS

By HAL and BARBARA BORLAND

Norm didn't think he'd ever get anywhere. He didn't know he was already there

IT WAS twenty-five after seven when Norm pulled himself half awake and crawled out of bed, quietly so he wouldn't disturb Lib. Steve, in his crib, whimpered softly. Norm got a warm bottle for him while he set the coffee to perk. Then he got under the shower.

It had been one of those nights. Lib had that impacted wisdom tooth out yesterday, and Steve was cutting teeth. So what does a man do? He lets his wife sleep, poor kid, and he gets up every time the baby raises the roof. Four times. Or was it five?

Norm's head was still fuzzy and his eyes were only half open. He got out of the shower and started to shave, nicked his cheek with a new blade and couldn't find a styptic pencil. Then, half his face still lathered, he remembered the coffee.

Dressed only in his shorts, he raced to the kitchen. Libby was there, in a robe. She had the coffee under control and was making toast and cooking eggs.

Her face was still swollen a little. "But it's better," she said. "Lot's better." She kissed the latherless side of Norm's face. "You were a dear to get up when Stevie cried. Now get dressed before your eggs are hard as rocks."

Steve gurgled at him while Norm put on his socks and shirt, and Norm growled, "Look, chum, why can't you gurgle at 2 A.M. instead of yapping your head off?" Then he glanced out the window and muttered, "Damn!" There was a heavy overcast and a slow drizzle. Apparently it was going to be one of those days, too. He knotted his tie and hurried to the kitchen.

The toast was hot and oozing with butter and the coffee was just right. Norm got his eyes really open and tried to grin at Lib, who could look lovely just by smiling at him. Somehow she had found time to comb her blond hair and tie a little bow of ribbon in it, a ribbon that matched her robe.

"Darling!" she exclaimed as he took half a slice of toast at one bite. "Slow up! It won't matter if you're a little late."

Norm jerked his head toward the window. "It's practically sleeting!"

"It's just drizzling," Lib said. "I'm making more toast."

At eight fifteen he was at the back door in his hat and topcoat. "Call me if that tooth of yours cuts up again. I'll be at the office all day, or Edna will know where to get me."

Libby held up her face for a kiss. "I'll be all right. Take it easy. Let the drivers do the worrying—'by, darling."...

He relaxed a little as he drove across town. It was warmer than he had thought. Might not turn to sleet after all. But with trucks on the road, you worried about those things. Darn it, why did he get into this business, anyway? Why didn't he know what he wanted to do, and go ahead and get somewhere? Why wasn't he surer of himself, or more willing to take a chance on his luck? Let the drivers do the worrying. Huh!

They were good drivers, though. Jack would have the new outfit down at Peterson's by now, loading canned goods. Frank would be over at Andy Fodding's with the Diesel, picking up that load of paper. And Bill would be on the way over to Henry Gill's with the snub-nose. Funny thing about this business, your men had to be diplomats as well as drivers. A man like Henry Gill would take a dislike to a driver, and there would go a fat contract. But Henry would like Bill.

Norm pulled up at his own place, Acme Trucking. Alfred opened the big doors and Norm drove inside. Even before he set the brake he knew there was trouble. The snub-nose was still there in the garage.

Norm hurried into the office. Edna was on the phone. She frowned and held up her hand for silence. "Yes, Mr. Gill," she said. "Yes— Yes, we understand. We'll be right over— We'll get the load there on time. Absolutely."

She hung up and turned to Norm. "There," she said, "Henry Gill will keep his shirt on for thirty minutes more." Edna was fortyish, stout, and loyal to the core. She had handled this office for fifteen years, bullying, flattering and threatening customers, drivers and rival dispatchers alike. She had practically taught Norm the business. Sometimes Norm thought that in an extreme emergency Edna would climb into a cab and personally deliver a load of dynamite, or anything else, halfway across the country. The fact was that Edna couldn't even drive a car.

She sat back now and said, "Bill's sick. Flu. The doctor put him to bed. Frank and Jack got off on schedule. Nothing in the mail that I can't handle. Alfred has checked the snub-nose."

Norm already had his coat off. "Get Libby on the wire," he said. He went into the washroom where he changed from flannels to corduroys and pulled on a sweater. He grabbed his leather windbreaker and went back out to the phone.

"Lib, Bill's sick. I'll have to take that load to Winwood for Henry Gill. Got to run. How you feeling?"

"I'm all right. The pain is all gone. Don't forget tonight."

"Tonight?"

"You remember. The crowd's coming over."

"Oh, my gosh! I forgot all about it. Okay, I'll be back as early as I can. How's Steve?"

"Steve's fine. And don't hurry too much. Don't be a cowboy."

Norm grinned wryly as he hung up. Cowboy old snub-nose? Downhill with a tail wind, that outfit wouldn't top fifty. Old snub-nose didn't have any more get-up-and-go than he did himself.

HENRY GILL was crusty and cantankerous, but he had a lot of loads to haul. Norm had been trying for a year to get some of that business, but the Black Star people had it all sewed up until last week. Then a Black Star driver jackknifed a trailer with a Henry Gill load into the ditch, and Henry had been furious. Norm had finally got to talk to Mr. Gill.

At first Henry said he was all through with truck transport; then he said he was going to let a firm in Binghamton have his business; finally he agreed to give Norm one load. And this had to be the day!

Old Henry was at the warehouse, waiting, when Norm jockeyed up to the loading dock. Henry pointedly looked at his watch as Norm got down from the cab. "Late, aren't you?" Henry snapped.

Norm forced a smile. "Late? Mr. Gill, we're not late until we fail to arrive at the other end on time."

Henry grunted. The men began to load cartons into the truck. "I want delivery," Henry said, "not insurance for a load in a ditch. And when I promise two-o'clock delivery, I don't mean two thirty."

Norm nodded.

"You driving it yourself?" Henry asked.

"Yes, sir. One of my men is out sick, and I didn't want to disappoint you."

"Pretty small outfit, aren't you?" Henry said.

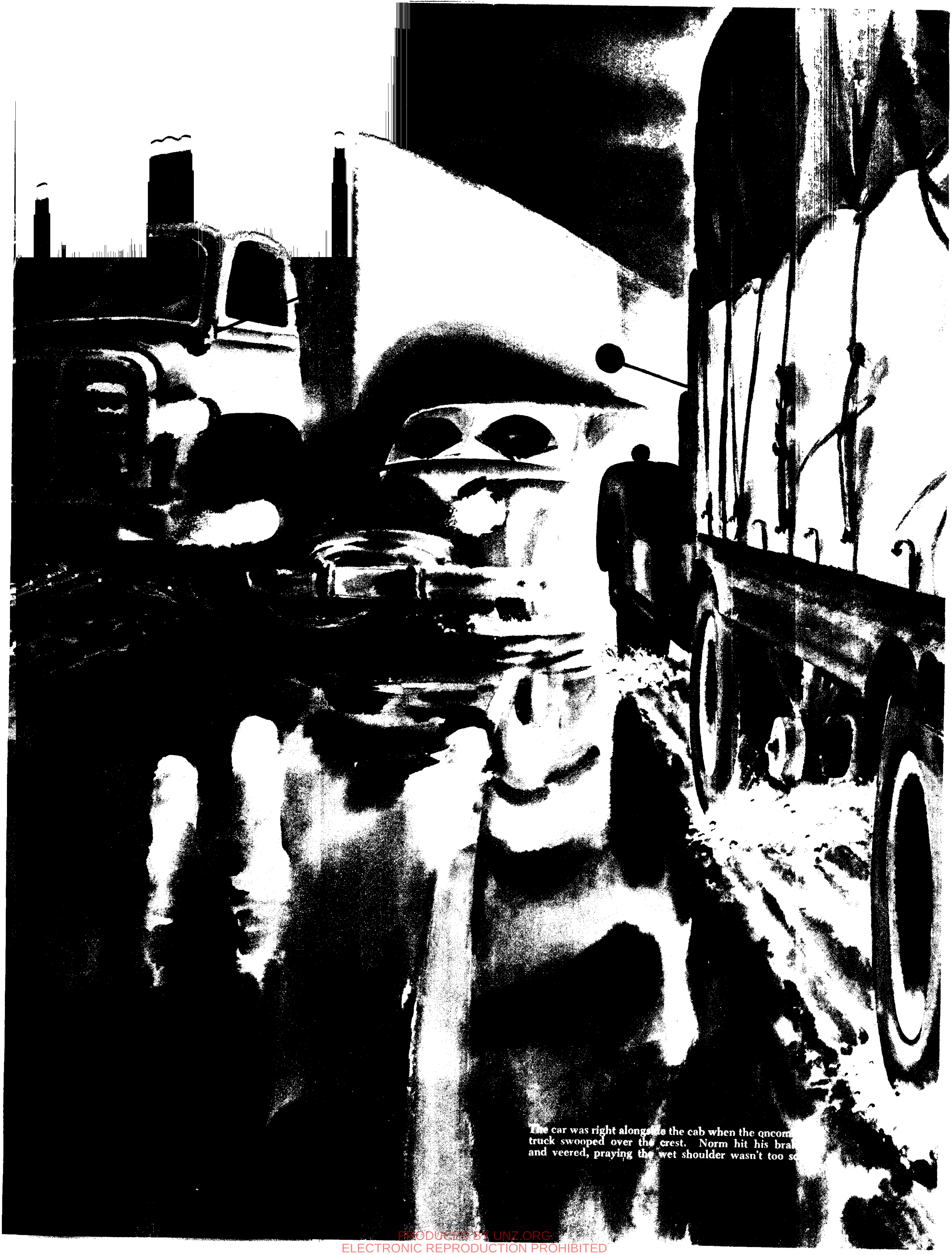
"Small enough to give you personal service."

Henry grunted again. "Personal service—" He looked at Norm, then at his watch. "I'm a busy man," he said, and he turned and hurried through the warehouse toward the front office....

It was nine fifteen before Norm got away with his load. He had just four hours and forty-five minutes, and Hagerman's was a hundred and forty miles away. A hundred and forty miles of winding, hilly road, with seven towns in between. Part of that road was blacktop, slippery in wet weather. And the snub-nose was a slow outfit.

The engine sounded sweet. Any engine runs better in damp weather, and Bill kept old snub-nose tuned up. Bill knew his engines. Norm was lucky to have him, and to keep him, in an outfit like Acme where they did most of their own garage work. The boys came in between seven thirty and eight, and Edna was *(Continued on page 36)*

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



The car was right alongside the cab when the oncom
truck swooped over the crest. Norm hit his bra
and veered, praying the wet shoulder wasn't too so

Florida's Struggle with the

Boheme, a plush gambling club where roulette wheels spin and dice roll while the horses run

By PAT FRANK and LUTHER VOLTZ

PART ONE OF TWO PARTS

IN 1819 the United States bought Florida from Spain for $5,000,000. It was a bargain. Today the racketeers are paying 40 millions in "ice money" a year for the gambling concession alone. They have spread corruption through every level of government and into the fabric of legitimate business. They would pay a great deal more to eliminate a few upright officials, silence two crusading newspapers, and buy the state outright. They are trying to do it.

Three years ago F.B.I. Director J. Edgar Hoover took a careful look at fabulous Miami Beach and then remarked: "If you put a dragnet around Twenty-third and Collins, and slapped every mobster you caught into jail for life, you'd end organized crime in America."

His dragnet would have to be bigger today. It would take in Twenty-third and Collins, of course, which is still the loafing and recreation center for the hoodlums, but it also would have to spread over the 70 miles of gaudy tropical splendor that is Florida's gold coast.

There are no longer rival gangs bent on destroying each other. The Purple Mob of Detroit and the Capone Syndicate of Chicago still exist. But they have smartened up. King Frank ("the Peacemaker") Costello has taught them that internecine warfare pays nobody except the florist and the undertaker—that gun feuds and indiscriminate murders only arouse the sleepy citizen, and compel the police to turn on the heat. He has preached that there is plenty of loot for all. The hoods have discovered he is right.

Arguments over territories and spheres of influence are settled across a conference table, but without Washington red tape or United Nations protocol. And there has never been a gang murder in Miami Beach, although it is the gangsters' winter capital.

There appears to be no single boss of this new-style mob. But the racing-wire network that supplies instant results to bookmakers is its nerve center, communications system, and perhaps its brain. A generation ago the money crop of the hoods was bootlegging. Now it is bookmaking.

The strength of these new-style mobsters and the scope of their operations are well illustrated in a suppressed report of the Federal Communications Commission.

When the stress of war overtaxed the nation's communications facilities, the FCC employed a large number of investigators to probe into the Continental Press Service, the master bookie-wire net that has a bewildering number of affiliates and subsidiaries. They discovered surprising facts, but under the guise of security, the report was classified confidential and hidden from the public.

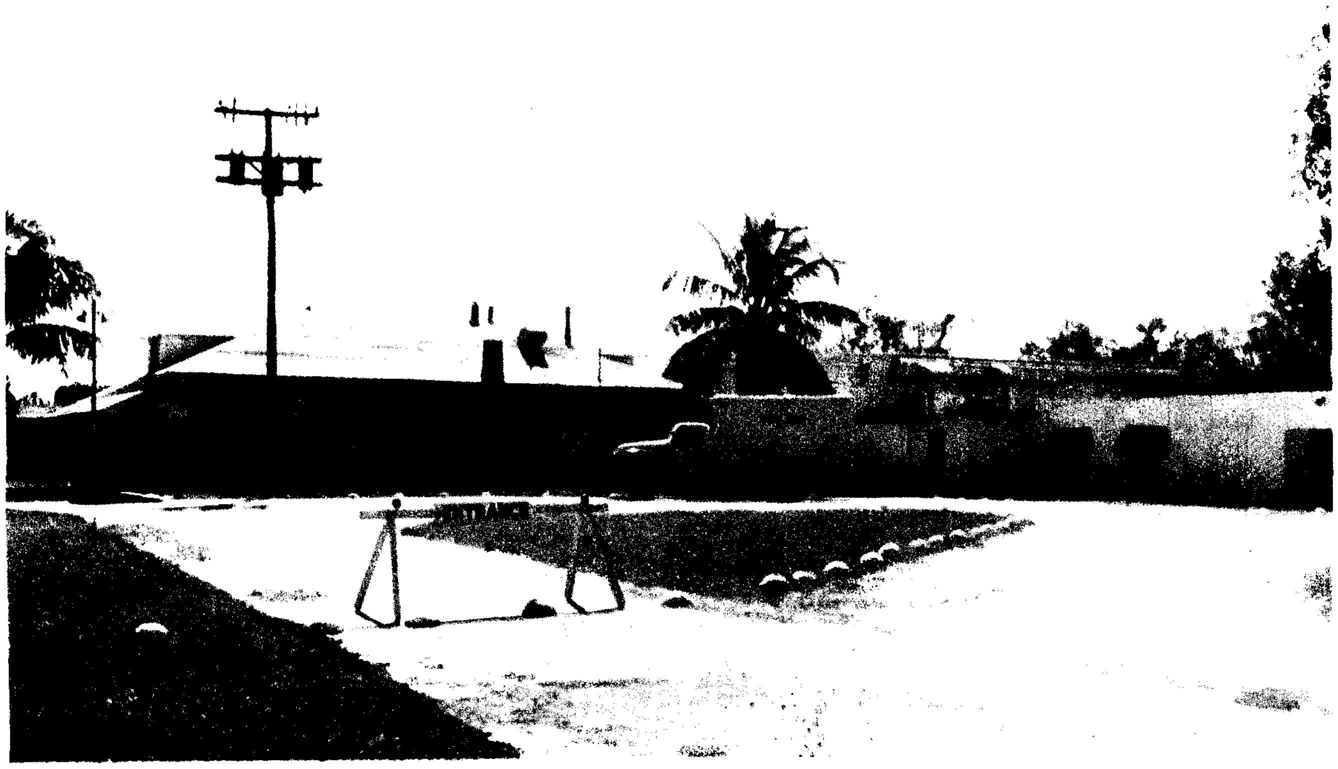
The survey was begun in 1943 and not completed until December, 1944. The findings remained hidden for five years.

It isn't any wonder it was suppressed.

That was a time when wires were loaded with telegrams beginning "The War Department regrets . . ." and "The Navy Department regrets . . ." Servicemen waited hours to get telephone calls through to loved ones. Essential businesses had difficulty getting circuits. Having a new telephone installed was next to impossible.

Continental used all kinds of dodges to grab phone lines. The telephone company did what it could to keep these lines out of lawless hands, but the breakdown of law enforcement against gambling made the task almost hopeless.

Had the American people known the contents of



Thousand-dollar bills float across dice tables at Greenacres in a game using cash, not chips

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BILL STAPLETON

HOODLUMS

A beleaguered state battles racketeers, fattened by race-track gambling with 40 millions a year to pay for its "rights"

the report then, the Potomac might have run red. Briefly, it showed that while the average citizen could expect delays of hours and even days in transmission of messages or completion of calls, the bookies were getting their race results in a matter of minutes.

The FCC investigators discovered that racing-news organizations controlled 16,639 miles of telegraph wire. The net extended to 305 cities, and served approximately 50,000 bookmakers, who had at least two telephones each, most of them three to five. An annual rental of $412,000 was paid in tolls.

Continental is bigger now. It took over the wire net of a short-lived rival, Trans-America, after the death of Benjamin "Bugsy" Siegel. Mr. Siegel was the West Coast representative of Trans-America. He was murdered in the Los Angeles home of his girl friend, Virginia Hill, in June, 1947.

When Continental loses a tentacle of the bookie wire—as it did in California a year ago and in Florida last December—it resorts to telephone circuits.

On February 14, 1949, the United States Ninth Circuit court called the racing wire "a framework reaching every sizable community in the country, upon which a whole series of criminal rackets can be organized and operated."

It is significant that the only two major gang-war deaths of recent years have been associated with the wire network. James M. Ragen, Sr., a broad-shouldered and independent man who once managed Continental, was cut down by shotgun slugs in 1946, after begging the Chicago police for protection against the Capone mob. When Ragen did not die as promptly as expected, the mob reached into the hospital and poisoned him.

There is no doubt that the former followers of Al Capone now control the net, according to the Crime Commission of Greater Miami and the Crime Commission of California. Certainly it is bossed by men with such exotic names as Jack "Greasy Thumb" Guzik, who was Capone's business manager in prohibition days, Murray "the Camel" Humphries, Tony "the Wheel" Accardo, and Hymie "Loudmouth" Levin.

For many years the entrepreneur of the wire net was Arthur B. "Mickey" McBride, who is one of Miami's best-known residents, and very likely one of the richest men in the country. He is the largest individual property owner in the sprawling, rococo suburb of Coral Gables; he is the owner of the Cleveland Browns, professional football team; he is a taxicab monopolist; a Democratic political power in Ohio; a generous donor to the University of Miami. He is also the controlling stockholder in a Miami radio station, WMIE, that broadcasts detailed racing information in coded form, despite protests of the Florida State Racing Commission.

McBride now disclaims ownership of Continental. He says all the stock rests in the hands of his son, Edward J. McBride. He says he gave it to the younger McBride when the boy was eighteen, and a student at Miami University. The present general manager of Continental in Chicago is Tom Kelley, the younger McBride's uncle.

The report told how Continental claimed it had not the foggiest notion that its racing news served 50,000 bookmakers. All Continental knew was that it served six regional organizations, with offices in Baltimore, Rochester, Cleveland, Indianapolis, Cincinnati and St. Louis. "According to Continental," the FCC report said, "its contracts with the six regional distributors who sell racing news are entirely oral."

Pat Frank and Luther Voltz are Floridians. Frank, the author of two novels, Mr. Adam and An Affair of State, started his career as a cub reporter on the Jacksonville Journal 25 years ago. Voltz, a reporter on the Miami Herald, one of the few crusading newspapers in the state, for years has covered the fight between the hoodlums and the courageous, decent citizens. In this, the first of two articles, Frank and Voltz write as residents about the racketeering outsiders who have put a price tag on the state and who are now trying to close the deal with cash, muscle and intimidation

A most important arm of the net extended to Florida, where the horses and dogs run all winter, and $178,000,000 was *legally* bet last season. Henning Heldt, political writer for the Miami Herald, estimated that for every dollar that passed through the mutuel machines, two dollars were wagered with bookmakers.

This estimate is confirmed by available figures, but it by no means represents the full extent of Florida's gambling mania. It does not take into consideration the numbers games, such as "Cuba," *bolita*, "butter and eggs," "Federal Reserve," and "Stock Exchange," which in Jacksonville and Tampa are as lucrative to the racketeers as bookmaking. It doesn't include the millions that slide across the dice and roulette tables in the plush clubs.

Except for neighborhood numbers, lotteries and sneak crap games, most of this gambling is operated and controlled by one mob, who, when they winter in Florida, forget their regional affiliations.

The mob's creed is that every man has his price. They are wrong. There is a forthright attorney in Tallahassee, a courageous councilman in Miami Beach, a young and tough new mayor in Jacksonville, a clear-headed judge in Dade County, and a remarkable ex-F.B.I. agent with 10 children . . . but that's getting ahead of the story.

For many years Florida has been a schizophrenic state, torn by destructive inner conflict. Except for the dwindling number of backwoods crackers, and some of the pensioners who have come to enjoy themselves in the salubrious climate, most Floridians are cosmopolitan and sophisticated. They call themselves "liberal" in the sense that they aren't bluenoses. They believe that so long as there are two horses left in the world, men will differ as to which can run the faster and will back their opinions with cash.

Floridians know that tourists seek sun and fun, and that fun includes night clubs and gambling. Even the elderly couple from Iowa, wintering in drowsy St. Petersburg, will take three days off to gape at Miami's gilded sin, bet two to show on a favorite at Hialeah, and even risk five—the price of a single white chip—in a plush casino, and incidentally take in a $10,000 Broadway floor show.

Charles Francis "Socker" Coe, the astute editor of The Palm Beach Post, says "nice people" see no moral difference between betting illegally with a bookmaker and betting the same amount on the same horse at a race track where betting has been legal in Florida since 1931.

Coe heartily disapproves of "outside chiselers," but he points out that "gambling in local hands is controlled gambling." Keeping gambling in local hands is something else. And the local boys know it well. Wherever business is good, the Combination wants in. And the Combination usually has ways to get what it wants.

And so the people are shocked and dismayed as they watch the hoods muscle in on the billion-dollar tourist trade. They have suddenly realized that most *illegal* gambling dollars, like geese and tourists, come South for the winter only. At season's end, in fewer and dirtier fingers, they go North again.

Those millions that actually remain are perhaps more dangerous to Florida than those that go. They influence public opinion, swing elections, and are plowed back into local real estate, hotels, industries and sports combines to lend a protective coloring of respectability to the racketeer.

The people have also realized that many of their police and other officials, under obligation to the hoods, can no longer serve the ordinary citizen, and indeed view the honest *(Continued on page 78)*

THEY BOSS THE NATION-WIDE BOOKIE-WIRE SERVICE

Hymie "Loudmouth" Levin

Tony "the Wheel" Accardo

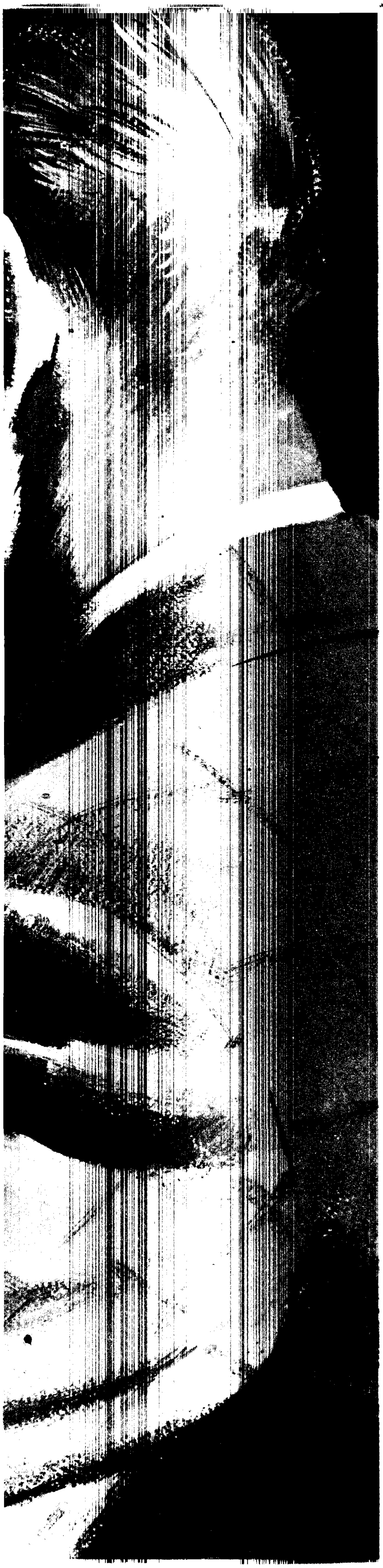
Jack "Greasy Thumb" Guzik

Murray "the Camel" Humphries

THOUSANDS OF *Beautiful Girls*

By MURRAY HOYT

Love and intrigue at a Vermont chicken pie supper—where Danny, who had embraced a world outlook, kept thinking how much nicer it would be to embrace Mary



"I am interested," Mary said. There was a smirk at the corners of Charlie's mouth, which would have been changed by a punch in the nose

MARY was there when he got there. He caught a glimpse of her through the window as he drove in. But of course her being there meant absolutely nothing to him. He'd come there to eat, not to see Mary. He hoped above everything that she wouldn't force him to talk to her—or even expect everything to be the way it had been before he went away. In the whole time he had been away, she had failed to write him even once.

He parked the tractor in the lot next to the Community House near the big cardboard sign that was put out once or twice each year and that read, "West Addison Ladies' Aid VERMONT CHICKEN PIE SUPPER. TONIGHT."

His tractor looked incongruous in among all those rows of parked cars. But Aunt Frances had been taken sick and his mother had driven over that noon to take care of Aunt Frances' children. So it had been a case of walk or take the tractor. It wasn't as if farm tractors were like they used to be when he was a kid, before the big rear wheels and rubber tires came in—and before the high-speed transmissions allowed such vehicles to skitter across the countryside like nervous foxes.

He wished he didn't have to go to the kitchen with his mother's chicken pie, which he'd held in his lap with one hand as he drove over—Mary might feel he couldn't stay away from her. Girls sometimes had a way of twisting such things, in the face of obvious facts, to build up their own egos.

He turned off the headlights, and stood in the deep March dusk. The first stars seemed far away from him. In the stillness of the country he could hear the put-put of a milking machine in a barn down the road, as some farmer milked late.

At the corner he got the smells from the kitchen. And a moth began beating its wings in his stomach. That was because he'd thought many, many times while he'd been away about the smells of a country kitchen and the noises of a countryside at night.

Certainly the moth fluttering around had nothing whatever to do with the fact that he'd be talking to Mary again in a few minutes now. If being away had done nothing else for him, it had at least taught him that the world was full of pretty girls. There were hundreds of thousands of them scattered around everywhere. A big percentage of them probably even had golden hair, and a big percentage of those had it done in a page boy.

It wasn't unreasonable to assume that most of them, being pretty, could enter a room smiling, and have everybody else smiling a little right away. The eyes of many girls could get soft when they looked at a man, and many girls were pleasant just to talk to and be with. Countless girls probably had little individual tricks like lowering their heads and looking up at a person, or sticking out their lower lips and blowing their hair away from their foreheads on a hot day—or even taking off their shoes and wiggling their toes in front of the fire on a winter evening. One pretty blonde wasn't worth chasing in preference to any other. They all got married, didn't they? And the guy they married always believed that the one he got was the very best of all, didn't he?

Furthermore, ninety per cent of those blondes would have had the brains to see through a no-good, lazy speed maniac like this Charlie Dumas, the lowest seat of Nature's works. Well, thank Heaven, he, Danny, had been away and got the world outlook. So the idea that, with his world outlook, he wanted to get back with Mary and, worse still, ever be tied to her for good was laughable.

When he got nearer he could see that there were half a dozen young men his age grouped around the foot of the steps that led to the kitchen. Their cigarette ends were fireflies in the darkness. When he came nearer he saw that Charlie Dumas was one of them. People said that if you thought of the devil, he appeared. He did mean devil, too.

Some of them said, "Hi, Danny."

And Danny said, "How are you?"

Charlie Dumas said, "I was fine till I saw you."

And Danny said, "I wish I'd showed up sooner, then."

Now that he had the world outlook and was no longer interested in Mary, there was absolutely no reason to feel animosity toward Charlie. But it would have been a pleasure to give Charlie a good punch in the nose just for no reason.

INSIDE the kitchen everything was bustle and nose-tingling smells. Finally Mrs. Bemis noticed him and relieved him of his chicken pie.

He saw Mary loading dishes on a tray, and he was glad to find out that seeing her had no effect on him whatever. Naturally those steps that led up to the kitchen door, even though they weren't very high, would make a person breathe hard if he climbed them carrying a big heavy chicken pie. And that flapping-moth feeling didn't just disappear in a minute.

He wanted in the worst way to get out of there before she saw him. But he felt it was wise, now that he had the chance, to give the matter a good thorough test. Distasteful as it would be to him, he ought to talk to her just to prove once and for all that he felt nothing.

Her eyes swept around the room as she stooped to pick up the tray. Her glance passed over him and then jerked back in a tremendous double-take. She left the tray where it was and came over.

It was funny—he'd forgotten a little how soft her cheeks were and how straight and patrician her nose was. Not, of course, that thousands of other girls didn't have cheeks just as soft and noses just as straight. Her face was tanned—probably from long hours of riding in *(Continued on page 57)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

Excerpted and Adapted by John Lear from Worlds in Collision

By DR. IMMANUEL VELIKOVSKY

This article is based on the book Worlds in Collision by Dr. Immanuel Velikovsky, to be published in April by the Macmillan Company. A treatment of other material from the same work first appeared in Collier's for February 25th. For more than 10 years the author—historian, physician and editor—has been amassing research in an attempt to substantiate his theory that the miracles chronicled in the Bible actually happened. He believes they resulted from cosmic upheavals. His book is a scientific correlation of the records of many civilizations to show that the Biblical phenomena were local manifestations of global reactions. Collier's has used only a small portion of the book's tremendous volume of data. We present this interpretation so that our readers may examine for themselves some of his controversial conclusions, which prominent scientific and religious leaders find most extraordinary. THE EDITOR

THE most incredible story of miracles is told about Joshua ben Nun, who succeeded the Prophet Moses as chief of the Ancient Hebrew people. While pursuing the Canaanite kings at Beth-horon after leading the Israelites across the Jordan at the end of 40 years of desert wandering, he implored the sun and the moon to stand still.

"And he said in the sight of Israel, Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon. And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies. Is not this written in the book of Jasher? So the sun stood still in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down about a whole day" (Joshua 10:12-13).

Only those of the firmest faith have been able to accept this story as the literal truth. Many of the most pious churchmen have looked upon it as a poetic image, a metaphor. According to the knowledge of our age—not of the age when the Book of Joshua or of Jasher was written—it could have happened only if the earth ceased for a time to roll along its prescribed path. For we know that the earth revolves around the sun rather than, as the ancients believed, vice versa.

Is such a disturbance conceivable? Only in the very improbable event that our planet should meet another heavenly body of sufficient mass to disrupt the eternal path of our world.

In an earlier part of this study (see Collier's, Feb. 25th) geological and historical evidence was adduced from many lands and peoples to demonstrate that the Bible story of the Exodus was a literal account of the sufferings of man during earth's passage through the flaming, gaseous tail of a comet.

Dr. Velikovsky

That encounter threw the earth off its orbit and pulled the surface of our world out of its old shape—raising mountains, dropping islands beneath the sea, tossing waves miles high, and pelting down hot stones in fiery rain. At the height of the cataclysm, Moses led the Israelites out of bondage in Egypt, crossing the Red Sea on dry land while the waters were suspended skyward by the comet's nearest approach.

It was approximately half a century later that Joshua

(Continued on page 82)

ILLUSTRATED BY BIRNEY LETTICK

Maternity Can Be Chic, My Dear

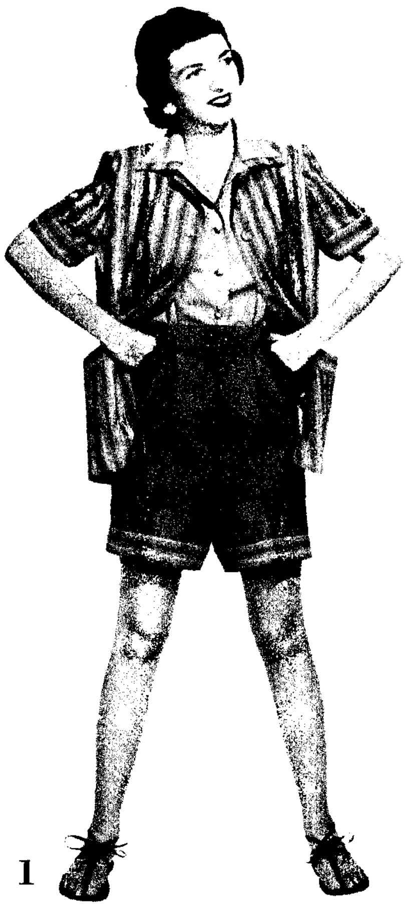
By HELEN WORDEN

Texas' Frankfurt sisters had an idea about what women could wear till the stork comes and it became a $2,000,000 annual business

ELSIE FRANKFURT was twenty-one, looked like Myrna Loy and had just graduated from Southern Methodist University. She was sitting on the front porch of the family home in Dallas, Texas, trying to decide whether to look for a job as a fashion designer or as an accountant when her married sister Edna came up the walk. Edna was five months pregnant.

"Good heavens!" Elsie exclaimed. "You look like a beach ball in an unmade bed."

Edna sank down into a chair. "I can't help it. This dress of Mama's is the only thing that will fit me around the middle."



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Mrs. Frankfurt joined the girls. "What's a pregnant woman to do? In my day we wore Mother Hubbards. I felt ashamed to be seen."

Elsie stared at Edna. "I believe I could design a dress that would make you look normal."

"Impossible," said Edna.

"Now, Edna. Elsie didn't take two years' dress designing for nothing," said Mrs. Frankfurt, sighing. "I never could understand why she ever switched to a business course."

It was June, 1938, and hot in Texas. Edna fanned herself. "Elsie is Papa's daughter, Mama. You know what a good head he has for business."

Elsie stuck to her subject. "The figure of a pregnant woman is similar to that of a child. She has no waistline. If I fit you at the shoulder, Edna, and don't emphasize your waist, you're going to look 100 per cent better." She jumped up. "Come on! I've got an idea."

Three days later Edna wore her new dress to go shopping downtown. It was a two-piece navy sheer. Inverted pleats provided a perky flare both front and back for the hip-length, short-sleeved jacket, and four large white pearl buttons, a little-boy collar and a crisp white organdy bow dressed it up. The skirt hung straight and slim.

How had Elsie managed an even hem on a pregnant woman? Simple. By deliberately cutting a hole in the front of the skirt to allow for extra girth from hipline to waist. This "window," concealed by the jacket of the dress, was kept in place by an adjustable tape with a loop end. Another length of tape at the beltline slipped through this loop. Both tapes could be shortened or lengthened according to need.

Several women stopped Edna on the street to ask where she had bought her smart ensemble. Triumphantly, she rushed back to report.

"If I can patent the skirt," mused Elsie, "it may decide my future."

She put on her hat and went to see Emil Corenbleth, an attorney. Certainly the skirt was patentable. It would cost $300.

"Not much," said Corenbleth.

"A great deal," said Elsie, not realizing of course that this $300 would, within a decade, pyramid into a $2,000,000 business and make the Frankfurt sisters internationally famous as pioneers in the maternity-dress field.

Between them Edna and Elsie had $500. "I'm willing to gamble," said Edna.

"Settled," agreed Elsie. "We will go into business for ourselves."

Mrs. Frankfurt was dubious. "What will your father say?"

Benjamin Frankfurt had originally owned a general store in Cushing, where Edna was born. In that Texas lumbering and farm center he made the money that enabled him to move to Dallas, where he entered the investment business and where his three other children, Elsie, Victor and Toots (Louise), were born.

"We'll not tell Papa until our plans jell," Elsie declared. But it was not easy to keep their secret from him. One morning Elsie gulped her coffee in more than her usual tempestuous rush, and Mrs. Frankfurt appeared to be in the same haste. "Edna's waiting," called Vic, who, recently married, had dropped by to take his father to the office.

Mr. Frankfurt looked up. "Where are you girls going so early in the morning?"

At this point Toots passed through the dining room on her way to school. "Oh, Mama," she cried, "are Elsie and Edna really—?"

"Toots!" Mrs. Frankfurt's tone was shrill. "It's quarter to nine. You'll be late—"

Mr. Frankfurt grabbed his hat. "I'll be late myself."

A seamstress helped Elsie and Edna copy their original model in crepe, covert, poplin, cotton broadcloth and sharkskin. Both loved color, so they abandoned the old precept of drab hues for pregnant women and went whole hog for chartreuse green, sea blue, pumpkin yellow, Mexican terra cotta and orchid. The sizes of their dresses, they decided, would range from 10 to 20, and all would cost one price—$22.95.

At the Texas State Fair the Frankfurts discovered cheap but effective furniture for their shop—Philippine bamboo. However, a location for the shop and a name for their new enterprise had them stymied. Then both girls had simultaneous brain storms.

Sleepless in the heat of an August night, Elsie suddenly reached for the telephone and called Edna. "What about 'Page Boy' for the name? Our trade-mark can be a boy dressed in medieval costume and blowing a trumpet to announce the birth of an heir."

"Fine," replied Edna. "But listen. I have an idea, too—a shop in the Medical Arts Building where all the obstetricians have offices!"

Next morning Edna made inquiries when she went to see her own doctor in that building. The same afternoon she and Elsie signed a lease, effective January 1, 1939, for a ground-floor store which fronted on busy St. Paul Street and had an entrance off the Medical Arts lobby. The rent was $30 a month. Edna's baby was born on October 13th. That left November and December to ready stock and store.

It was as natural for Mrs. Frankfurt to help her girls in the new shop as she once did her husband in the general store at Cushing. Late in December, at work in the shop with Elsie and Edna on some salmon-pink draperies, she remarked:

Sales manager Bill Moser checks over a new

naternity à la mode number with the three Frankfurt sisters: (l. to r.) Louise ("Toots"), Edna and Elsie

"I hope your father doesn't find out about this store until it really does get along. He would be furious."

She glanced toward the door. There stood Mr. Frankfurt. Before he could open his mouth, she counterattacked. "What do you mean by interrupting us, Benjamin Frankfurt, when we've got our hands full with this new business?"

He laughed. "You sound like the match salesman who told people he was in the lumber business."

Elsie recounted the history of their venture. Her father listened without comment. "And how did you find us?" she inquired.

He grinned. "I dropped in to see my doctor upstairs. He asked me what I thought of you girls going into the maternity-dress line."

"And what do you think of it, Papa?"

"Not much."

He was proved wrong almost at once. Those early months, as the dresses sold, Edna would run downtown to a department store, buy materials retail, and hurry to the seamstress' house. With Elsie's guidance, they would cut more dresses. By the first of March a second seamstress was hired. Every customer was a walking ad. In May, Page Boy received its first telegram, a query from the dress buyer at J. P. Allen's in Atlanta. "Do you wholesale?"

The question threw Elsie and Edna into a panic, but they replied by return wire, "Certainly."

An order for 36 dresses followed. The buyer had seen their maternity dress on a customer at the races, had admired it and made the necessary inquiries.

The plunge into the wholesale trade meant a workroom and 20 operators. When Mr. Frankfurt heard that his daughters had signed a lease for a $40-a-month loft on Main Street he went wild. "Learn to crawl before you walk," he cautioned.

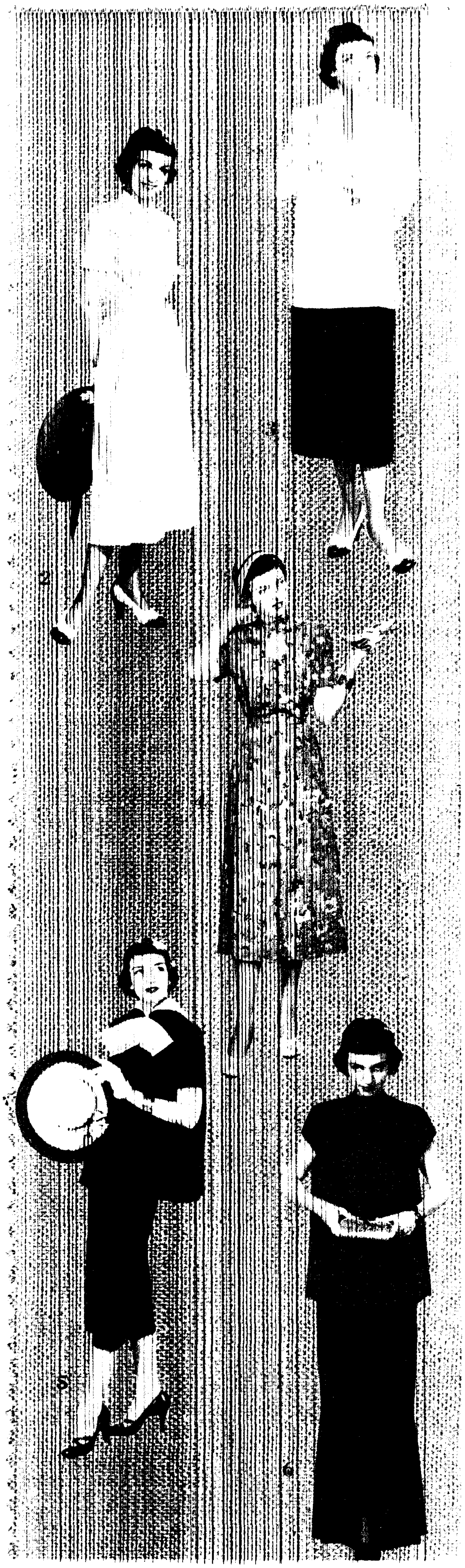
"We don't *want* to crawl," Elsie said.

About this time, a schoolteacher friend of the sisters went to New York on vacation. Wearing the Page Boy model, she called on the dress buyer for Best & Company, and walked out with an order for 36 dresses. Next she went to the wholesale-dress district and visited the powerful Associated Merchandising Corp., whose members include a great many important U.S. department stores. Its buyer took one look at the window maternity skirt, and overnight the Frankfurt sisters were bombarded with orders from Seattle to New Orleans.

At the end of their first year in business they had grossed $100,000 on a $500 *(Continued on page 52)*

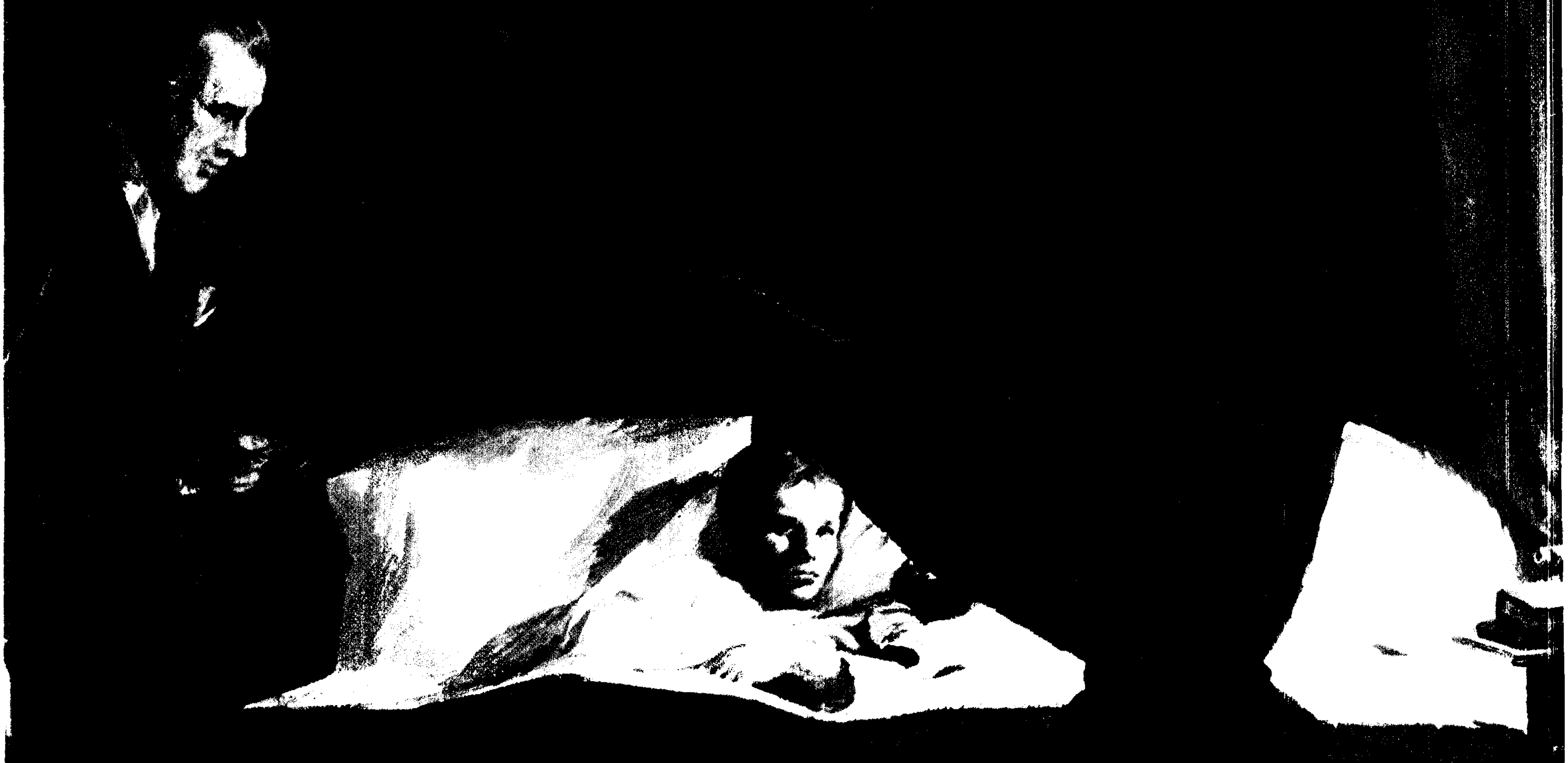
1. A chambray playsuit for the house
2. Sheen broadcloth dress for shopping
3. Neat rayon jacket for intown trips
4. Silk print dress for afternoon wear
5. Suit for town in Shantung or faille
6. Mandarin motif for formal evenings

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ULRIC MEISEL



THE PRISONER

By A. J. CRONIN



The Consul turned wistfully to his son. "You wouldn't care for me to read to you tonight?" Nicholas averted his eyes. "All right," he muttered, "if you want to"

Concluding the story of a man betrayed by his own passion

The Story: Harrington Brande, the arrogant, unhappy Consul at the small Spanish port of San Jorge, found himself caught up in a bitter struggle for the love of his young son, Nicholas. They had come to San Jorge with high hopes. Nicholas, always a sickly child, seemed to be regaining his health. And the Consul, smarting from several frustrations—the loss of his wife, the stagnation of his career—found a kind of contentment in the pleasant surroundings. His assistant at the consulate, Alvin Brotherhood, was conscientious if annoyingly naïve. His butler, Garcia, and his cook, Magdalena, gave excellent service. The Consul resumed work on his labor of love, a biography of the French philosopher Malebranche. He hired a gardener, José Santero—and with José his troubles began anew. Nicholas showed an immediate affection for the gardener, and the Consul grew jealous and began to persecute and insult his son's new friend.

Nicholas was terrified of Garcia, but the Consul refused to be disturbed by his fears. One night, when the Consul was away in Madrid, Garcia got wildly, irrationally drunk; and José, convinced that Garcia was dangerous, took Nicholas home with him the next night. The Consul, returning unexpectedly, found Nicholas gone. He questioned Garcia, and Garcia, seizing the opportunity to blacken the reputation of José, insinuated that the friendship of José and Nicholas was an unnatural one. The Consul, gravely disturbed, sent an urgent message to his friend, Professor Halevy, in Paris: *Leave everything and come at once.*

Halevy, who posed as a "psychiatrist," was a complete fraud. For some obscure pleasure of his own, he confirmed the Consul's most sinister suspicions, laying all the blame on José. The Consul's hatred increased, but he felt himself powerless to do anything. Then Garcia reported that some money had been stolen from his quarters, and that he suspected José. The Consul searched José's clothing, and found some missing belongings of his own. Feeling that now at last he had his enemy trapped, he promptly had him arrested. When José's grandfather, old Pedro, came to protest the gardener's innocence and beg for leniency, the Consul coldly sent him away. Nicholas, witnessing the cruel scene, cried softly to himself.

THREE days later, Professor Halevy departed for Paris. The Consul insisted that his friend be spared the discomforts of the first stage of the journey: Garcia would drive him to Barcelona. As they stood together in the hall, while the motor purred outside, Brande clasped the "psychiatrist's" hand.

"My dear Halevy, what can one say in appreciation of your invaluable aid? You have been my support, my stand-by . . ."

The professor barely smiled. In the light of the morning his slight figure, shrouded by the dark cape, seemed more meager than ever.

"As a scientist I seek no thanks." His tone was studied; he toyed with the black chain which bound his cape. "I am gratified that my results should have been so exceptional. When this fellow is convicted and out of the way, the whole foundation of the complex will crumble and disappear." He shot a stealthy glance at the Consul and started toward the door. "Ah, well. We shall see you in Paris one of these days. No doubt when your book is published."

When the car drove off, Brande remained on the portico, breathing in the cool air. He had meant to go upstairs to see Nicholas before leaving for the office, but now he decided against such an overture. It was not his place to break the estrangement. The boy must weaken first and come running back to him. Straightening his shoulders, he picked up his hat and stick, then set out on foot toward the town.

The morning was pleasant, and the Consul was in a fine mood. As he strode along, he was conscious of a deep sense of power. Behind that grave countenance, that staid composure, he savored a strange passion, the bittersweet intoxication of his hatred.

At the consulate he went directly to his own office. He had no sooner seated himself at his desk when Fernando, one of the Spanish clerks, knocked and entered.

"Mr. Brotherhood has gone to Porto Alijo, sir. In connection with the cargo of the Eastern Star. He was most anxious to speak with you. He said he would be back by five this evening."

"Very well," said the Consul brusquely. "He can see me then."

"And another matter, sir. They telephoned at nine o'clock from the court. It is decided that José Santero must go to Barcelona for trial. He will be taken there on Wednesday by the afternoon train."

This, more than anything, was the news the Consul wished to hear. He had feared all along that the case would come before the town police court, where local sentiment might easily sway the magistrate in the prisoner's favor. But in Barcelona the judgments were correct and strict, the sentences severe.

When the clerk bowed and went out, the Consul began to pace the narrow room. He could not be still. The thought of his approaching revenge grew and grew within him. With hands locked behind his back, head bent forward, he moved restively to and fro. He must of course be present at the trial to prefer the charges. But more than that, he would travel to Barcelona in the same train as the prisoner, sit near him in the compartment, witness at firsthand every moment of his suffering, his shame.

There was little work upon the Consul's desk. Even so, he could not settle down to it. His restlessness was rising. He signed a few papers, then went out early to a café for lunch.

Today he felt unusually hungry. Seated in a corner by the window, he ordered beefsteak, a savory pimento omelet and some goat's-milk cheese; then, although he rarely touched liquor during the day, he drank, in quick succession, three glasses of (Continued on page 88)

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SCHWINN

Faculty conference (l. to r.): Bob Fawcett, Jon Whitcomb, Ed Eberman who supervises the staff, Al Parker, Harold Von Schmidt, Albert Dorne, Stevan Dohanos

Twelve Famous ARTISTS, C.O.D.

By ARTHUR [illegible]

Now any canvas careerist or Sunday Rembrandt can get the advice of a fabulous faculty

THIS is an era of underpaid teachers, but the faculty of the Institute of Commercial Art, Westport, Connecticut, has absolutely no salary complaints. In spite of one laggard whose income has dipped dangerously close to $50,000 a year, the average pedagogue at this particular school annually earns a total hovering in the vicinity of $75,000.

Since the institute is a correspondence school, its 12 faculty members require only a mailbox to supplement their native talents. The secret of the institute's success is that these talents happen to be enormous, for the "12—Famous Artists—12" are some of America's most popular illustrators. The magazine covers they create and their illustrations for stories and advertisements are envied, admired and imitated by fellow practitioners of art for money's sake.

Although the artist's credit line is rarely noticed by the magazine-reading public, these names have managed to escape anonymity—Norman Rockwell, Stevan Dohanos, Jon Whitcomb, Al Parker, Ben Stahl, Albert Dorne, Fred Ludekens, Robert Fawcett, Harold Von Schmidt, John Atherton, Peter Helck and Austin Briggs.

Conservatively speaking, this is probably the most fabulous collection of artists ever assembled under the same mailbox. As educators they have a simple thesis—no one can teach successful commercial art like the successful commercial artist. Distilling their combined experiences into a basic course of instruction which ruthlessly extracts the extraneous, they perform a double function for several thousand students—train the commercial artist to make a living, and develop the amateur painter to his full capabilities quickly and inexpensively. In addition to pooling their talents for the basic course, each of the Twelve gives his own individual advanced course for especially qualified artists.

Their belief is that anyone with the time and desire can master the craftsmanship of art. They agree that the inner flame which inspires *great* art is the inherent personal property of the individual. But given sound foundations, they say, a person with a high or low flame can make a living in art, enjoy it, or both.

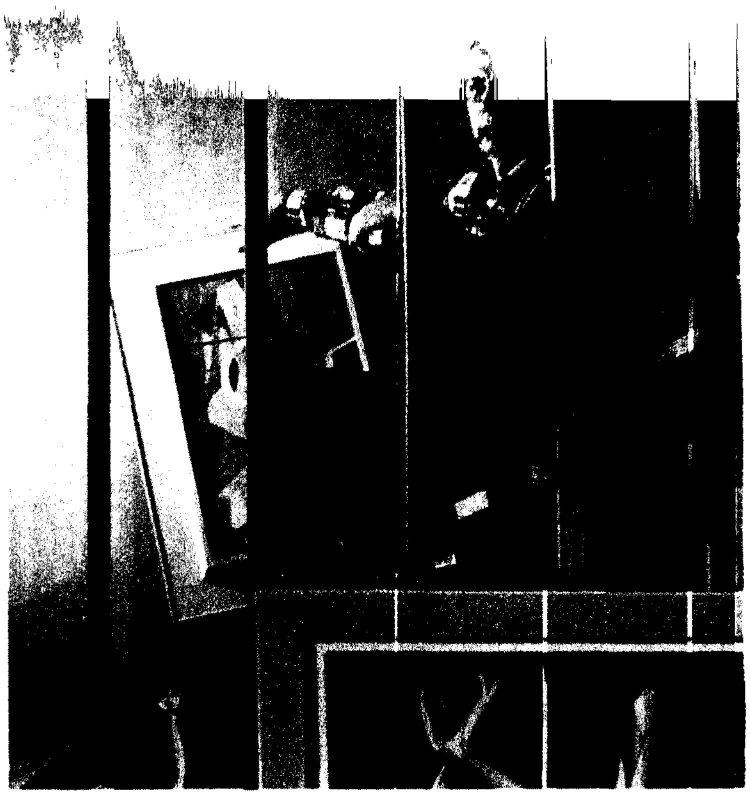
The institute's heretical notion that fundamentals in art can be taught like plumbing and carpentry is shattering mores and collapsing egos in every direction. Its general irreverence for conventional teaching is epitomized by its founder, whipcracker and president, Albert Dorne.

President Dorne is a complex personality who

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF, JOE DEARING AND PAGANO

Peter Helck

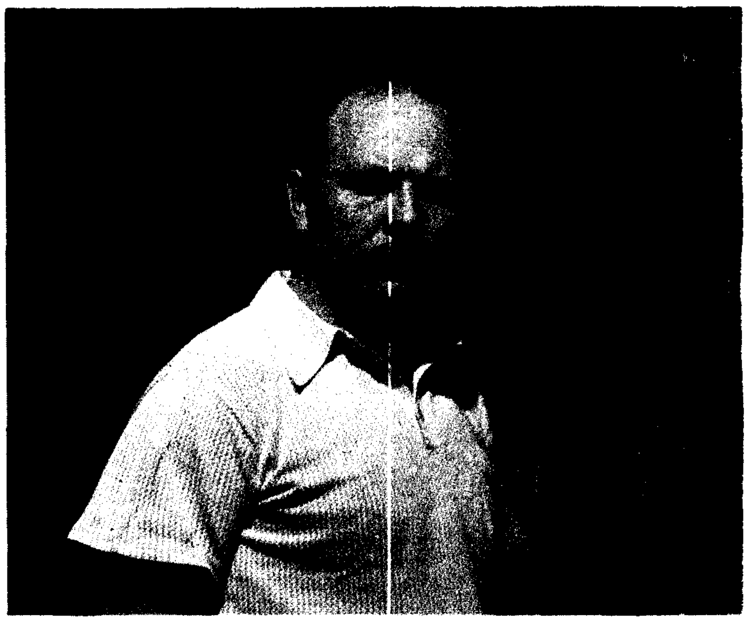
Austin Briggs



John Atherton

Fred Ludekens

Norman Rockwell



Ben Stahl

once painted eyelashes on an assembly line for dolls, recently lost 50 pounds by dieting, found marital happiness with his fourth wife, and whose talent is generally rated as "exceptional." The opinion is seconded by advertising agency executives who pay him up to $5,000 apiece for his drawings, and by magazine art editors who spend more than $1,000 for one of his illustrations.

This evaluation of Dorne's talent is concurred in by the president of the Institute of Commercial Art himself.

Dorne is a middle-aged, thick-browed, cigar-smoking *enfant terrible* who seldom uses models, never goes out on location and rarely bothers with photographs. With a memory as retentive as a card file, he draws like fury, sometimes working 80 hours at a stretch. This puts him in the $100,000-a-year class consistently and almost enables him to keep pace with his standard of living.

He hangs his hat (and 40 suits) in a sumptuous duplex apartment on East Fifty-seventh Street in Manhattan, but from his windows he can see the cold-water tenement of his birth where his mother was janitress. He can also recall grim bouts with tuberculosis, malaria, heart trouble and a lightweight who flattened him in his eleventh professional fight. He is, perhaps, the only president of an educational institution who never got beyond the seventh grade of elementary school.

With grueling studio apprenticeships as his only training, Dorne has risen to the first rank among contemporary commercial artists and he delights in announcing that his first visit to an art school was as guest lecturer. In short, he is a genius and a character.

Nine years ago he decided that the time had come for someone to substitute realistic training for the "fluff" that left so many art graduates ethereal but hungry. This thought occurred to him while he was being deluged for advice by struggling young artists from all parts of America and a sprinkling of foreign countries (one Swede brought along an interpreter).

How could they improve their work, they wanted to know; how could they break into commercial art? Almost invariably, their proudest sample was a painting of an Arab's head, a subject which, to say the most, had a limited market.

For a man who makes a great to-do about his hard-cash exterior, Al Dorne has always been a sentimentalist about young people; and he began to think about a new technique in education which would smooth new talent's slippery climb to self-sufficiency. His friend, Fred Ludekens, once the art director of a huge advertising agency and now a vastly respected illustrator, agreed that Dorne had a great idea. Together they set out to round up the finest art faculty of its kind in America.

The corralling of top talent turned out to be a surprisingly simple chore. Dorne and Ludekens discovered that each of the men they approached had received hundreds of (*Continued on page* 40)

Instructor Scott Evans uses a tissue overlay to indicate his corrections on a student's drawing

'The ONLY CARRIER

Continuing WHY I WAS FIRED

II

Admiral Denfeld resigned from the Navy after being dismissed as Chief of Naval Operations. In this, the second of three articles, he reveals the importance of the flush-deck carrier the airmen "sank." He charges the Air Force aims to abolish or take over all naval combat aviation and that the Army intends to grab the amphibious functions of the Marine Corps in a possible future war

UNTIL 1949 neither General Omar N. Bradley nor General Hoyt S. Vandenberg had ever been aboard an aircraft carrier at sea. Yet these men, and others just as ignorant of the Navy's vital role, have taken it upon themselves to decree how naval warfare shall be fought in the future. They have attempted to do this by decreeing what weapons the Navy may use.

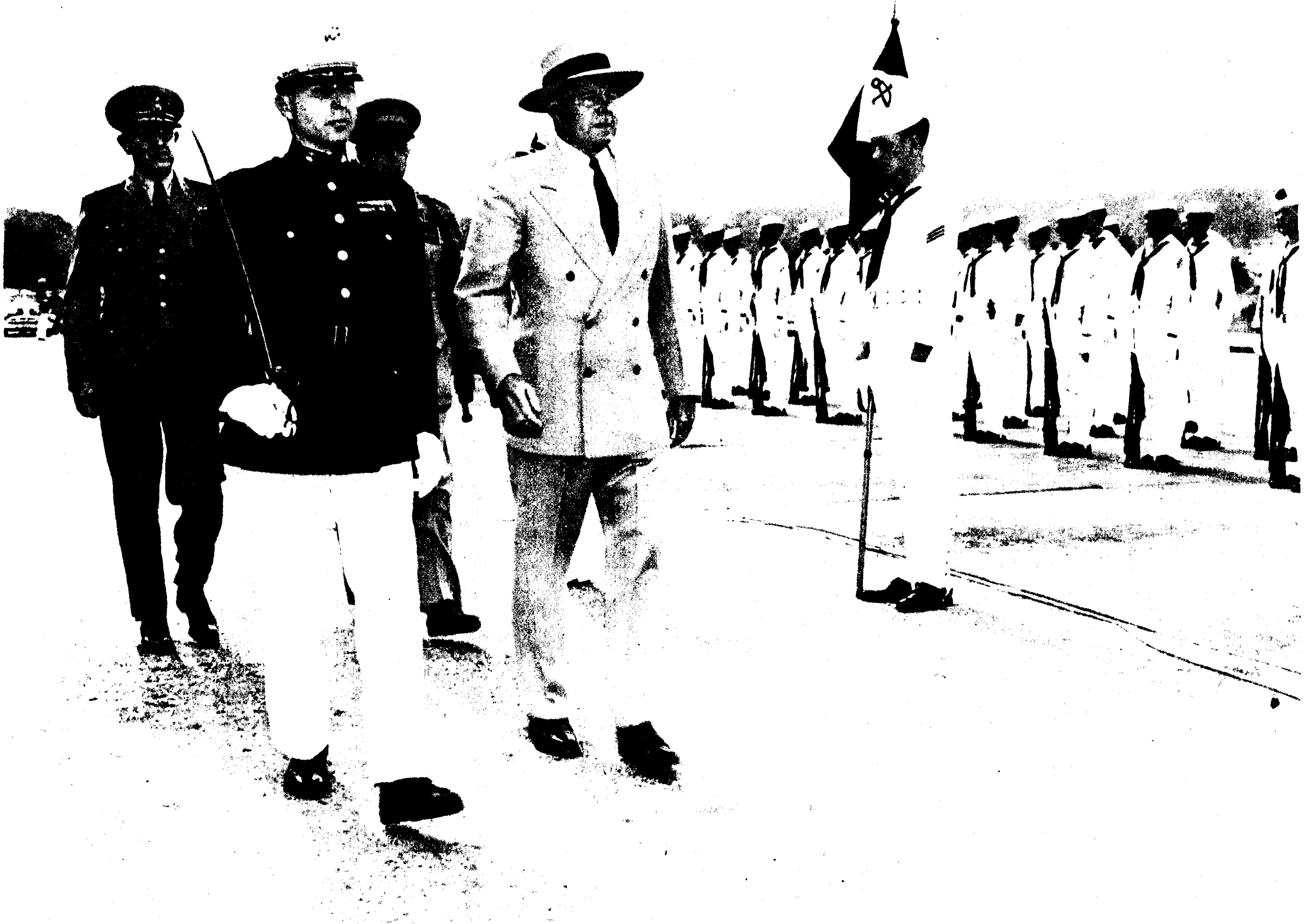
The experience of both General Bradley, the Army's Chief of Staff and later chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and General Vandenberg, the Air Force chief, was entirely in Europe and Africa during World War II. They knew nothing firsthand of what the Navy had done in the Pacific. They had never watched carrier task force operations, antisubmarine hunter-killer operations, or operations for the control of the sea lanes, all of which are essential to the winning of any war.

During most of my service as a member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, all my colleagues were career Army officers, graduates of West Point.

When I first became a member of JCS in December, 1947, I confess that I held the naïve belief that the Army knew best what was needed in tanks, artillery and the instruments of its trade; that the Air Force knew best what tools it needed to perform its primary function, and that in the even more highly specialized and manifold science of naval warfare, without which our armies would never have reached Europe or the B-29s Japan,

Navy Secretary John L. Sullivan, shown reviewing a Pentagon honor guard, resigned because the carrier was "sunk." Denfeld is at left, rear

HARRIS & EWING



he Air Force Ever SANK

By ADMIRAL LOUIS E. DENFELD *EX-CHIEF OF NAVAL OPERATIONS*

my counsel would receive respectful attention.

The task would be, I thought, to fit the best tools each service could provide to the joint problem of winning any war by swift, efficiently co-ordinated teamwork. That, in my opinion, is what unification is primarily designed to achieve. It has not, and to the nation's possible grief it will not, so long as the present administrative methods are followed in the Department of Defense.

The Air Force refused almost petulantly to concede the Navy's need to use any combat carriers at all in the fiscal year beginning next July 1st. These are the ships of the Essex and Midway class. The Army grudgingly approved four, just half the number the Navy had requested. As with all matters on which the Joint Chiefs disagree, this was carried to Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson, who granted us six. (I understand this has recently been increased to seven.) We had been allowed 11 in fiscal 1949 and eight in the current year, fiscal 1950.

With their supporting ships, these carriers are the Navy's most powerful offensive weapon, mobile forces that can be used on any ocean. By progressive steps, the Navy's real fighting power is being whittled down, even to the point of danger. For example, we had learned in the Pacific war that the minimum number of carriers for effective operation in a task force is four.

We ought, therefore, to have at least four in the Atlantic and four in the Pacific—10 in all, allowing two for overhaul and training assignments.

Limited Uses of Small Carriers

The Army and Air Force raised less objection to the Navy's having small carriers—the CVEs on merchant hulls, which were a World War II makeshift, and the few we have on cruiser hulls. These small flattops can be used for antisubmarine work and for transporting planes, but are ineffective against enemy tactical air, especially heavy concentrations such as those close to an enemy's homeland. The Navy has only eight of even these small carriers this year, and will have the same number next.

For comparison with our six combat and eight small carriers, totaling 15 for 1951, note that at the end of the war we had more than 100 carriers of all types.

At the end of the war we had the greatest Navy of all time, but what is a great Navy in one war may be obsolete and makeshift in the next. We cannot sit idly by while potential enemies improve their weapons. The Navy's most calamitous experience with efforts to build a new weapon was the loss of the flush-deck carrier United States. The same thing may happen to either the Army or Air Force unless the present Pentagon system is changed.

One of my first acts as CNO was to go before the Bureau of the Budget with Secretary of Defense Forrestal and Secretary of the Navy John L. Sullivan, to present the need for this flush-deck carrier.

It was designed to be a prototype; that is, an experimental but completely utilitarian ship embodying all the improvements over the World War II types which we had learned in combat experience. It should never have been dubbed a "supercarrier"; the ship was to be only 100 feet longer than existing combat carriers. Its most distinctive feature was to be the absence of superstructure, the "island" housing and smokestacks, so any plane could land under the most adverse conditions without danger of colliding with armored bulkheads. Another important improvement was the ship's underwater protection, its multiple hulls and compartments making it practically unsinkable.

The clear flight deck and deeper hangar deck would also accommodate larger planes. Bigger carrier-borne planes in naval warfare have become essential because of the increased electronic gear they must carry, the larger bomb load they must bear against modern high-speed, deep-diving submarines, and the increased ranges demanded in modern warfare.

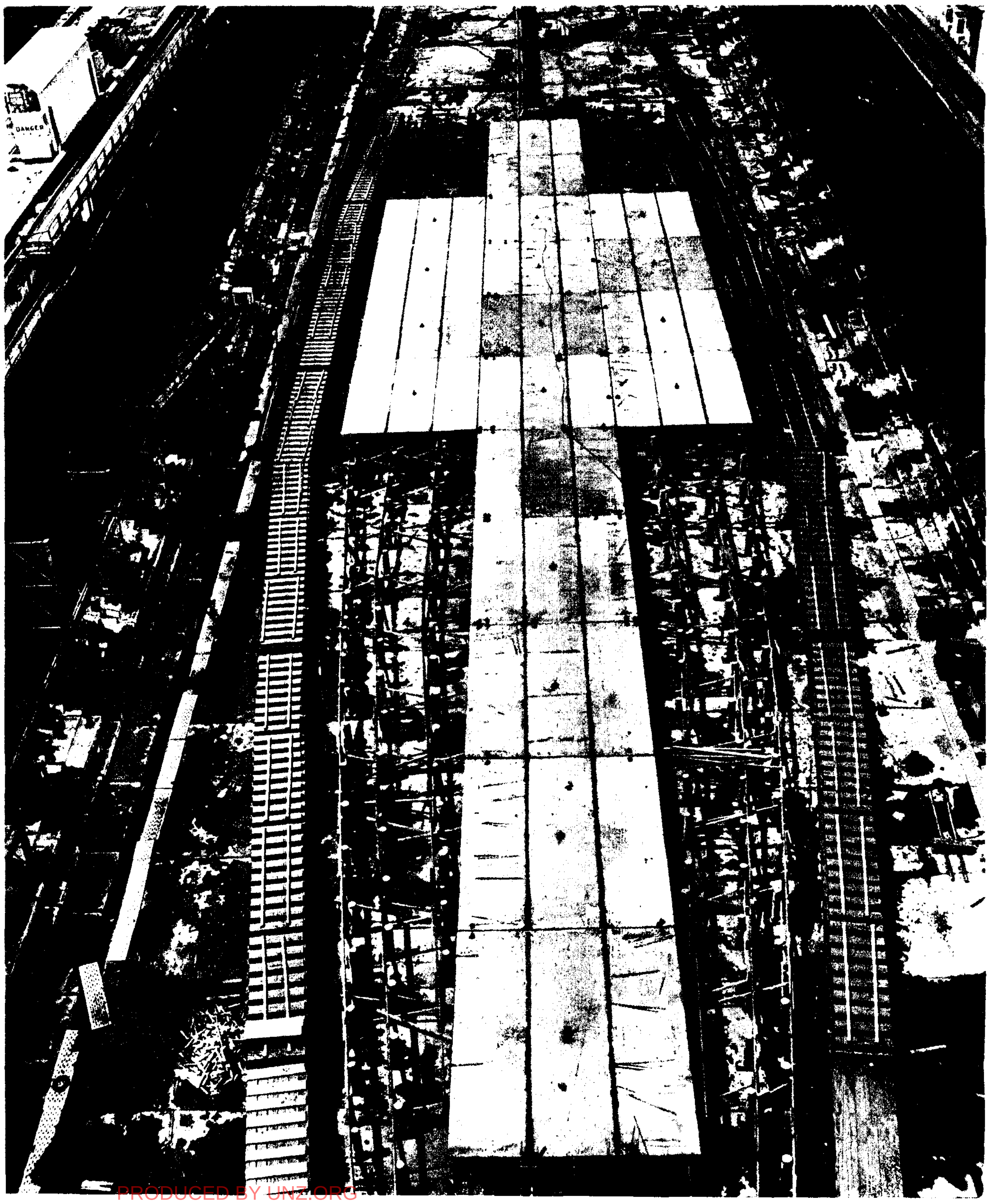
"Strategic" bombing was never a factor in the plans for the carrier United States. Strategic bombing is not part of the concept of naval warfare advanced by anybody in responsibility—unless called for by the Air Force and performed under Air Force supervision. But the Air Force saw, or imagined it saw, the danger that the Navy would encroach on its prime function. Accordingly, our brother fliers and their zealous lay supporters went to work to "sink" the U.S.S. United States.

Incidentally, so far as I have been able to find out, that is the only carrier the Air Force ever sank, anywhere.

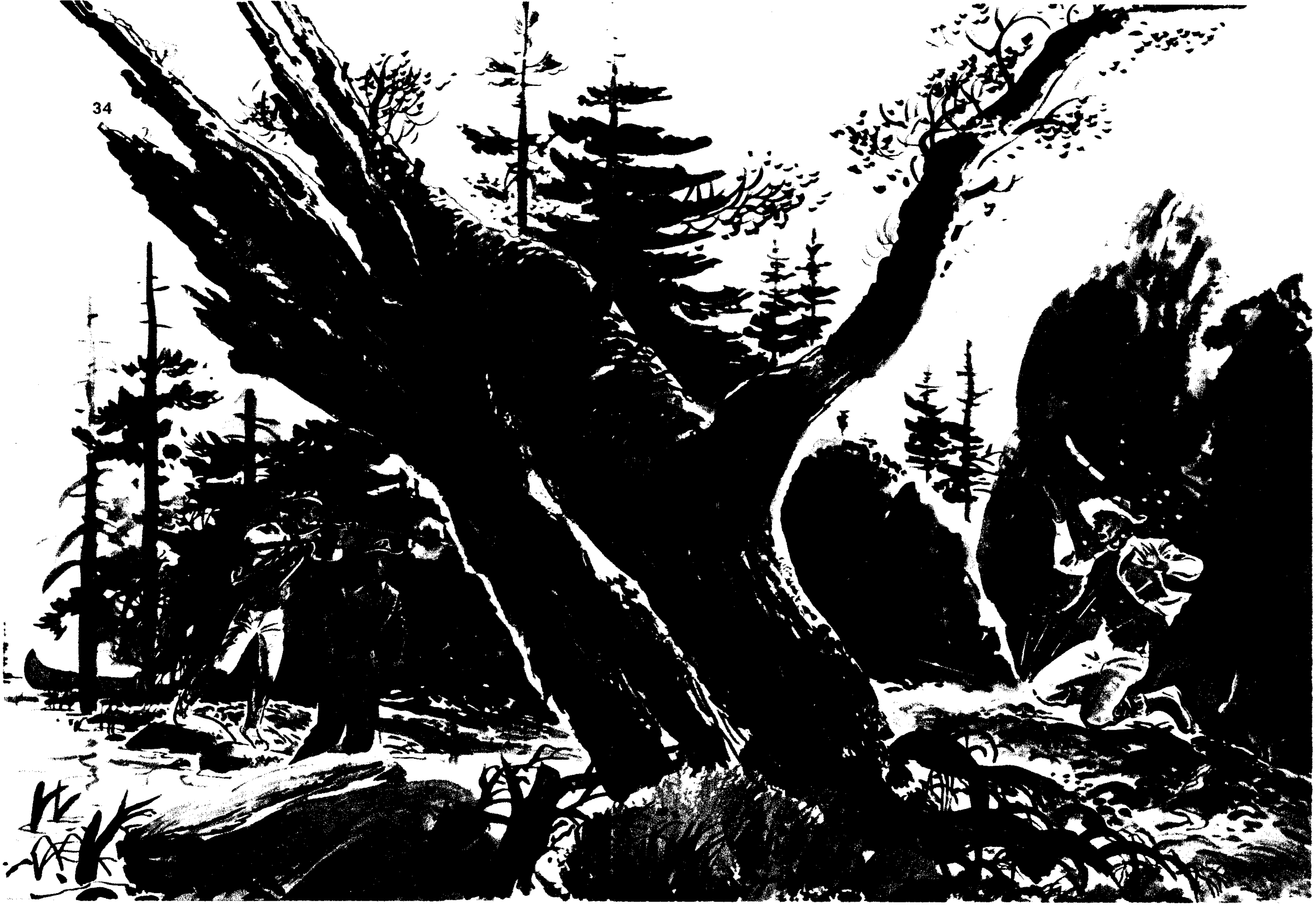
Congress had appropriated the money for the new ship. Indeed, it was money saved by the Navy through voluntarily halting work on ships nearing completion—among them the Kentucky and Hawaii, which were to be converted into prototypes of rocket-launching vessels. That shift was specifically approved by Congress. *(Continued on page 46)*

Spark that touched off an explosion: the uncompleted aircraft carrier United States

ACME



The opinions expressed in this article are the private ones of the writer and are not to be construed as reflecting the official views of the Navy Department or the naval service



Jeff fired. The bullet struck the gravel below Roscoe's knees. As the pebbles showered into his face, he dropped the knife

Jeff Coongate's Water Cure

By EDMUND WARE

In which the amiable outlaw of Mopang Forest pretends to reform and gets into more trouble than anyone else could get out of

OLD Zack Bourne, persuaded by his timorous and prayerful wife, Sarah, had taken the job as caretaker of the logging dam, far up the Mopang River. Here at last, thought Sarah, Zack would be safe from the influence of his lifelong crony, the terrible Jeff Coongate, renowned as the one-eyed poacher of Mopang Forest.

To Sarah, old Jeff was as awesome as the shadow of jail. He was Satan in broken moccasins and one suspender. But no more would he be dropping in on Zack, reeking of rum and temptation, and defying game wardens.

At first, the dam job was paradise to Sarah. Zack was docile, sober and—outwardly—content. She prayed in gratitude for his escape from sin. For a whole month, God was in His Heaven, and all was right in the world—except that the cabin roof leaked.

"Zack, ain't you goin' to fix our roof? Might rain again, an' ruin our nice things."

"We ain't got any nice things," Zack replied gloomily. "An' I can't very easy fix the roof alone."

"You could get help."

This was precisely what Zack had in mind. The idea had been nourishing his dreams for days.

"Who could I get, honey?" he asked, guilefully.

Sarah suggested many pious and churchly helpers. None of them awoke any interest in Zack. In fact, only one helper could make the roof job tolerable. Zack had become increasingly lonely for this helper, for the drama of his extravagant personality.

"I know a man," he said, thoughtfully. "Got a flair for roofs."

Sarah felt a first omen of dread. "Who do you mean?"

"Well, now, honey, I was thinkin' of Jeff Coongate. Ole Jeff's—"

"No!"

"Now, honey. Don't take on so. It'd only be for two days."

"Please, Zack! I can't stand it. We been so happy here. An' if he comes, you'll slip right back to the old way."

"What way, sweetheart?"

"Like you an' him was, all those awful years before I married you—shootin' moose, an' deer, an' the game warden after you, an' goin' to jail, an'—Oh, Zack! I want you to be a good man!"

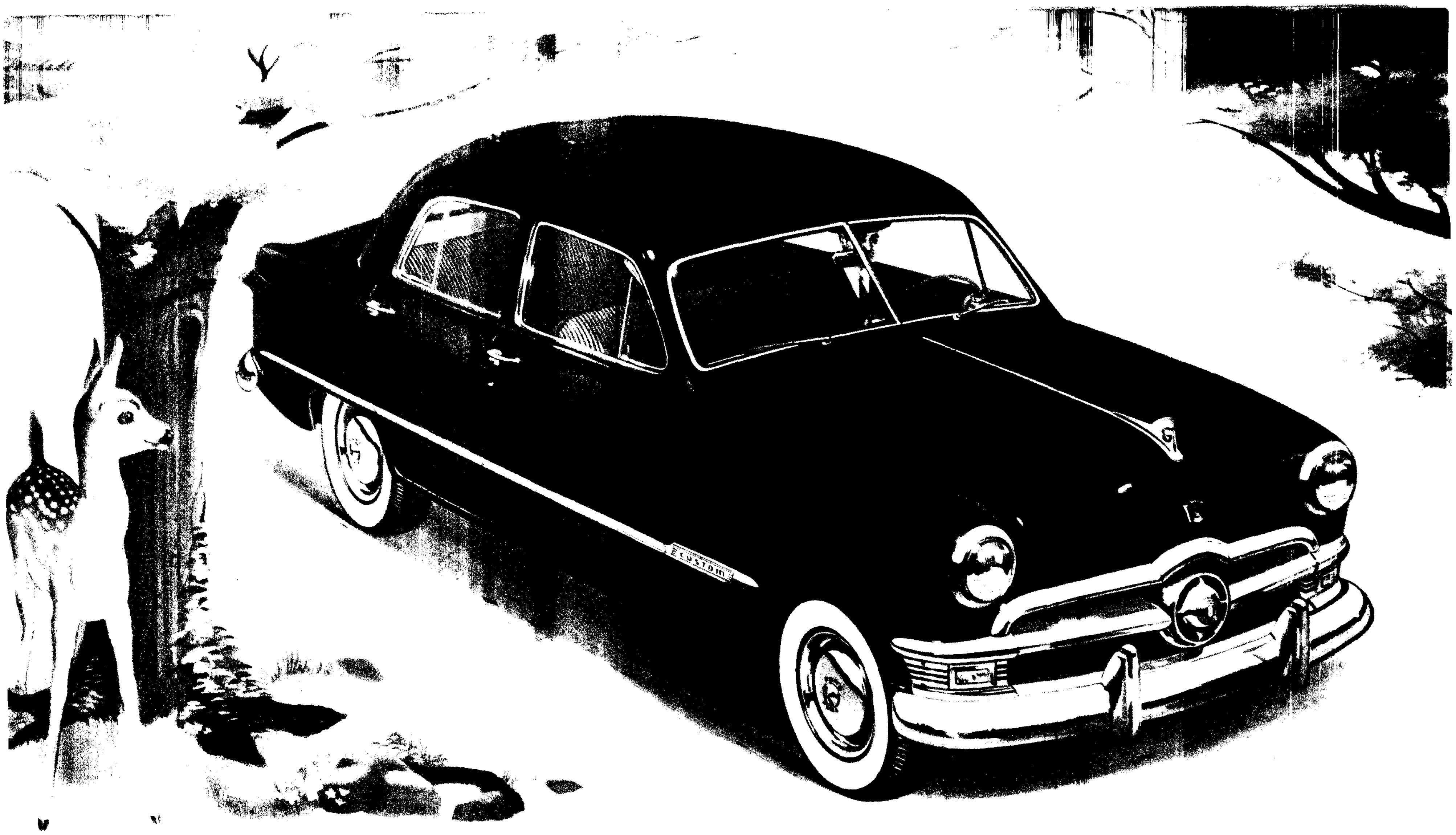
"A man can't go to hell in two days," said Zack tenderly.

"You can, with him! He'll bring rum."

Zack secretly hoped this might be the case, but said nothing.

(Continued on page 72)

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL HAMLIN



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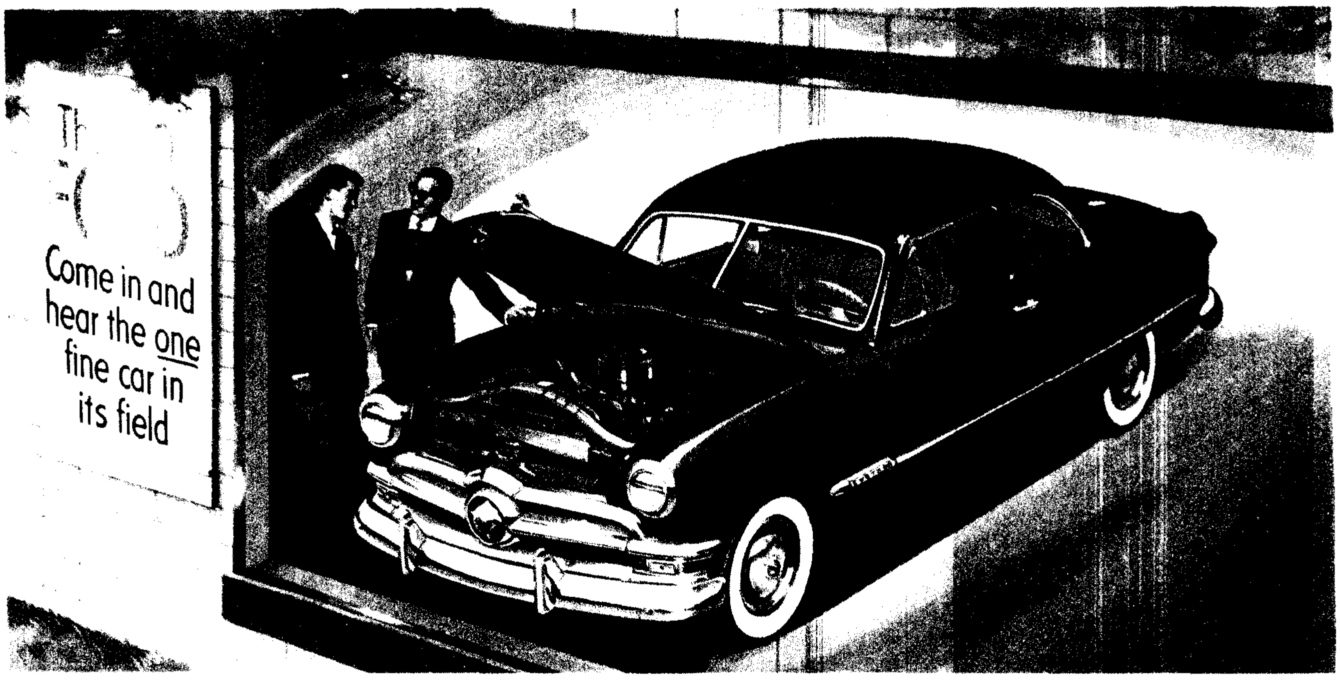
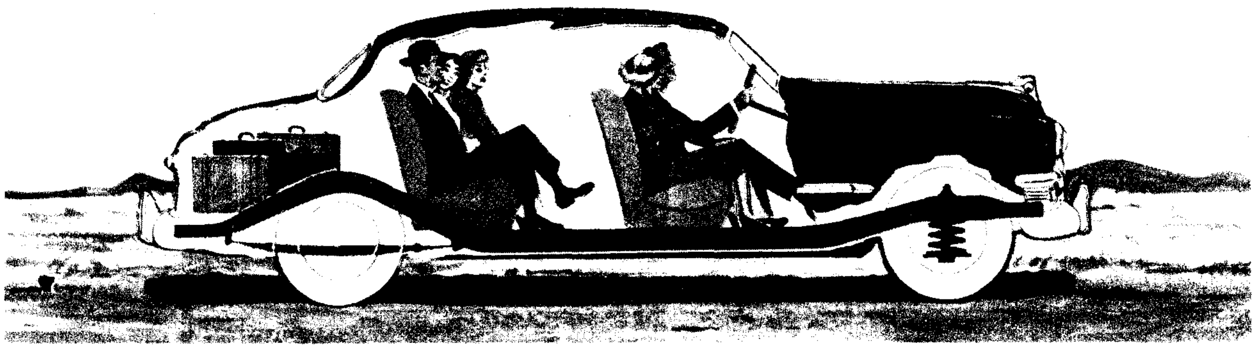
It whispers while it works!

It has a new 100 horsepower V-8 engine that's so quiet you'll have to listen with both ears to hear *it!* That's because it has new superfitted pistons that operate more quietly, a new "silent-spin" fan, a new molded composition timing gear and a new "quiet-contoured" cam design that hushes valve action.


Come in and hear the one fine car in its field

White sidewall tires, optional at extra cost.

It has "looks" that last because the fresh new colors are actually baked on! Yes, here's "Fashion Car" styling that's "good" for years. No beauty detail, no convenience feature has been overlooked.



It has a relaxing "Mid Ship" ride in Ford's famous all-steel "Lifeguard" body that's been sound-conditioned in the roof, doors and body panels. And, for further comfort, the wide front seat has new non-sag springs and a firmly buoyant, foam-rubber cushion!

It has driving ease you can get only from Finger-Tip Steering and "King Size" brakes that stop with 35% less effort! But take the wheel of a '50 Ford yourself at your Ford Dealer's! You'll *see, feel* and *hear* the difference and you'll agree that it's the one *fine* car in the low-price field!

The '50

There's a Ford in your future...with a future built in

Ford

One of Those Days

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

always there by eight. She posted each day's schedule the night before. And Norm was usually down by eight. He wasn't the kind who had to come in late just to feel that he was the boss.

He came to the long hill just west of Newtown and began to shift but he didn't have to go all the way down to creeper to get over. In Newtown Norm slowed down; he had to. Those streets were wet-slick and treacherous.

ACROSS the railroad tracks and down along the river. It was drizzling harder now. On the flat he got old snub-nose up to forty-eight. But the flat lasted only a couple of miles. The road wound into the hills again, toward Kilmer—

He had been in Kilmer the day Steve was born. Coming in with a load of kegged nails, heavy as pig iron. And it started to sleet.

He could still feel the jolt and hear the crunch of the car hitting him that day. The fellow came out of a side street, against the light, and when he hit the brakes he just slued around and kept on coming. The car hit Norm's truck broadside. Somehow the driver escaped with a broken arm, but it took an hour to pry the car out from under the truck. When Norm got home Libby had already gone to the hospital. The baby was born five minutes before Norm got there.

Norm always thought it was that smashup that decided Lib's father. He took Norm to lunch the next day and said, "Norman, Mother and I have decided to retire. There's no sense in our staying here and taking these Northern winters any more. And you ought to be home nights with Libby and the baby. I'm turning over the rest of the business to you as of the fifteenth."

That's how it happened. One day Norm was a driver and the boss's son-in-law saving nickels and dimes to pay for a quarter share, in the business; the next day Norm was the boss.

Funny, you don't know what you want to do till you meet a girl and fall in love. Then you know you want to marry her, but you've got to get a job that will support two. The job you've got, selling television sets, isn't something you can bank on, maybe because you aren't much of a salesman, maybe because you don't like television. Your girl's father offers you a job driving a truck, and you want to laugh. You're kind of a white-collar guy, you've always figured.

Then you think what you make selling television sets, and you lay against that what you can make driving. So you start driving, to make enough money to support a wife. It's a stopgap job. It isn't something to build on. But then you never had any idea what you wanted to build. Then pretty soon you're buying into the company, and hustling business, and you've got a desk in the office. . . .

And here you are in Kilmer again, the boss of the outfit, back behind the wheel because your best driver's sick. There's a nasty drizzle, and it's ten thirty and you've still got a hundred miles to go.

Up hill and down, old snub-nose grunting and roaring and purring and growling, touching fifty on the flats, down to five in creeper speed on the tough pulls. Little towns, with cops just waiting to tie a ticket on you if you hit twenty-five; big towns, with heavy late-morning traffic and slow lights.

Norm stopped once for coffee and to replace a wiper blade. A cop flagged him down in Washburn and ordered him to fix his stop light. Just a burned-out bulb and he had a spare, but the rim was rusted and it took ten precious minutes.

It was noon, and sixty miles to go, when old snub-nose began hitting on five instead of six. He fretted all the way up Deer Ridge in creeper speed, when he should have made it at a steady twenty miles an hour. At the top, he got out and found a cracked sparkplug. He looked in the toolbox for a spare. Not a plug in the whole box. And he remembered that Edna had said yesterday that those spare plugs Bill wanted had just come in. They were still in the office.

He got back in the cab and rolled her down the far side of Deer Ridge, and he limped up three more hills and lost fifteen more minutes before he reached a service station that carried the size plug he needed.

Now he really had to roll. Forty miles to Hagerman's, the last five miles through Winwood's narrow streets and heavy traffic. One hour and ten minutes to do it in.

He kept looking at his watch for the first fifteen minutes. Then he took it off and shoved it in his pocket. He couldn't concentrate on both the time and the road and it just made him nervous to be so aware of how little time he had left.

Norm was lucky. He got to the grade crossing at Underhill just as the gates were lifting; a long freight had just passed.

He reached the edge of Winwood, caught a leisurely local bus at a turning light, and gunned on around. The bus driver lay back till the next light, then jumped it, got ahead of him and loafed down the middle of the street, just daring Norm to try to pass him again.

Ten blocks from Hagerman's he couldn't stand it any longer. He reached for his watch. It was five minutes of two, and he had only two traffic lights ahead of him. He settled back, suddenly very tired, very hungry, and very angry at Henry Gill.

Two trailers were parked at the Hagerman unloading dock, and no room for a third. Norm drew up in the street, shut off the motor, got down from the cab and walked stiffly over to the checker's office.

The office door opened. The checker stuck his head out and shouted, "Ware! Norman Ware, from Acme!"

"Yeah," Norm said.

"On the phone!"

Norm's heart jumped. Libby? Trouble? And he a hundred and forty miles from home! He leaped up the steps, took the phone.

"Hello?" His voice was tense.

"Hello! Hello!" It was a man's voice. "Who is this?"

"This is Norm Ware. What—"

"Norman Ware? Oh, fine, fine. You got there all right, and on time?"

"Of course I got here. Who's calling, anyway?"

"This is Henry Gill."

Norm gulped with relief. Then he was angry all over again. "Listen, Mr. Gill," he said furiously, "I told you I would get that load here. And if you called just to check on me, you can—you can go fly a kite!" He hung up.

The checker smiled. "Rough trip?"

"No," Norm growled. "Old man Gill said you boys had to have my load by two o'clock. Well, there it is. Jerk one of those trucks out of the dock and I'll put it in."

"Two o'clock?" The checker laughed. "We don't need that stuff till tomorrow morning. We told Mr. Gill that yesterday."

Norm stiffened and swallowed the impulsive words. "I am going to eat," he said. "Here's the key to my outfit. I want it empty when I get back, and I eat fast."

He cooled off while he ate. He was tempted to go back empty, just to get home and call it a day. But he had probably killed any chance of more business from Henry Gill. And in any case, there's no profit hauling an empty truck over the road. He called Edna.

"There's a short load of rough castings," Edna said, "over at Jensen's in Clairton. I told them you would be there about now, so you'd better call them."

"Everything okay there?" Norm asked.

"All under control," Edna said.

"No word from Libby?"

"No, she hasn't called."

Norm called Jensen's. Clairton was twenty miles north, out of the way. But it was a load.

He went back to Hagerman's. They had just started unloading his trailer. It was a quarter of three.

NORM didn't get back on the main highway with the load of castings until a little after five. Five o'clock on a drizzly day, with the late afternoon traffic slowing up the road. His eyes burned, his head ached, his shoulders were sore, and he had a cramp in the back of his neck that ran all the way down around his shoulder blades.

The gates were down at the Underhill grade crossing, and traffic was backed up a quarter of a mile, waiting for a long, slow freight. Norm lay back and closed his eyes. He had just dropped off to sleep when the impatient honking of horns wakened him. The gates were up; traffic was moving.

He was nearing the top of Deer Ridge grade when he saw, in the mirror, that a driver behind him was going to try to pass. A truck was coming just over the crest ahead; Norm could see the glow of lights. He flipped switches, flashed red warnings to the driver behind. The driver ignored them and started around. He was right alongside the cab when the oncoming truck swooped over the crest, not a hundred yards ahead, and traveling fast.

Norm hit his brakes and veered to the right, praying the wet shoulder wasn't too soft. The thought of that load of castings coming at him if he went over into the ditch wasn't at all nice. The shoulder held up. The passing car edged ahead, cut in sharply, hesitated an instant as it hooked a rear fender on the cab's front bumper, then roared away, the torn fender flapping. The oncoming truck swooshed past, and Norm went down into creeper speed and nursed his outfit back onto the pavement.

IT WAS ten minutes of seven when he pulled up at the diner just outside of Oakley. He would take a ten-minute break and have a cup of coffee. Inside, however, he smelled the beef stew and realized he was hungry.

The stew was hot and meaty and full of onions. Not as good as the stews Lib made, but good for roadside chow. Then he ordered a slab of apple pie and more coffee. The pie was tasteless. He ate half of it and pushed it aside.

A middle-aged man in an old Navy raincoat and a sopping black hat came over to him and asked, "You going as far as Kilmer?"

"Yeah." Norm sized the man up. Not a tramp, he decided. A good face, and calluses on his hands.

"Could you give me a lift?"

"Okay," Norm said. "I'll make a phone call, and then we'll roll."

It was an open phone, down by the cash register. He called Libby.

"Hiya, honey," he said. "I'm at Oakley, and I'll be late. How you feeling?"

"All better, practically. Have you eaten?"

"Just finished. Beef stew."

"You sound tired."

Norm laughed. "Why should I? I've been sitting down all day. How's Steve?"

"I was just putting him to bed. Can't you hear him? He's shouting, 'Daddy! Daddy!' at the top of his lungs. Now I'm going to straighten things up and sit down and wait for the crowd. Alex and Jane aren't coming."

"Umm. You get a little rest before they get there. I'll be another two hours, maybe more. Give Fred a drink, if he wants one."

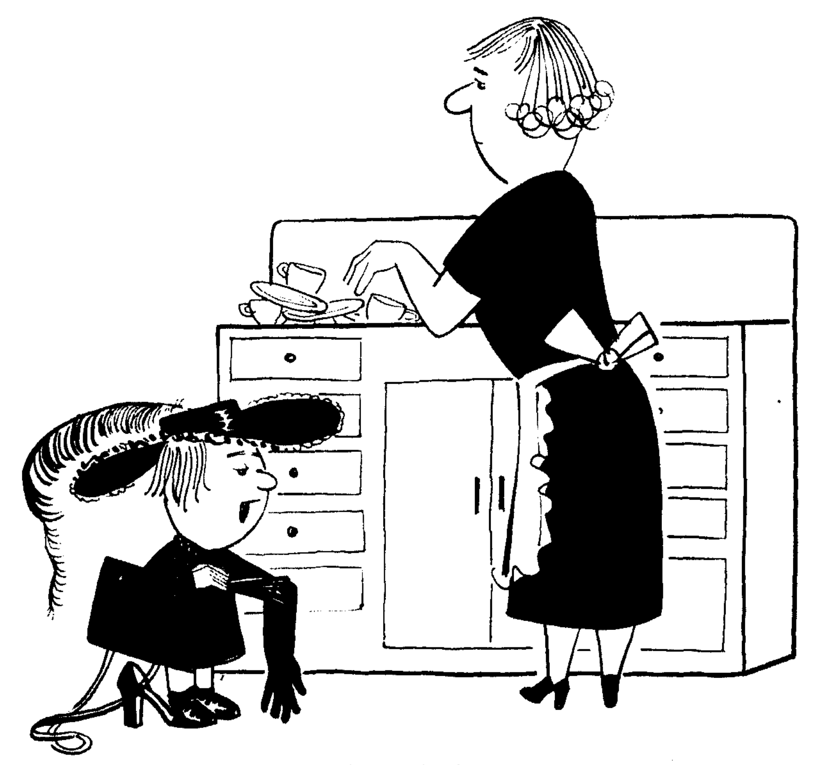
"Drive carefully, Norm. Is it sleeting there?"

"Not yet. I'll get rolling before it starts. Good-by, sweet." . . .

Norm and the stranger got in the cab and Norm headed down the highway in the wet murk, the windshield wipers beating out a slow, squeaky rhythm. The stranger settled back in his end of the seat, lighted a cigarette, and was silent.

Norm thought of Lib, tucking Steve in and picking up his toys and polishing the ash trays and turning on the porch light. Coot and Anne would be the first ones there. Country folks always came early.

Coot and Fred and Alex and Norm. The night before they were mustered out the four of them sat around talking, saying what they were going to do now that it was all over. Coot Stanley, the only one of them who was married, wanted a farm where he could settle down and raise corn and hogs. Fred Kidder wanted to be a dentist. Alex Vaughn said he just wanted to find a loving



COLLIER'S

"If anyone calls while I'm gone I'll be in Lizzy Potash's garage"

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

Pabst
Blue Ribbon
Beer
Pabst
Blue Ribbon
Beer

Tommy Henrich, *Athlete-of-the-Year...* showing his World Series home-run baseball while enjoying that world-famous Pabst Blue Ribbon taste.

The distinguished trophy you see on the table was awarded to Tommy Henrich January 19, 1950 as "Athlete of the Year."

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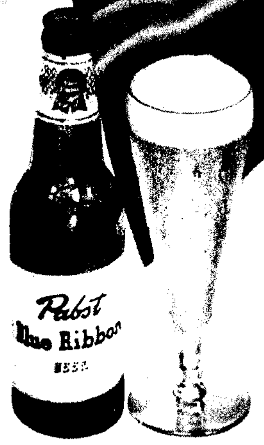
"finest beer served ...anywhere!"

Your Taste will tell you why!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TUNE IN *"THE LIFE OF RILEY"* starring WILLIAM BENDIX, every Friday night over NBC.

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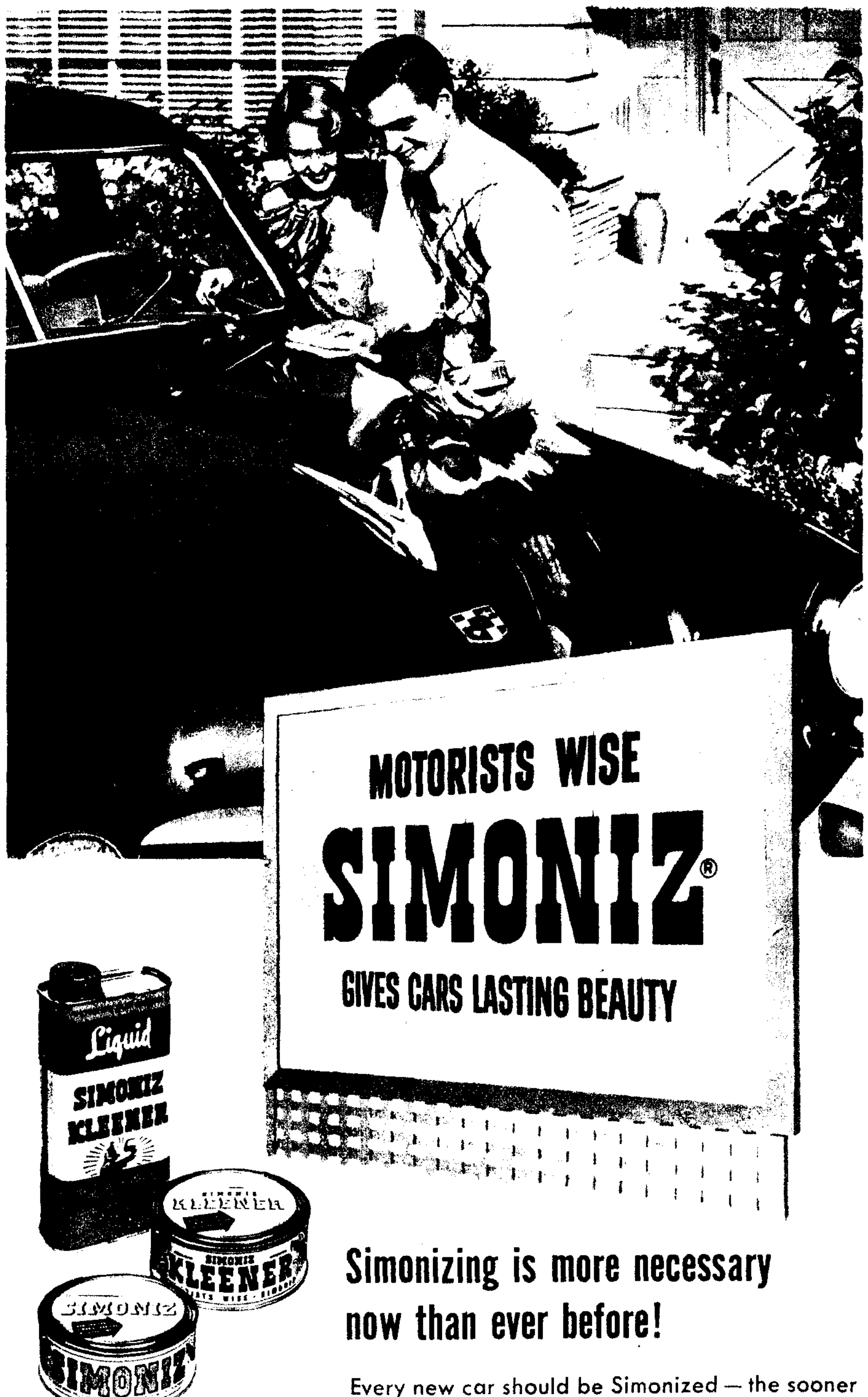
ALL NEW CARS need SIMONIZ!

Saves the finish and keeps it Beautiful!



Simonizing is more necessary now than ever before!

Every new car should be Simonized — the sooner the better! It's the one sure way to keep grit from becoming permanently imbedded in the finish. Keeps colors from fading. Simonizing protects and preserves the original "show room" lustre . . . adds an extra, glistening sparkle all its own. So don't waste time with "temporary polishes." Insist on genuine Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener for dazzling, month-after-month beauty in any weather!

Newer cars need only Simoniz to clean and beautify the finish . . . a single, simple operation. On older cars, first use Simoniz Kleener (Liquid or Paste) to clean the finish. Then Simoniz for lasting beauty.

THE SIMONIZ CO., CHICAGO 16, ILL.

The sooner you Simoniz your car the better!

babe with a lot of money and never do another lick of work in his life. Norm couldn't say what he wanted to do.

That's the way it had been ever since. He never found out what he wanted to do. But the other three knew what they wanted and went ahead and got it.

Coot got his farm. His wife wasn't having any farm life—or any more of Coot, for that matter. She divorced him, got alimony, and was still making a nuisance of herself. But Coot married Anne, who liked the country, and they seemed to be making out.

Fred became a dentist. He and Amy got married as soon as he got back, but they went to college and lived in a Quonset hut on a hundred a month, or whatever it was, while Fred studied dentistry. Fred was twenty-six, just Norm's age, when they got out of the service, and it was hard starting college then. But he had his degree now, and got his office set up last month.

And Alex married a gal with money, lots of money. For a while she let Alex spend it just about as he pleased. Till he took to spending it on other women. Then she got fed up. She was through with Alex, she said.

NORM glanced at the stranger, still sitting there in silence.

"You live in Kilmer?" he asked.

The man turned his head. "No. I've got a friend there. He wants me to work for him."

"What do you do?"

"I'm a farm hand."

"A friend of mine's a farmer," Norm said.

The stranger lighted another cigarette. "Farming's hard work."

"That's what Fred always wanted to do. Be a farmer. There were four of us, buddies. One wanted to be a farmer, and one wanted to be a dentist, and one wanted to marry rich. And they all did it, just what they wanted to do. I'm the only one that didn't get himself anywhere."

"What did you want to do?" the stranger asked.

"I never found out. Don't know yet."

"How'd you get into driving a truck?"

"Kind of drifted into it," Norm said. "And stayed. Got married, and now I own the business."

"Making a living?" the stranger asked.

"Yeah, a good living. Got a mortgage on the house, but that's all."

"Own your own house?"

"Bought it last year. Place we were living was sold out from under us. So we bought this place out where we got some room for the boy to play."

"Got a boy, huh? How old?"

"Nearly two."

The stranger nodded. They were pulling into Kilmer, down the long grade to the traffic light at the main cross street.

"That your wife you called from back at the diner?" the stranger asked.

"Yeah."

"Sounded like you thought a lot of her, like you loved that girl."

Norm felt a glow of mingled embarrassment and pride. "I sure do," he said. "Only woman in the world for me."

The stranger smiled. "You own your own business, you've got your own house, you've got a son, and you love your wife— Man, it looks to me like you've got just about everything a man could want!"

Norm drew up at the traffic light. The stranger opened the door, and started to get out. "Say," Norm said, "I never looked at it that way. Well, what do you think of that? Well, what do you know!"

The door slammed shut. The stranger was gone.

The light changed; Norm shifted gears. The motor roared and the load of castings got under way, with home ahead. . . .

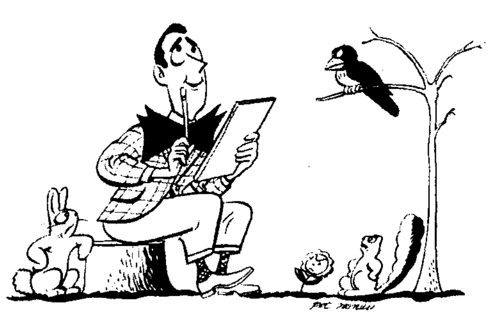
Front Street was deserted when Norm finally pulled up in front of Acme, climbed stiffly down from the cab, and unlocked the office door. He went through to the garage and switched on the overhead lights. The Diesel and the new outfit were there, neatly parked side by side, with his own car in the space for the snub-nose. He paused a moment to look at the trucks and smile. These were his outfits, something he had worked for. Then he punched the button and watched the big garage doors slowly open. He ran his car out, parked it, brought the snub-nose in.

He was whistling as he went back into the office—his office.

Edna had posted tomorrow's schedule. Nothing on the docket for the snub-nose. Half a dozen letters were on his desk for his signature. And a note, neatly typed:

Doctor says Bill is better, will be back first of the week. Frank blew a tire on the Diesel. I'm taking it up with the tire company. Jack blew a manifold gasket and can't get a new one till tomorrow. Suggest you put spare spark plugs in the snub-nose before someone needs them. Henry Gill called and said, I quote—"I like a man with spunk and gumption. Tell Mr. Ware I want to see him in my office before noon tomorrow." Unquote—Edna.

Vernal Hazard



PAT ROONEY

Now Earth awakens from her nap
And Spring proceeds to stir the sap,
And he, in turn, will write some verse
That makes the season even worse.

—NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

Norm laughed. He went into the washroom, took his gray hat off the hook and set it jauntily on his head and grinned at himself in the glass. "Well, what do you know!" he said aloud. He slung his flannel suit and his topcoat over his arm, and switched off the lights. He was whistling again as he locked the door, got into his car and headed for home.

LIB heard him at the kitchen door and came to meet him. She had on the blue wool dress and the tourmaline earrings Norm had given her last Christmas. Her face was still a little swollen, but her eyes and her whole face lighted up when she saw him.

"Oh, darling!" she exclaimed. "What a day you had!"

"A swell day," Norm said, and he took her in his arms and kissed her. Then he kissed her again. "Love you, honey," he whispered in her ear.

Holding hands, they went to the living-room door. Fred and Amy and Coot and Anne were there, and someone said, "Welcome home!"

Norm grinned. His face was smudged, he still had on the old corduroys, the turtleneck sweater and the leather windbreaker. The flannel suit hung over his arm.

"Hi, nice folks!" he said. "Be with you as soon as I wash up."

Then he went down the hall and looked in at Steve, asleep in his crib, before he got out of his work clothes and got ready for the party.

THE END

It takes truly fine tobacco to give you a smooth, mild smoke with never a rough puff. That's why

Malcolm M. "Mac" Hassel, *veteran tobacco warehouseman of Washington, N. C., says: "Year after year, I've seen the makers of Luckies buy fine tobacco—tobacco that makes mighty enjoyable smoking. I've smoked Luckies for 25 years." Here's* more *evidence that Luckies are a* finer *cigarette.*

LUCKIES PAY MORE!

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Find out for yourself! Get a carton of Luckies—today!

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COPR., THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

L.S./M.F.T.—Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco

So round, so firm, so fully packed — so free and easy on the draw

Twelve Famous Artists, C.O.D.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

letters from art hopefuls who offered themselves as servants, handy men and apprentices so they could absorb the master's techniques. This faith moved the artists, all of whom had gone hungry for years before reaching the top of their profession. In their discussions with Dorne and Ludekens, it developed that each had formed strong opinions about commercial-art training; each felt that there were unlimited markets for competent new illustrators in the $50,000,000-a-year field.

Besides their interest in newcomers who wanted to earn a living in art, the Twelve were stimulated by that new phenomenon, the so-called "Sunday painters," or amateur hobbyists. As Dorne puts it, "Anybody who wants to be a Sunday painter wants to be a good one."

Dorne and Ludekens were on sound psychological ground in inviting only leading commercial artists and illustrators to join the new enterprise. The extraordinary quality of the faculty was an important factor in their acceptance of the idea, for their professional reputations required that the venture have rock-bound integrity. This was not a get-rich-quick scheme. The artists would actually be losing money, at first, by devoting time to the school instead of their own better-paying commercial assignments. Of course, they also realized that it offered an eventual stability which is rare in the art world. By setting up the institute as a home-study course instead of a residential school, faculty members could handle a greater number of students and at the same time continue much of their private work.

With a resounding go-ahead from the artists, who soon became stockholders, Dorne and Ludekens spearheaded the preparation of the basic course and set the stage for a series of loose-leaf textbooks which eventually included more than 6,000 original drawings by the entire faculty.

Each to His Own Specialty

After working out fundamentals together, each artist contributed material about his own specialty—thus Whitcomb, Parker and Stahl presented their varied approaches to pretty-girl drawings; Dohanos, Helck and Atherton concentrated on textures; Von Schmidt, successor to the late Frederic Remington as the outstanding painter of Western scenes, joined Ludekens in contributing the section on animal anatomy; and Norman Rockwell, the master of characterization, revealed the techniques which endow his pictures with warmth and kindly humor.

These textbooks set the tone for the institute. They are exhaustively thorough, utilizing step-by-step instruction and every visual technique. Nothing is said which can be better expressed by a picture.

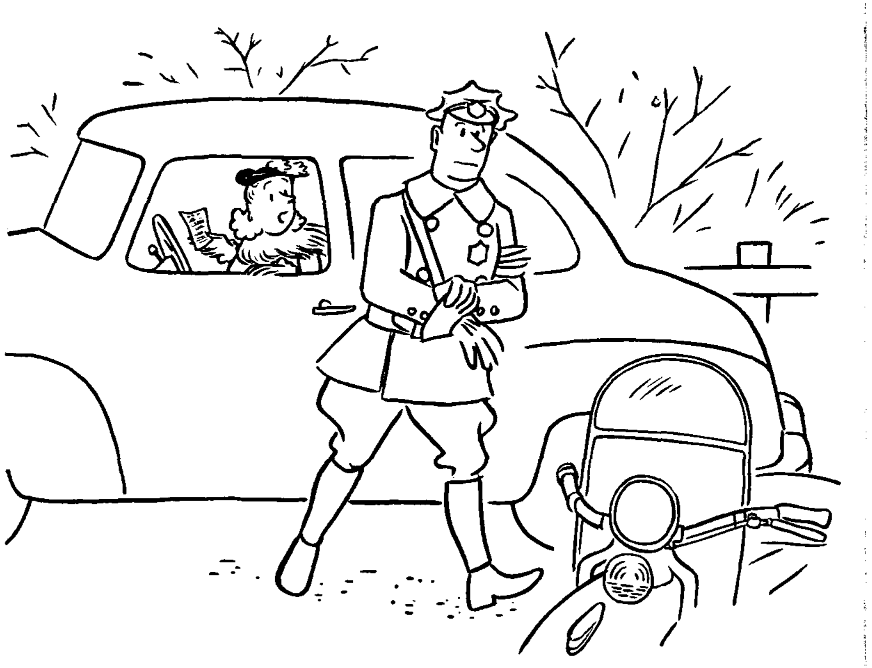
While these were in preparation, each artist also began work on an advanced course which he would supervise personally. By November 15, 1948, when the first basic lesson was sent to the first student, the individual courses were well under way. The institute was in business and it had the most glamorous address in the somewhat private world of commercial art—Westport, Connecticut.

Westport, it has been said, is a body of land entirely surrounded by artists, and the areas they inhabit quickly take on the personality of the tenants. Harold Von Schmidt adds the Western touch wherever he takes his ten-gallon hat. Stevan Dohanos, whose Saturday Evening Post covers reveal a sensitive perception of humble Americana like fire hydrants, milk wagons and barber poles, has a fire hydrant and milk wagon on his lawn and a barber pole on the terrace. Wasp-waisted and boyish forty-three-year-old Jon Whitcomb, creator of pretty-girl illustrations which threaten to ignite the pages of leading magazines, pads about his plush studio planning new ways to glorify youth.

Westport reflects the range of its talents and it is an exciting amalgam of artists, writers and plain, old-fashioned successful businessmen. Seven members of the institute live in and around the town, and the others, with the exception of Fred Ludekens in San Francisco, are within striking distance.

The institute occupies a quaint three-story building which was first a grist mill, then an antique shop. Students mail all completed assignments to this headquarters which is supervised by Edwin Eberman, who has been an art director with major magazines and an advertising agency. Eberman acts as liaison between the 12 artists and a staff of highly trained instructors who evaluate the work of pupils in the basic course. Lessons completed in the advanced courses are forwarded directly to the individual artists who are in direct correspondence with their students.

While Eberman handles the instructional phase, Harley Magee, onetime editor of Popular Mechanics, is responsible for business and other headaches. He is a dry-humored, patient man who has been astounded by the diversity of occupations represented in the student body.



COLLIER'S "Aren't you going to do the windshield?" STAN HUNT

"We've got doctors, dentists, lumberjacks, mechanics, butchers, a deputy assessor, priests, nuns, farmers, bartenders, engineers, truck drivers, glass blowers—why, we've even got an apprentice mannequin maker and a fellow who's a combination chorus boy and professional football player."

As an example of the enthusiasm he encounters, Magee cites the case of the woman who telephoned shortly after the institute opened.

"She said she had to come right over from Stamford and sign up for the course. I told her the office was closing in a little while and that the roads were so icy I didn't think she could make it in time. Well, somehow she got here in a beat-up old car before we shut the doors. She was a rawboned woman of forty or so and she looked so poor I began to wonder how she could pay the tuition. When she asked me for an application, I said, 'How do you propose to pay for this course, madam—check, money order or cash?'

"She looked a little embarrassed, then brought out a sack filled with 140 quarters. 'This is my down payment,' she said. 'I'm a waitress and here's a week's tips.' So out she went with her first few lessons and the other equipment we give a new student—and she's doing pretty well."

The minimum age for entering students is sixteen, although in rare cases of special aptitude, the rule is waived. There are constant requests for the course from youngsters below sixteen, one of the most recent pleas being that of an eleven-year-old girl. After listing such routine facts as her unmarried status, she stated her principal qualification: "I can draw 10 (Boston terriers) in 30 minutes."

The institute uses a number of devices to overcome the barriers of distance and develop rapport between instructor and student. For example, everyone taking the course must attach his photograph to a complete biographical questionnaire which describes educational background, hobbies, sports, favorite authors, art ambitions and similar matters.

Some of the returned questionnaires contain rather curious information. One young man from South Africa, writing his name and address at the beginning of the sheet, listed his zone simply as "hot." Another gentleman informed the institute that his ambition was to learn to copy old masters so well that he could sell the paintings as originals.

Vanity plays its role when lady students arrive at the word "Age" on the questionnaire. One woman filled in the space with the words, "over 21," then beneath the photograph of a very old woman she wrote, "Please excuse this picture as it was taken so many years ago."

The biography, together with a record card outlining weaknesses and strong points revealed in previous assignments, is kept in the student's permanent folder in Westport. This data enables the instructor to maintain a rounded picture of the pupil's progress in relation to his background and ambition.

Each of the 24 lessons of the basic course requires the student to draw varied subjects. The instructor studies these submissions, then makes corrective drawings on tissue overlays which are attached to the student's work. The originals and corrections, which are returned to the pupil, provide him with a valuable pictorial comparison. He also receives a critical written analysis prepared by the same instructor. This is detailed and specific, usually filling two or three single-spaced typewritten pages.

The instructors of the basic course are well paid and well qualified. They are men like Scott Evans, whose first magazine cover was drawn for Collier's and who has also had covers and illustrations in Redbook and The American Magazine. Evans and his colleagues exemplify Al Dorne's belief that teachers of commercial art must also be successful practitioners.

The instructors agree that their relationship with students develops to an amazing extent through letters, that it establishes closer ties than the brief period which an art instructor may spend with a large class in the conventional school. Correspondence also seems to break down the psychological barriers that inhibit many classroom pupils.

This accord is heightened by personal letters from the school at various points in the curriculum. When the student is preparing the lesson on Form, his attention is called to illustrations by the faculty in current magazines. The letter points out the methods used by the artist to achieve his effects and their relation to the lesson being studied. When a student falls behind in his work the institute offers him special assistance in solving his problems.

Of course there are some difficulties that cannot be corrected from afar. One student, replying to a query which asked why he had not turned in his assignments, wrote, "I've just been married and as you must know I haven't had any time to devote to such matters as art lessons." In spite of these problems, the average student can complete the course within two years.

After They Send in the Coupon

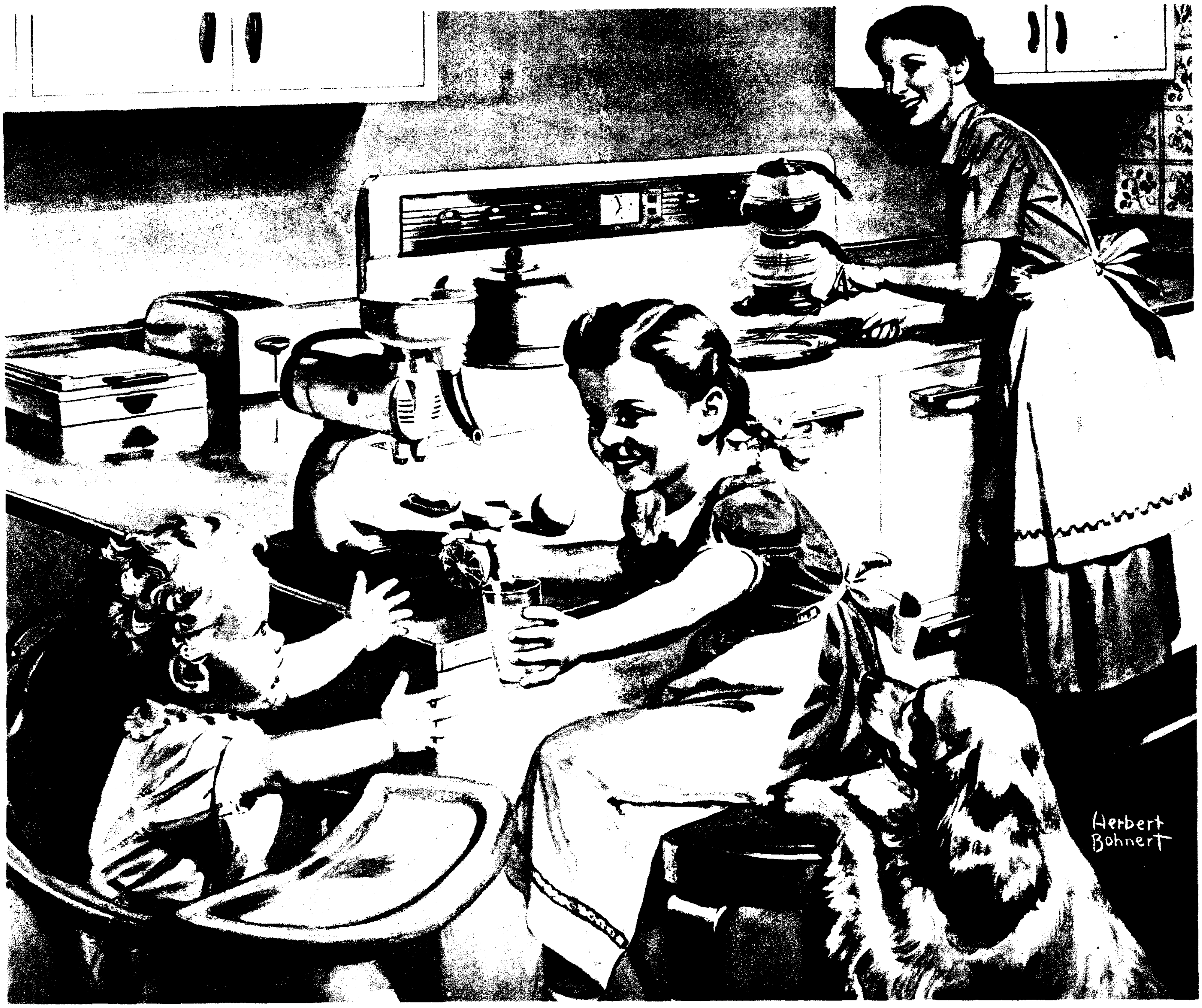
The institute's promotion department is on the receiving end of a continuous flow of unusual letters. Most students first learn about the school through magazine advertisements. When they send in the coupon from the ad, they receive descriptive literature which includes a sample page from the textbook. This page contains a series of sketches illustrating progressive steps in drawing a head. It elicited the following note from one coupon clipper:

"Thanks for the heads. Would it trouble you to send me the hands, legs and body so I can get in practice to draw from head to foot."

If the basic course is the best thing that's ever happened to beginners, the advanced courses offer a matchless opportunity for the qualified artist to study with his favorite illustrator. The institute's integrity in this matter has caused considerable anguish among easel-rattling skeptics. It seems that the cynics expected the famous names to stick to their letterhead while smaller fry actually handled their students.

The fact is that while enrollment is held down, the time which the artist personally devotes to each pupil is not. To qualify for acceptance, an applicant must submit three examples of his work and detailed information about his training and career. Once he's in, his work is subjected to the rigorous criticism and exacting standards of one of the Twelve. There are no punches pulled when an occasional incompetent seeps into the advanced course. John Atherton recently wrote to one of his students:

"I hardly know what to say to you about this work. My first reaction was to send it back without any criticism. It is so far below the standard expected by any pupils in the advanced courses that I cannot criticize it intelligently. There is no doubt that your figure work is very poor . . . But even forgetting this weakness, I can see no reason for the quality of the color, composition or any of the primary requirements of good art which are so obviously lacking. I do not see how you could have studied the lesson's text and made vignettes such as these. There is no attempt whatever to adhere to the first requirements of a good vignette: that it has a decorative, interesting shape against its white background . . . I believe this work is below the standard for an intelligent criticism and shows no talent whatever in the direction of figure work. It would be better for you either to drop it



Some Kitchen Helpers Never Grow Old

...for an "Unseen Friend" keeps their beauty unchanged

When Karen Rogers was born, Dad surprised Mother with some new kitchen appliances. He wanted to lighten her work so she would have more time with the baby.

When Junior was born, he bought still more appliances. And he added to them through the years.

Now the children are growing older . . . and becoming kitchen helpers themselves.

The appliances, though, never seem to grow old. Older in years perhaps, but not noticeably older in appearance.

Today they look almost as new as the day they started to lighten housework for Mrs. Rogers. The years of hard kitchen duty have scarcely marred their mirror-bright, chromium-plated surfaces.

What makes the plated surfaces so good-looking . . . so long-lasting?

The good looks come from the chromium plating itself—a surface coating that is ever so thin (only two 100,000ths of an inch).

The durability comes from a protective undercoating of Nickel, "Your Unseen Friend."

This protective and unseen layer of Nickel is many times thicker than the chromium skin. For tests show that the durability of decorative chromium depends most of all on the thickness of the Nickel underplating.

Without such stout protection between this surface skin and the base metal, the plated ware would soon rust and stain. But with a *thick* undercoating of rust-proof, corrosion-resisting Nickel, it takes rough handling with little damage to its beauty.

So whenever you see high quality chromium plating in your kitchen . . . in your bathroom . . . on your car . . . remember the beauty-preserving, friendly metal that is underneath and unseen.

No wonder Nickel is called *"Your Unseen Friend."*

To learn more about Nickel, "Your Unseen Friend"—how it's produced, what it's used for today, and what research is doing to make Nickel even more useful tomorrow—write for a copy of "The Romance of Nickel." It is free. Write Dept. 74z, New York 5, N. Y.

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INCO TRADE MARK **Nickel**

...Your Unseen Friend

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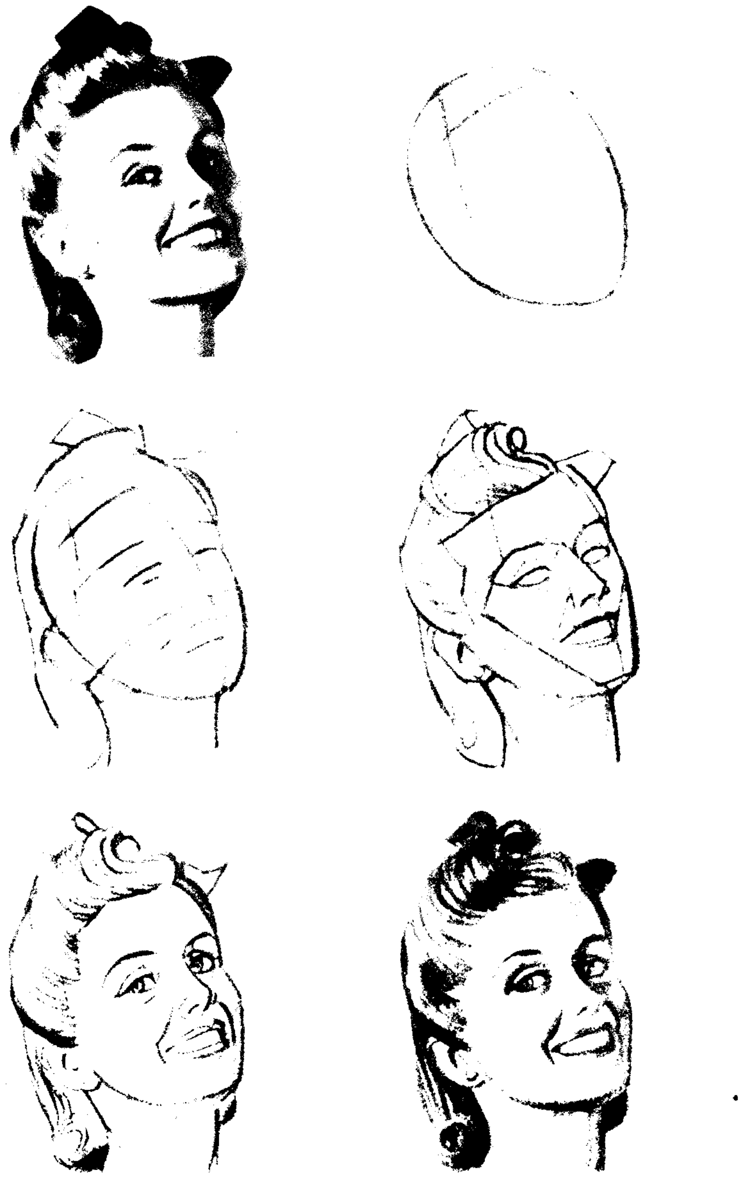


This sequence from an institute lesson indicates the steps taken progressively in drawing a head, beginning with model

entirely . . . or to change your enrollment over into the basic course."

The gentleman switched to the basic course!

Stevan Dohanos, one of Westport's most popular and gifted artists, describes the philosophy behind the advanced courses succinctly: "We remember the lack of direction and the confusions that slowed us down, and we're trying to give the students a directed and cohesive talent. Now, being in the business, we know what they'll be required to do, and we make them do it."

Dohanos, the son of an immigrant steelworker, is a great portrayer of American folkways who learned his own direction the hard way. He quit school at sixteen, drove a truck, worked in a steel mill and took art courses at night. In 1932 he won first prize in an exhibition at the Cleveland Art Museum, an accomplishment which is characteristic of the Twelve. Although their livelihood is earned by drawing commercial pictures, their noncommercial attempts have been uniformly successful, too.

Represented in Art Museums

Ben Stahl was exhibiting at the Chicago Art Institute when he was twenty years old; the work of Peter Helck hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Congressional Library, the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh and the Museum of Fine Arts in Philadelphia; John Atherton is represented in the collections of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Museum of Modern Art and the Whitney Museum in New York, the Chicago Art Institute and the Pennsylvania Academy of Art.

In his popular advanced course, Robert Fawcett stresses that, beyond the fundamentals, "there are no absolutes in art," there are simply individualistic conceptions. That's why the Twelve are proud of the fact that their courses contradict each other. For example, Jon Whitcomb, Al Parker and Ben Stahl have different ideas about drawing pretty girls. Stahl's beauties are wide-hipped and frequently provided with a blemish; Whitcomb's young ladies are distinguished by perfect features; and Parker's brush stresses character. The advanced student simply selects the artist for whom he has the closest affinity.

The colorful, philosophical Harold Von Schmidt endows his criticisms of student drawings with a poetic flavor that enables him to convey by mail the inner emotion as well as the mechanics of art. In a recent letter to one of his pupils in New Mexico, Von Schmidt explained why the student's sketch of a blacksmith was inadequate:

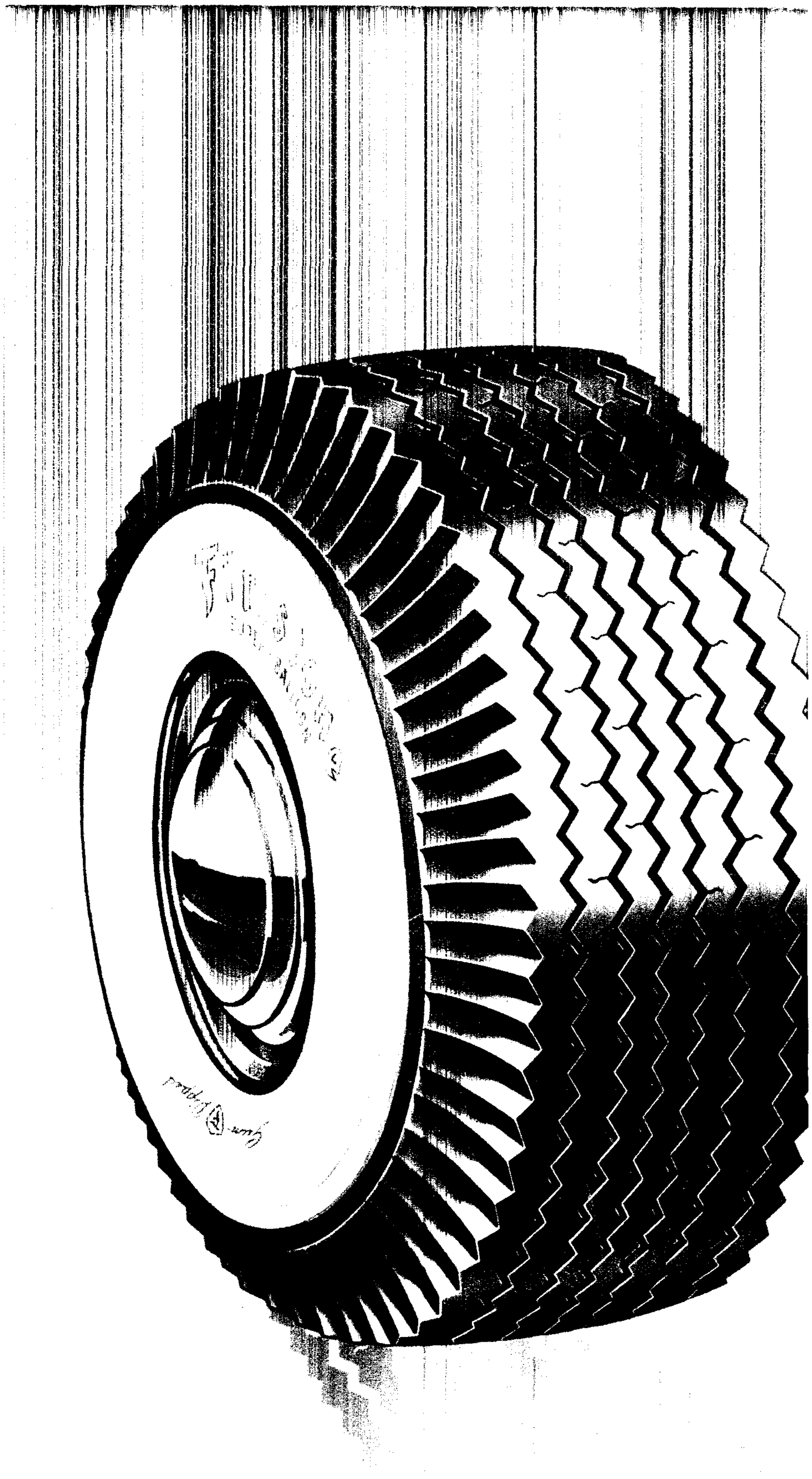
"When I think of a blacksmith I think of an open door—of a clutter of old shoes, coal, charcoal and the parings of horses' hoofs—and the acrid smoke from the seared hoof itself. But above all my ears echo to the ring of a blacksmith's hammer, first on the anvil and then on the shoe. As boys we could tell which smith was working by the tempo of that ring . . . Don't paint a blacksmith's shop until you can feel within you the spirit of one of these shops. Smell the smells and hear the sounds—remember how the work horses stood, foursquare, big feet clamped on the ground—the cuttings from the hoofs scattered where the blacksmith finished his work—and the clean shine of a new shoe. And next to them, the tucked-in rump, the nervous ears of a cow pony tethered alongside."

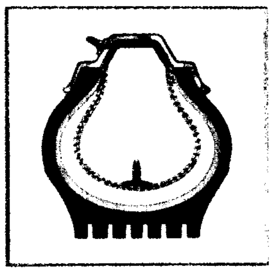
This was less than one fifth of Von Schmidt's letter.

"I find I am less cluttered in my thinking when I don't have a mob of students in a class," he says. "This way I often spend more than an hour on each student's work."

Von Schmidt thinks that mass art interest is a wonderful thing.

"People who study art," he muses, "learn to live better, even if they don't develop great talent. Their eyes are opened; they observe things they never noticed; they dec-





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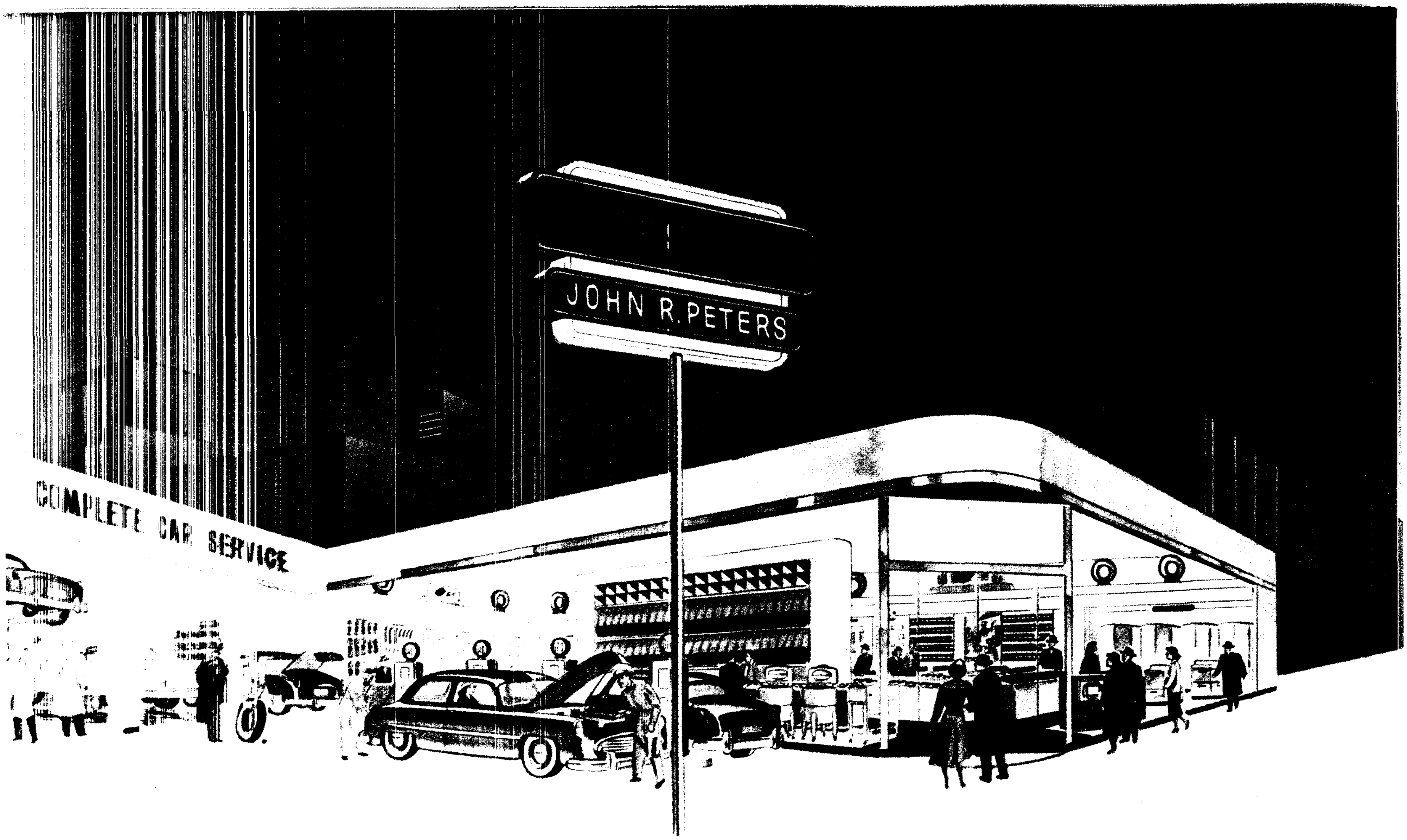

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Firestone Super-Balloons

Give You Super-Safety.. Super-Economy ..Super-Comfort..and Super-Style

THIS YEAR, FIRESTONE celebrates its 50th Anniversary of providing extra value and extra quality products at no extra cost. The new Firestone Super-Balloon Tire is true to that tradition. In it are combined the newest in style, the latest in comfort, unsurpassed economy and mileage, and utmost protection against blowouts and skidding. Yes, here is a tire which proves that *Your Safety Is Our Business at Firestone.*

But that's not all! Your safety is also the business of Firestone Dealers and Stores. There you will find scientific equipment for aligning wheels, balancing and mounting tires; and experts who are trained to give better service and to help you get out of your tires all of the mileage we build into them.

So, for the safest, longest-wearing tires and for the most expert service, see your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store today!

Listen to the Voice of Firestone every Monday evening over NBC

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

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orate their homes more attractively, and they gain therapeutic benefits."

The most advanced students have completed only half the lessons in the basic and advanced courses and it is difficult to assess the ultimate improvement in their work and earning power. But the institute has been deluged by letters from pupils who trace pay raises, job improvements and new opportunities directly to the course. Many of the testimonials are from students who are still working on the earliest lessons.

A Boise, Idaho, salesman was transferred to the advertising department of his store and became the firm's top artist soon after completing his second lesson. And a girl from Fort Myers, Florida, celebrated her third assignment by selling a Christmas card design to a large company. An astounded young beginner in New Waterford, Ohio, wrote that he had already received two offers to illustrate business brochures. And a New Yorker, working in an art studio, attributed his $35-a-week raise to the institute.

The hobbyists are even more enthusiastic, and they write of inner satisfaction deeper than their wallets. Albert Dorne's explanation of art as a growing hobby is characterized by his usual directness:

"Take a blank piece of paper and no matter what you do to it, you've changed it; you've got something you created yourself—and it doesn't disappear like music you've played. If you want to hang it up, you can; and if you want to stand in front of it and admire it all day, that's okay too."

The irrepressible Dorne, who frequently shuttles between New York and Westport, usually goes to work at 5:30 A.M. in his Manhattan studio, fulfills his commercial assignments, works on his own advanced course, then spends the afternoon at the institute's New York office, which is its sales and business headquarters. As president, he manages to puff his cigar into every facet of its operation and he relishes the tales of the salesmen ("We like to call them 'representatives'") who track down prospects all over the country.

"Few weeks ago we got a request for information from a man down South. Salesman—uh—representative called on him and found that he was a tenant farmer living in an old shack. He said that all his life he had wanted to study art. Our man was almost afraid to ask for the money, but the farmer took out a shovel, dug in front of the door and took out a can of bills and coins. We signed him up for the basic course and with his first lesson he wrote saying he's never been happier in his life."

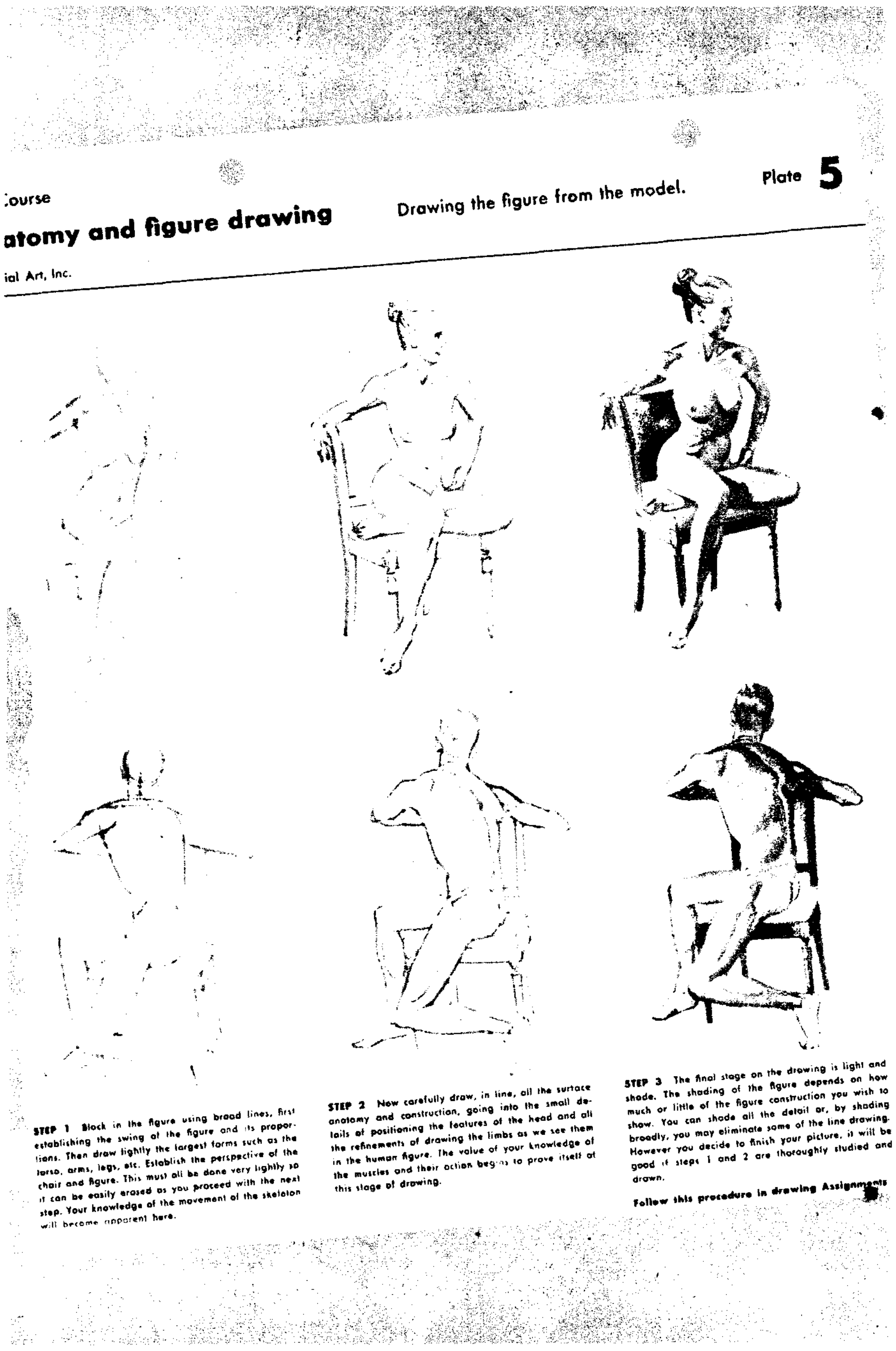
Dorne paused, lighted his tenth cigar of the day and said, "Of course, things aren't always that smooth. Today we got a letter that's pretty sad. I'll read it to you."

He took a scrawled sheet of stationery from an envelope on the desk and read:

Dear Sirs,

I can draw scenery pretty good and also still life. But to tell you the truth, human life is awful.

"It is," said Dorne, "especially if you have no way of expressing yourself—then it can be *terribly* awful." THE END



:ourse

atomy and figure drawing

ial Art, Inc.

Drawing the figure from the model.

Plate **5**

STEP 1 Block in the figure using broad lines, first
establishing the swing of the figure and its propor-
tions. Then draw lightly the largest forms such as the
torso, arms, legs, etc. Establish the perspective of the
chair and figure. This must all be done very lightly so
it can be easily erased as you proceed with the next
step. Your knowledge of the movement of the skeleton
will become apparent here.

STEP 2 Now carefully draw, in line, all the surface
anatomy and construction, going into the small de-
tails of positioning the features of the head and all
the refinements of drawing the limbs as we see them
in the human figure. The value of your knowledge of
the muscles and their action begins to prove itself at
this stage of drawing.

STEP 3 The final stage on the drawing is light and
shade. The shading of the figure depends on how
much or little of the figure construction you wish to
show. You can shade all the detail or, by shading
broadly, you may eliminate some of the line drawing.
However you decide to finish your picture, it will be
good if steps 1 and 2 are thoroughly studied and
drawn.

Follow this procedure in drawing Assignments

Page from institute's instruction book shows three stages for drawing a figure: guide lines fix correct proportions and action; add surface construction, then light and shade

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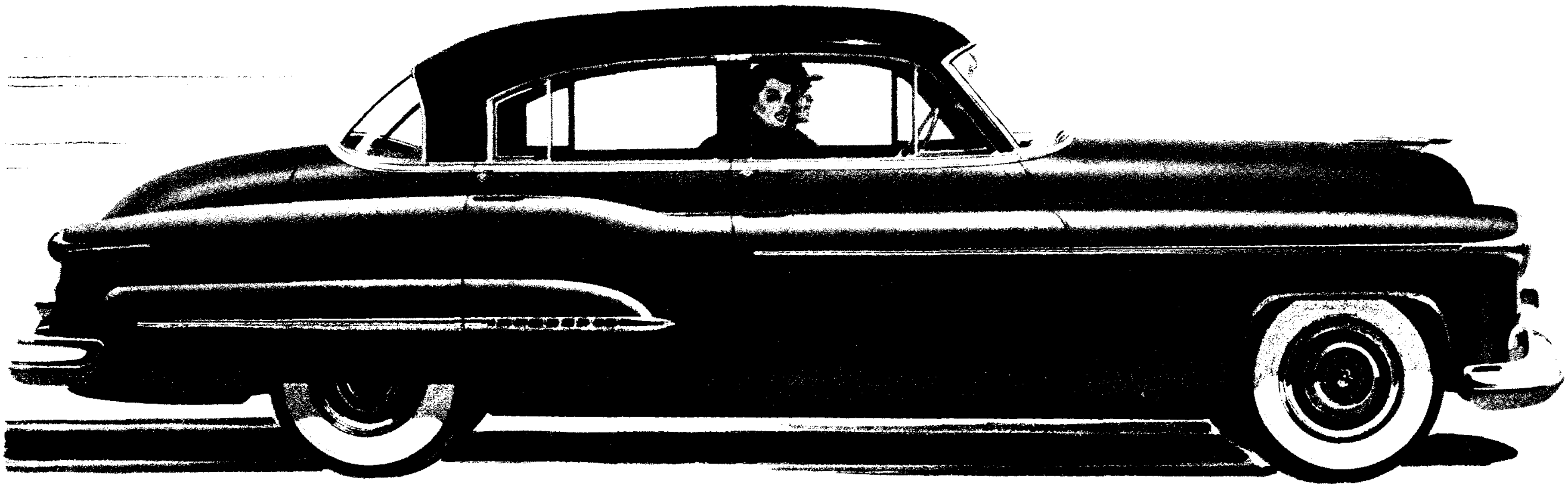

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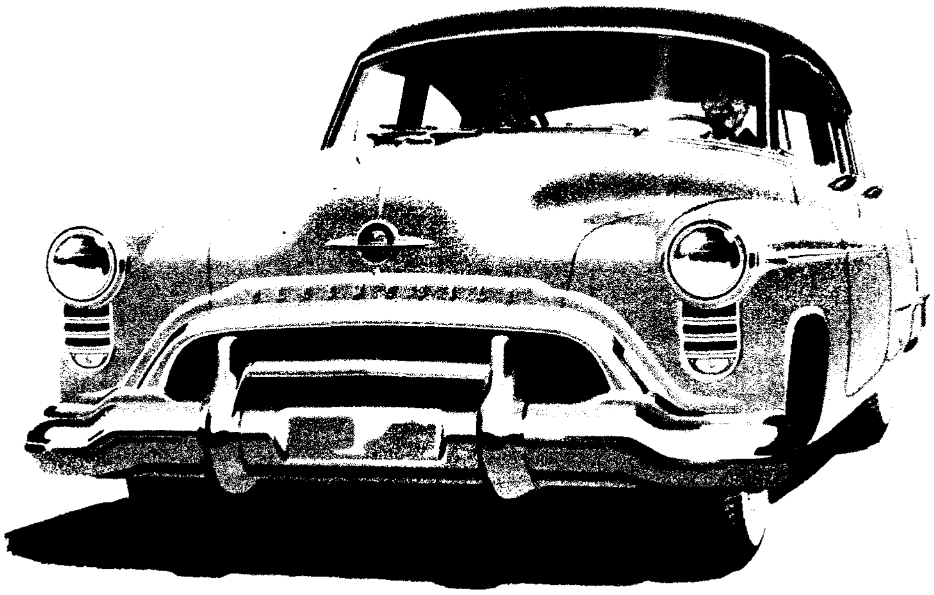

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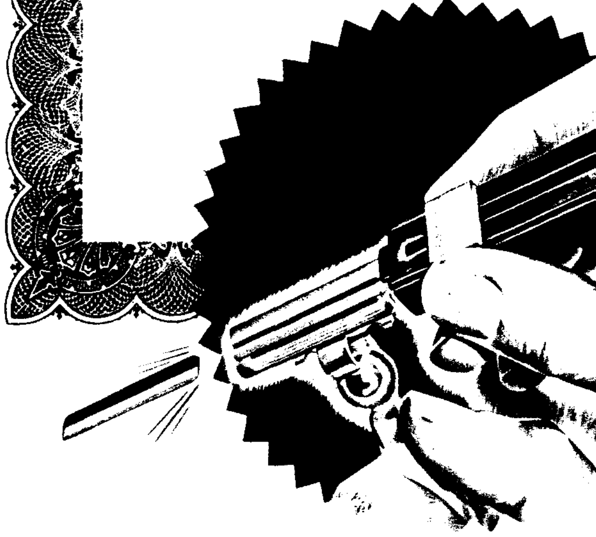

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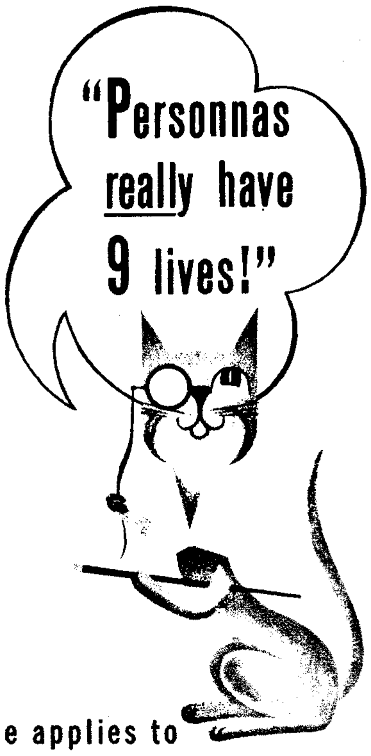
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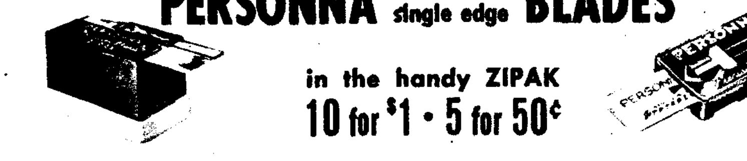

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'The Only Carrier the Air Force Ever Sank'

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

In the face of a well-organized publicity campaign worthy of a good cause, the carrier United States progressed to the keel-laying stage. I assume that I shall never know what pressure was applied to Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson. On April 15th last, he asked the Joint Chiefs of Staff for their individual opinions on the carrier project. The memoranda were completed on April 22d. The next day, as senior member of the JCS, I transmitted them to him with a covering memo. The papers were delivered to him at 10:20 A.M. on Saturday, April 23d, and 40 minutes later I was handed the already-mimeographed press release announcing the cancellation order.

Secretary Johnson's Version

In an effort to explain this precipitate timing, Secretary Johnson testified before the House Committee, "Admiral Denfeld communicated his views to me several days in advance of their formal transmission to me, and the fact that he had signed a statement setting out these same views was made known to me on April 22d. As of Friday, April 22d, I had read this statement of Admiral Denfeld's, had read the comparable statements of General Bradley and General Vandenberg, and had discussed the matter by phone with General Eisenhower."

Except in the sense that he had always known I favored completion of the carrier, I did not transmit my views to him in advance, nor send him a draft of my memorandum, which was not finished until Friday evening, April 22d. I was never able to find any official record indicating that he was given the Joint Chiefs' views before the time stated, 10:30 A.M., April 23d.

The cancellation was a bitter loss to naval officers, especially the aviators. They felt it was the beginning of the end if they could not develop new weapons. Secretary Sullivan, who was in Texas and had not been consulted, resigned in protest.

The carrier was disposed of with no more consideration for my opinions than for those of the Secretary of the Navy. It was worse than depriving the nation of a weapon which in another war would prove to be an instrument of swifter victory. It was worse than arbitrarily commanding the processes of evolution—the evolution of naval warfare, ship design and airplane design—to halt, as if bidding the Eohippus not to evolve into the horse.

It injected into our democratic processes of representative government the application of the dictatorial ukase. There was no authority to halt the building of a weapon decreed by experts to be necessary and authorized by Congress. But once that authority had been seized and exercised it could not be gainsaid; and unless Congress rules otherwise, that precedent will be established and grow in our body politic.

The Navy's reaction apparently caused Secretary Johnson to recognize that he had injured national defense, and he consented to approve my proposal that two additional carriers of the Essex class be modernized by strengthening their decks, installing bigger catapults and adding gas capacity. These changes are an improvement, but the larger planes still have to be fitted in with a shoehorn.

General Bradley testified before the House Committee that he had participated in the two largest amphibious assaults ever made in history, and that in neither case were any Navy carriers used. No doubt he referred to Sicily, where he commanded the corps of General George S. Patton's Seventh Army that conducted the initial assault, and to Normandy. In each case, Allied aircraft were able to operate from shore bases within range, but we can't always count on that advantage.

As a matter of fact, when the Sicily operation was being planned, General Patton went to Admiral H. Kent Hewitt, not once but several times, and begged for some carrier support. He had had experience with excellent naval air support during the Moroccan operation. Admiral Hewitt had to tell him that he would not be able to get such support and would not be justified in asking for it, because air support *could* be furnished from Malta and the North African fields and because every carrier we had was then urgently needed in the Pacific.

General Patton gave Admiral Hewitt to understand that he was influenced not only by the efficiency of naval air but by the unity of command. Off Casablanca they got naval air support when they wanted it, to the limit of the available forces. At Sicily, there was no unity in so far as the Air Force was concerned. "They would not even deign to sit in with us on the planning," Admiral Hewitt tells me. "They made a plan of their own, without reference to Patton or me, and did not even publish it until we were at sea, and could not make any comment or protest."

So far as the top civilian and uniformed command in Washington went, my experience as CNO forced me to conclude that the Air Force wanted to abolish or acquire all combat naval aviation, and the Army all the amphibious functions of the Marine Corps, reducing the Marines to a mere security force. This opinion is shared by most naval aviators and Marine officers and by many in other Navy branches.

Through their twin ambitions, the Air Force and Army speedily reached a working agreement that resulted in the so-called 2-to-1 votes against the Navy in the JCS. The process is an expression of opinion rather than voting in a literal sense, but amounts to the same thing.

The Chief of Staff of the Army or Air Force, or the Chief of Naval Operations, presents in a paper a proposal affecting his service. The other two attach their comments in memoranda called "slant sheets." If neither objects, the project goes through, except that the Secretary of Defense must approve an increase in forces. If there is disagreement, and this is not ironed out in discussion, the matter goes to the Secretary for decision. The Secretary, in deciding, is not bound by the recommendations, but naturally is affected by them.

Leahy Had a Broad Viewpoint

Postwar, the composition of the JCS has changed several times, and so has the comparative smoothness of its operation. Admiral William D. Leahy, as Chief of Staff to the commander in chief (the President), acted as chairman of JCS meetings when I was first appointed. He had the advantage of long experience in its councils during the war, and had a broad viewpoint on service matters. The other members were General Dwight D. Eisenhower, for the Army, and General Carl Spaatz, for the Air Force. General Vandenberg succeeded General Spaatz, and General Bradley succeeded General Eisenhower.

For a time in 1949, General Eisenhower acted as chairman. Because of his unusual experience as supreme commander of Allied forces in Europe, his effort to be an impartial presiding officer met with success. Last August, when the post of chairman was created by law, General Bradley was appointed to the job and General J. Lawton Collins succeeded him as Army Chief of Staff. I do not question that General Bradley tries to be fair but he remains an Army officer with a one-service background and viewpoint.

On nine tenths of the matters that come before them, the Joint Chiefs reach agreement themselves. Normally the only disputes are on strategic concepts, the size and composition of forces, and budget matters. I usually deferred to my colleagues on matters primarily affecting their services. The case of the 70 air groups which the Air Force wanted was an exception. I agreed that the goal should be 70, but did not believe the country could afford it at the time. Furthermore, the 70 groups would, I felt, throw the military establishment as a whole out of balance.

My colleagues greeted presentations and discussions of naval proposals with a skeptical air. The trouble, as I found it, is with the refusal of two services to recognize the special knowledge of the third. Instead of being told, for instance, that I could have so much money, and authority to get the best possible results from it, I was told I could have just so much money and exactly such-and-such forces.

A current example is the limitation in the President's 1951 budget message of the Marine Corps landing battalions to six. The funds actually proposed would provide a much larger force, but unless the limitation is changed men will have to be transferred from these combat units to headquarters work and jeep driving.

As commander in chief of the Pacific in 1947, I had Army and Air Force commanders serving under me, and everything moved without friction. Nor was there any disagreement with General Douglas MacArthur in the adjoining command. Indeed "unified command" worked perfectly in the field. When I returned to Washington, I was amazed to find how badly unification was operating there.

I mentioned the matter to Secretary Forrestal. "Louis," he said, "did you ever hear of the dollar? That's why we have so much trouble in Washington. Everybody is trying to get the largest possible chunk of the military dollar that Congress appropriates."

I found he was right. I tried to keep the security of the country as my own sole objective. In addition to arguing over budget matters, the JCS members put in so much time ruling on the size of one another's forces and the types of one another's weapons that it was hard to find time for their major duties.

Even changes in the distribution of forces were taken up by the chiefs and submitted for approval to Secretary Johnson. It was necessary to go through this routine to leave two carriers in the Pacific. The respective Chiefs of Staff should control the disposition of forces in peacetime, I believe, subject to foreign policy and national strategy.

The JCS should stick to the basic duties provided by law, which are to prepare strategic plans and provide for strategic direction of the military forces; prepare joint logistic (supply) plans and assign logistic responsibilities; establish unified commands in strategic areas; review major material and personnel requirements; formulate policies for joint training and for co-ordinating military education, and provide U.S. military representation to the United Nations.

Unwarranted interference with the Navy while I was CNO came not only from the Army and Air Force but from the office of Secretary of Defense Johnson, chiefly from a management committee headed by Air Force General Joseph T. McNarney, with the Undersecretary of the Navy, the Secretary or Assistant Secretary of the Army, and the Assistant Secretary of the Air Force as members. Here you had a general heading a committee consisting primarily of civilians. Secretary Johnson and General McNarney took the prerogative of deciding whether funds appropriated by Congress for national defense should be spent. The budget, as finally approved by Congress, ceased to be a finality.

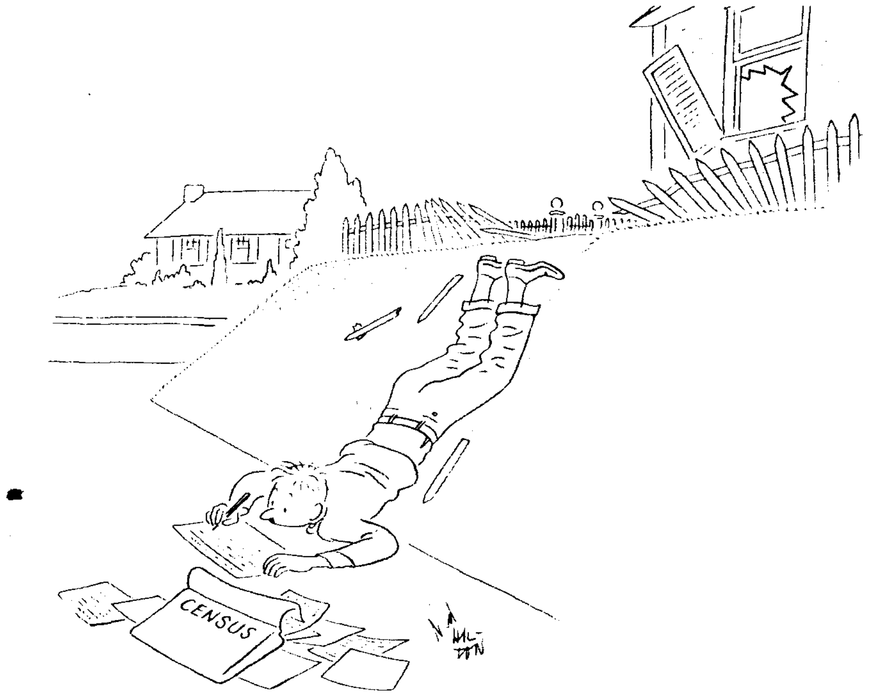
Appropriations Heavily Cut

Even before the 1950 appropriations had been approved, they set to work to cut $800,000,000 or more out of them. The Navy was notified that its share of the cut was to be $353,000,000. The Army's reduction was to be $300,000,000 and the Air Force's $150,000,000. The Navy was not asked first what the effects would be of such a cut, but was told to plan to cut that amount. The Navy had no recourse, the year being so far advanced, but to take $203,000,000 out of aviation procurement.

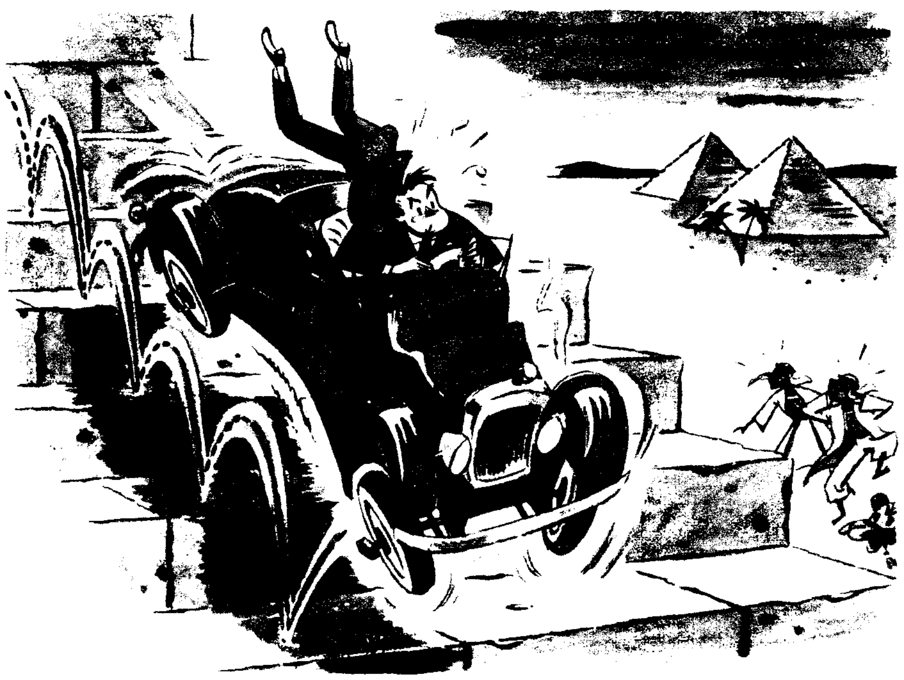
The Navy is receiving delivery of far fewer new planes today than at the time Pearl Harbor was attacked.

Again, in the reduction of civilian personnel of the armed forces, the Navy was ordered first to drop 125,000, the Army 50,000 and the Air Force 25,000. These were unrealistic, and the actual cut was 76,000 for the Navy, and I believe 41,000 for the Army and 18,000 for the Air Force. Taking such a large proportion out of the Navy implied that it was less efficiently run than the other two services, but this cannot be substantiated. If, in the interests of economy, reductions must be made, they should be fairly distributed. I think the numbers were picked out of a hat.

A house subcommittee on defense appropriations, at recent hearings, showed alarm that the impounding of appropriated funds was invading the constitutional power of Congress "to raise and support armies" and "to provide and maintain a navy." Representative Robert L. F. Sikes of Florida told Secretary Johnson, "I think if the President or you can cut the Air Force approximately 20 per cent . . . or by the same token the



COLLIER'S "Occupation: Wrestler" NED HILTON



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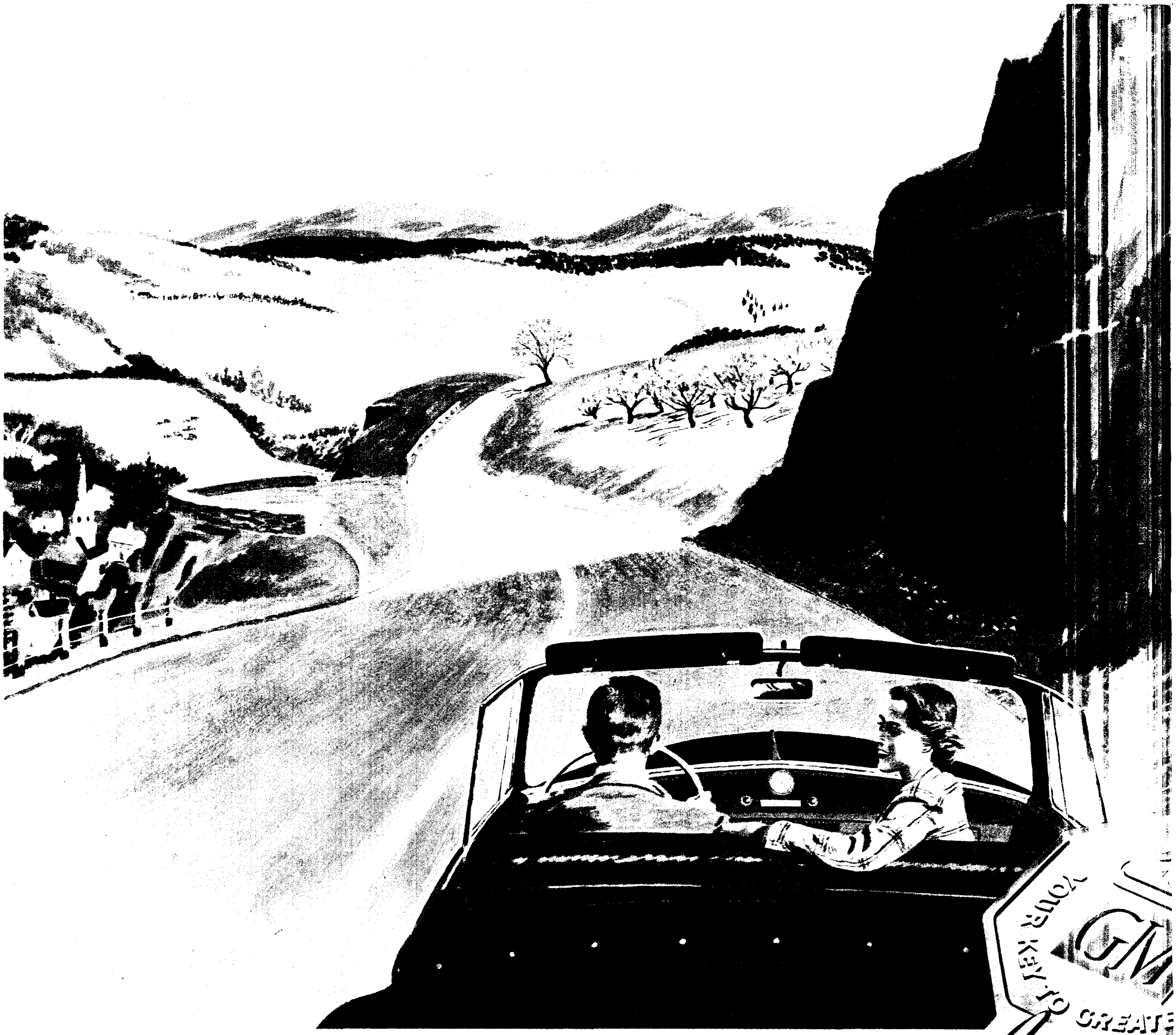
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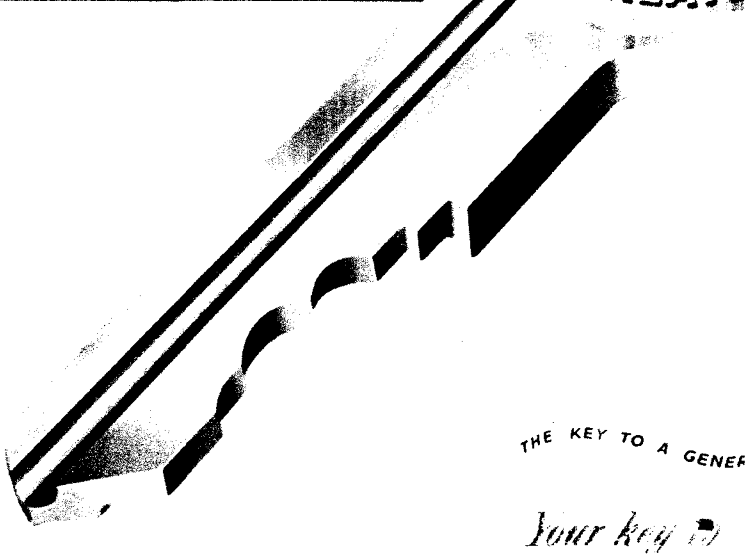
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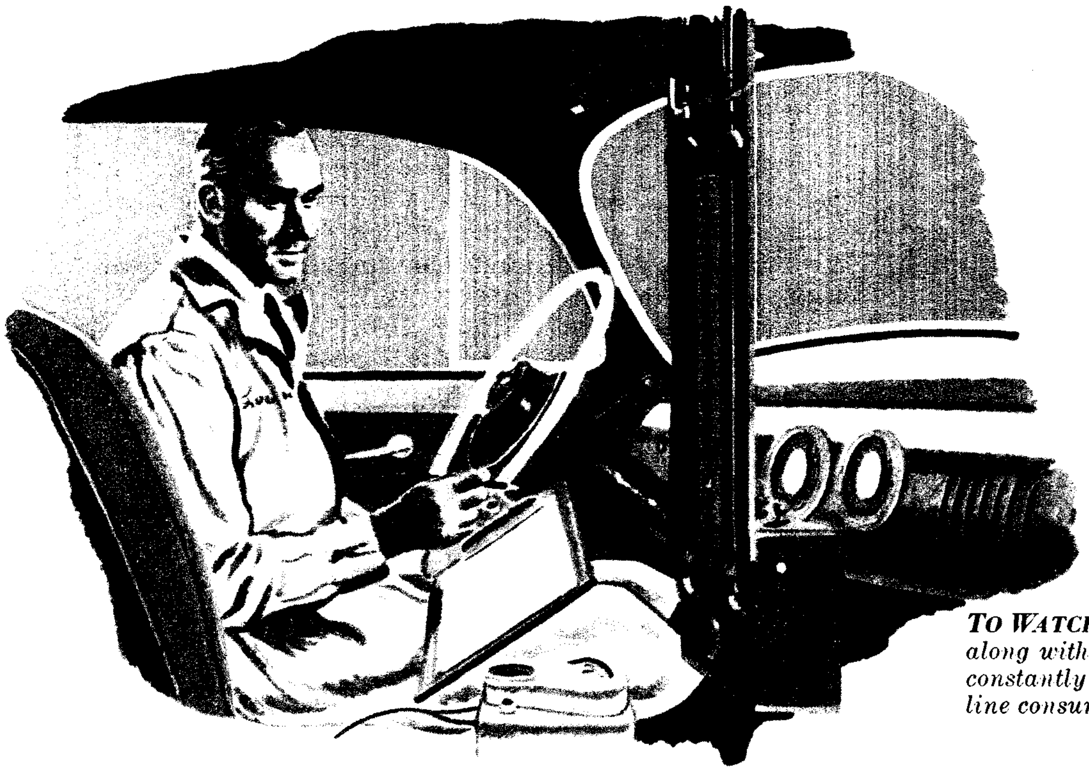

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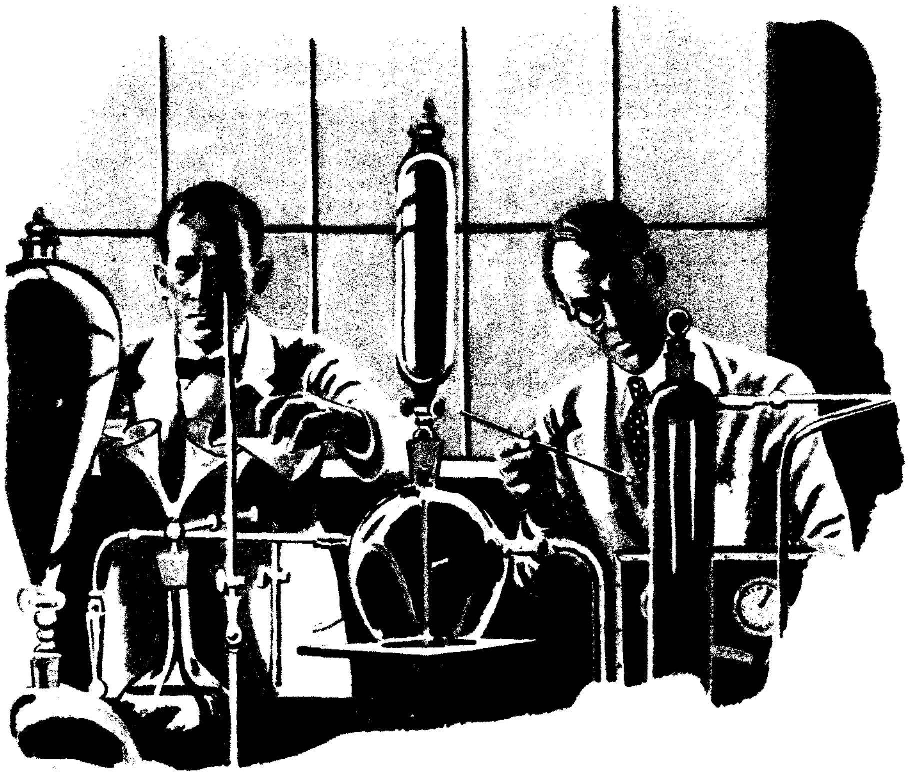

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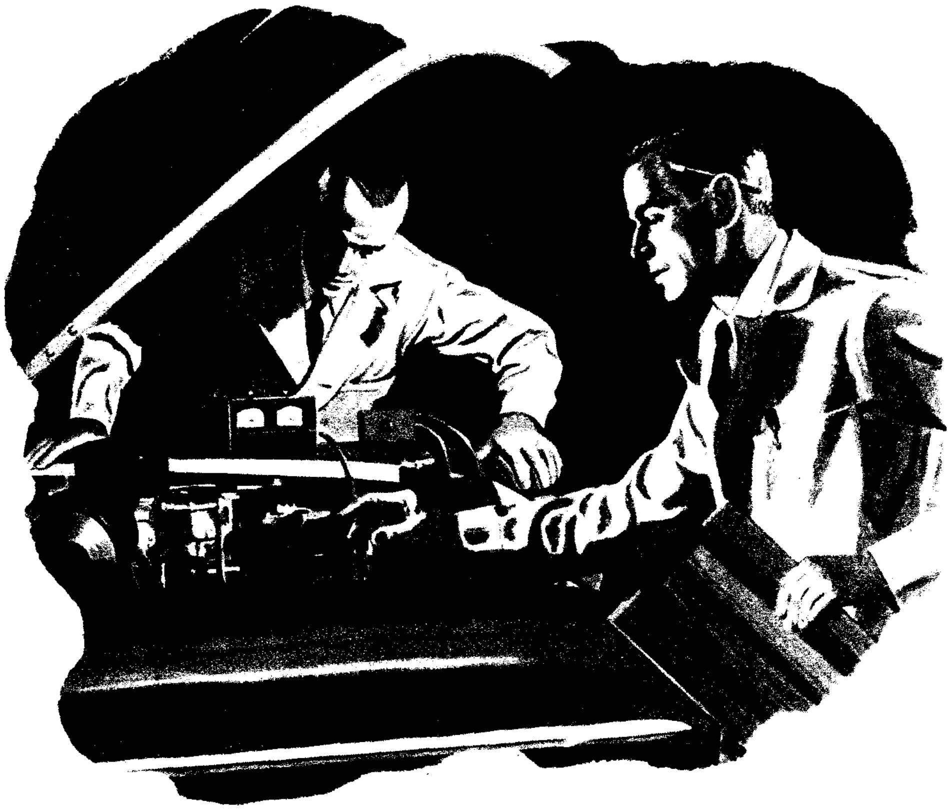

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President or you can eliminate a branch of the service altogether, or double or treble another branch of the service, you are embarked on a policy which could lead to complete disregard of Congress. It is not as farfetched as it may sound and I think that is just one jump removed from straight dictatorship, Mr. Secretary, which neither you nor I, nor the President would want."

The functions of the three services were spelled out in the National Security (Unification) Act of 1947 and in a "functions paper" agreed upon by the JCS at Key West in March, 1948. The primary functions assigned the Navy included the maintenance of general sea supremacy, control of vital sea areas, seizure of naval bases, conduct of air and land operations necessary in a naval campaign, the organization and training of joint amphibious operations, and responsibilities for antisubmarine warfare and mine laying.

Naval aviation (including land-based) and Marine aviation were specifically authorized.

The Marine Corps was authorized to include fleet marine forces for the seizure or defense of advanced naval bases or necessary land operations. Other Marine functions specified were the provision of detachments for ships and naval stations, and the Marines were given "primary interest" in the development of landing-force tactics of common concern to them and the Army.

Attempts were soon begun to restrict the roles and missions of naval aviation and the Marine Corps despite the language of the "functions paper"; a second conference was held at Newport in August, 1948, to amend and clarify it.

Summarizing its results, Secretary Forrestal reported "a clear understanding of the exclusive role of the Air Force in the field of strategic air warfare and conversely the intent of the Air Force not merely to permit but to seek all the help it can get from naval air in the use of air power, either strategically or tactically."

He added that the Navy "is assigned the exclusive role in the field of antisubmarine warfare; the intent of the Navy is also to invite all the help it can get from the Air Force in carrying out this mission."

In spite of the law and memoranda, recognition of naval aviation and the Marine Corps remained mere lip service.

Efforts to restrict their roles and missions continued not only by reducing funds but by interpretation of language, cutting forces, and efforts to make certain functions "joint."

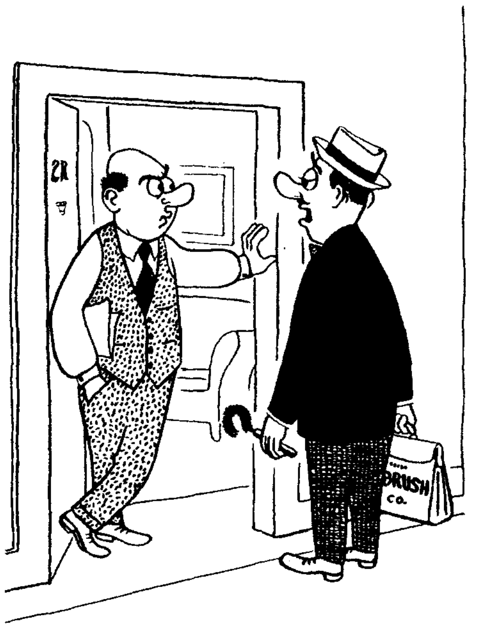
What has become known as the Second Key West Conference, held last spring, was necessary because the Joint Chiefs were unable to agree on their respective forces for the fiscal year 1951. The chief points at issue were the Air Force insistence on 70 groups, and the attempts to cut down naval aviation and the Marines. No complete agreement was reached, and the proposals were referred to Secretary Johnson when we got back to Washington.

In amending the law last summer, Congress recognized the trend in the present administration of the Defense Department by inserting the specific statement that its intent was "not to establish a single Chief of Staff over the armed forces nor an armed forces general staff." In providing for a chairman of the JCS it required that he have no vote and "shall not exercise military command" over the JCS or any of the services.

Congress further expressed its distrust in the sections governing the Secretary of Defense by providing that the combatant functions of the services already defined in the act "shall not be transferred, reassigned, abolished or consolidated," and forbidding the Secretary of Defense to effect the same results by controlling the use of funds. It further required the Secretary to report to the Armed Services Committees of the Senate and House before shuffling functions of the Defense Department itself.

After the amendments were passed, however, and in defiance of them, the Army tried to get the Navy and Air Force by agreement to abrogate certain assignments in the law, virtually reorganizing the Defense Department. For instance, one proposal included was to set up a joint center under the JCS for amphibious warfare, a job that Congress had given the Marines. General Clifton B. Cates, the Marine commandant, addressed a protest to me in the strongest terms. In effect, the Army's scheme would have turned the Joint Staff, which serves the JCS, into a national general staff.

The whole success of unification depends on the manner of the law's administration, as Mr. Forrestal foresaw. Congress gave evidence of similar foresight when it provided in last summer's amendments that any Secretary of a military department or member of the JCS may make any recommendation to Congress he sees fit, after first so informing the Secretary of Defense. How free any future CNO will be is questionable, in view of Secretary Matthews' dictum in testimony before a Senate committee that any officer who differs with him must be prepared to face the consequences.



"Now, sir, I don't want to waste your valuable time unnecessarily. So before I start in, have you got two and a half bucks?"
COLLIER'S LEW FOLLETTE

Mr. Matthews is, as he pointed out, thoroughly uninformed about the Navy. He came with no preparation for the enormous task which any high government office imposes, at a tense and difficult moment right after Mr. Sullivan's resignation.

Naturally Mr. Matthews was easier to school in the political pattern of the Defense Department than in the military aspects. "Unification" had been regarded by the President as one of the major aims of his Administration.

The nominal reason for my removal, in so far as it was indicated, was that I was against "unification." At no time during my nearly two years as CNO had I deviated from the stand that the United States, an island continent, must have a strong Navy to control the ocean approaches to any land mass on earth—our own country's, our Allies', or the enemy's. If a CNO cannot take that position without opposing "unification," then "unification" is at fault.

That policy is fundamental. It is not purely Navy doctrine, although it has been reiterated by my successor, Admiral Forrest P. Sherman, and was voiced, to the extreme irritation of the Air Force zealots, by my predecessor, Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, upon his retirement. His statement, indeed, caused a Pentagon tempest.

In a final report as CNO, he said among other things that the Navy had such complete control of the seas that it could establish floating air bases off any shores from which to send devastating attacks against inland targets. "The Navy of the future," he added, "will be capable of launching missiles from surface vessels and submarines and of delivering atomic bombs from carrier-based planes."

The admiral did not dispute the role of the Air Force, but remarked that for several years to come "it is improbable that bomber fleets will be capable of making two-way trips between continents, even over the polar routes, with heavy loads of bombs."

An Unfair Interpretation

These temperate remarks were interpreted as indicating that the Navy was trying to take over the Air Force's duties in strategic bombing. That was totally untrue; the Navy merely wants to supplement the Air Force, and move in quickly to hold the line until the heavy bomber fleets can get into action.

Strong pressure was brought upon James Forrestal, then Secretary of Defense, to discipline Admiral Nimitz for heresy. I told Mr. Forrestal that Admiral Nimitz was a great and responsible public figure who had performed a notable service for his country, and that any efforts to punish him for expressing his views on naval warfare would injure the people attempting it, not the admiral. No further action was taken.

My own removal was an example to any who would hereafter outspokenly oppose the wishes of Secretary Johnson and Secretary Matthews. To put members of the JCS in the position of having to choose between "going along with the boss" and being fired as I was is unhealthy, both for the country and the Defense Department.

In another case, pressure was brought on Secretary Forrestal—and I can only guess the source of the pressure—while Admiral Arthur W. Radford was my Vice-CNO, to have me remove him. He had a splendid record as task force commander in the Pacific, and after the death of Admiral Marc A. Mitscher and the retirement of Admiral John H. Towers was regarded as the Navy's number one aviator. The only reason for the enmity against him was the strong stand he took in defense of naval aviation.

Secretary Johnson testified at the House hearings to the almost proportionate numbers of Navy men on boards and commissions. The Navy's voice depends, however, on what jobs are held by whom and the degree of their influence and opportunity. Many of the Navy assignments he mentioned were of the nonpolicy-making variety, as aides and so on. The key jobs, the chairmanship of the JCS and Management Committee, are held respectively by an Army general and an Air Force general. Full partnership in the Defense Department means at all levels, not just on an over-all count of uniforms.

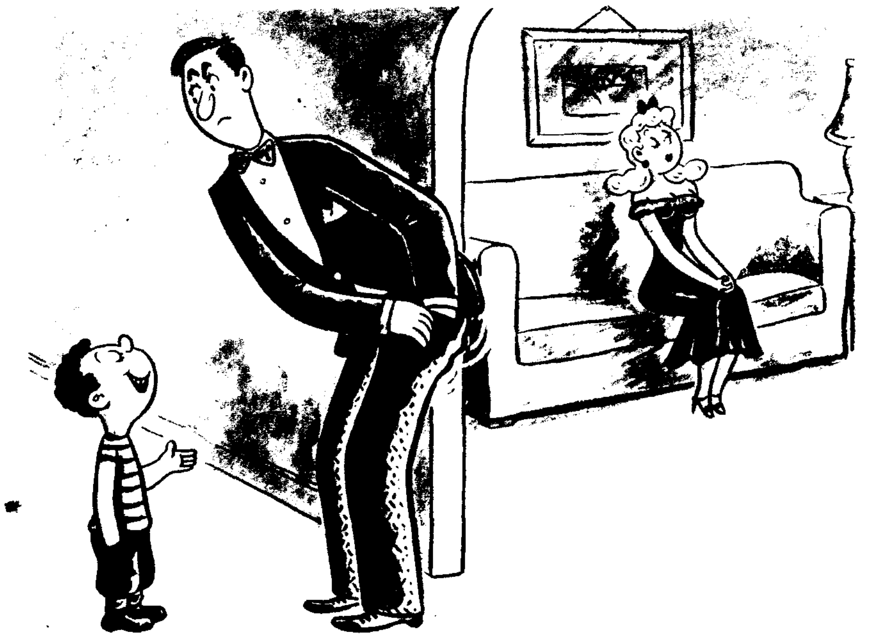
And the Marines are completely blocked out from all important policy-making assignments. The recent appointment of Brigadier General Vernon E. Megee as head of the intelligence section of the Joint Staff has not changed the situation. An informal JCS, called the U.S. delegation in the Combined Chiefs of Staff, which was set up about the time of Pearl Harbor, included the Marine Corps commandant. After the Joint Chiefs of Staff itself was established under that name, he was omitted, but General H. H. Arnold sat as a member though the Air Force was still part of the Army.

To my mind, there is no reason why a Marine should not sit there now. If he is not actually made a member, the commandant should at least be present as consultant when questions of interest to the Marines are discussed. And the Marines should have representation on the war planning committees.

Part of what's wrong in the Pentagon can be cured without any new legislation. We must start with strict adherence to the letter and spirit of the existing law. Within that framework there must be a high degree of co-operation between the military heads of the services and a respect for each man's opinion in his own sphere—and, above all, a strong, intelligent and considerate civilian leadership. Forcing cuts and cancellations upon the services without full consultation is basically wrong.

On the vital problem of whether Congressional appropriations shall be final and shall be applied to the general purposes for which they are voted, events prove that a change in the law is necessary, amazing as that may seem. A start was made in the 1950 appropriation act, which requires the Secretary of Defense to report to the House and Senate appropriations committees amounts which he thinks can be reduced, with his reasons. I favor an amendment to the National Security Act requiring Congressional approval for any administrative cutbacks in appropriated funds. Otherwise Congress cannot discharge its duty under the Constitution.

Admiral Denfeld warns, in his third and concluding article to be carried next week, that we are weakening our Navy while the Soviet builds up hers



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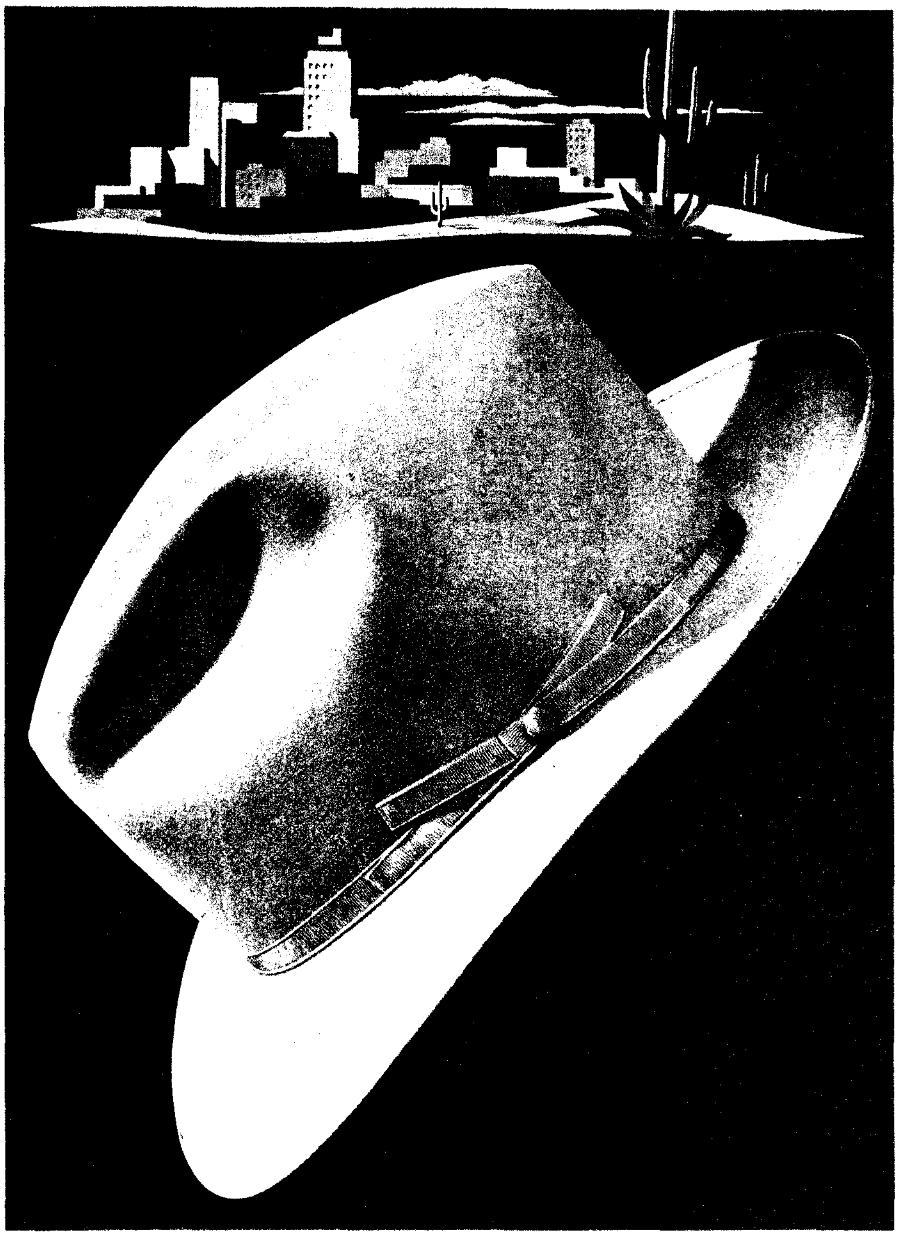

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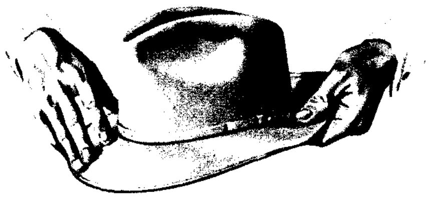

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Maternity Can Be Chic, My Dear

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

investment. The profits went right back into the business.

Eager to establish credit for the firm, Elsie made her first trip to New York. She was twenty-one, but looked sixteen and wore a bow in her hair. Nevertheless, she convinced the large fabric houses that Page Boy could pay its bills. Dun & Bradstreet soon offered her a rating.

In 1940 the firm grossed $120,000. On the strength of this, Edna took Mrs. Frankfurt to California for a rest, or so Elsie thought. The day after Edna arrived at Coronado Beach she phoned Elsie. "I've found an ideal location for another store."

"A what?" screamed Elsie.

"Another store—on Wilshire Boulevard."

"You're crazy." Elsie hung up.

The phone rang again at midnight. It was Edna again. "I'm signing the Los Angeles lease, Elsie. Mother thinks it's wonderful."

Mr. Frankfurt cut in from his bedroom extension. "Your mother thinks everything is wonderful. You girls will be ruined if you take a store 1,500 miles from your base of operation. Stick to Dallas."

Mrs. Frankfurt chimed in from California: "Benjamin Frankfurt, you don't know what you're talking about. You've never seen the location. It's wonderful."

In 1941, the third Frankfurt girl, Toots, graduated from the University of Illinois. A major in fashion designing, she had won a scholarship to a New York fashion school, but decided instead to join Page Boy's Los Angeles store. Her first design, a jumper dress, was made famous by movie actress Alice Faye, who ordered it in all colors.

Like Elsie, Toots is ingenious. She thought up a maternity belt which can be cinched up or let out. It looks like any other belt, but beneath a strip of soft leather at the back are four strong snaps which do the trick. Toots is patenting that idea. Another device she frequently uses is a concealed zipper which permits a four-inch extension on either side of the waistband.

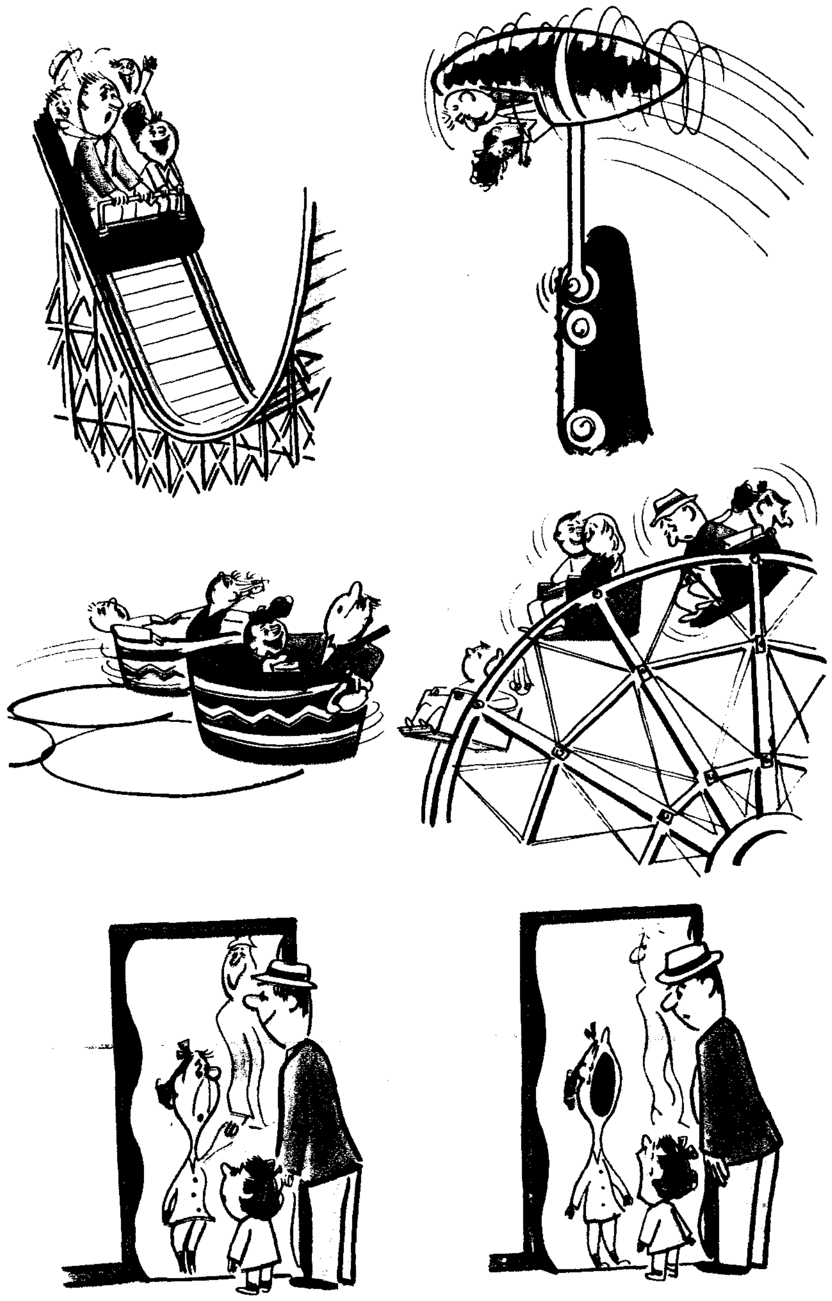
Page Boy continued to boom. Its 1940 gross of $120,000 more than doubled by 1943, and in 1945 it did business totaling well over half a million dollars.

In 1946, Abe Ravkind, Edna's husband, returned from the war. The sisters took him into the firm as production manager. They also launched a second California store—this time in San Francisco.

Elsie is Page Boy's president; Edna, vice-president; and Toots, secretary. Success has emphasized their strongest characteristics.

Elsie, the dynamo of the three, is attractive, temperamental, impulsive and vivacious. She signs the checks and makes the decisions.

SISTER



COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

Like all the sisters, she boasts a fabulous wardrobe. Her size-10 collection includes a sable cape, a full-length baby beaver evening wrap, and 20 or 30 Jacques Fath and Christian Dior originals. She's been too busy, and having too much fun, she says, to get married.

Edna is serene and easygoing, preserving a detached attitude while running a husband and three children on the one hand and the management of Page Boy's stock on the other.

Toots's domestic problem is slightly different. Charlie Gartner, the young jeweler to whom she is married, would rather she stayed home with their little girl. But he prefaces this statement by saying, "What makes Toots happy makes me happy."

All three girls revel in the opulence that their success has made possible—a silver-blue mink cape for Edna, a sable cape for Toots, deep-piled carpets, silken draperies, ultramodern furnishings in costly homes, new cars and vacations in Mexico.

Until 1947 the sisters were able to manage the entire business themselves, but when they began their wholesale operations, it wasn't so easy. As it continued to grow, they took in a thirty-three-year-old Texan, Bill Moser, as general sales manager.

The sisters had done little promotion when they decided to give their first fashion show in New York. Elsie wanted it at the Stork Club. At first, host Sherman Billingsley objected to turning over his main dining room to promote a Texas maternity-dress line. Elsie wore him down. The show was a success.

When Elsie returned to Dallas she learned that the loft building which housed the workroom was to be torn down. And there was a postwar shortage of floor space. Without a workroom, Page Boy would go under. In desperation Elsie and Edna rented a loft above the Palace Recreation Pool Hall on Elm Street. They decided against putting their maternity-dress sign over that of the pool hall. For two and a half years they remained anonymous behind closed doors.

Added to this problem was an exodus of their bellwethers, the obstetricians, from the Medical Arts Building.

"Don't you think it would be kinda smart to follow our obstetricians?" Elsie asked.

Without further ado they purchased a lot at Cedar Springs and Olive streets, within sound of the bells of Our Lady of Guadalupe Roman Catholic Church.

"Better wait till prices drop before you build," warned Mr. Frankfurt.

Should They Build or Wait?

Edna went to California. Building materials were still soaring. So was the thermometer inside the loft. Elsie long-distanced Edna. "Shall we build now?"

Edna hesitated. "Maybe not yet."

When the mercury hit 104, Elsie called Edna again. There was despair in her voice. "I'm seeing the architect today."

But when the architect estimated the costs, it was her turn to hesitate. She telephoned her father for advice. "Go ahead and build, Elsie," he said. "You've got a real business now. Give it a real home."

Elsie long-distanced Edna.

"I was just going to call you," said Edna. "I've found the loveliest location in Beverly Hills. The movie stars won't have to walk a step—"

"Stop!" shrieked Elsie.

"The shop in the location has just failed," Edna persisted. "I can have the store for $300 a month."

"Stop! Stop!" begged Elsie.

Mr. Frankfurt didn't live to see the new Beverly Hills shop or the Dallas building. He died in November, 1947.

A half hour after Edna unlocked the door of the Beverly Hills shop on opening day, the phone rang. A husky feminine voice wanted to know if the store would be open until six. Its owner appeared at quarter to six and bought a complete maternity wardrobe, from beach shorts to dinner gown.

"I couldn't come earlier," she apologized, handing Edna a check. "I'm on location in a new picture."

The check was signed Margaret Sullavan. More movie stars followed: Joan Bennett, Maureen O'Sullivan and Deborah Kerr, among others. But the heart of Page Boy remains in Dallas. There its new $250,000 home—a slick, café-au-lait brick building, with offices and retail store on the first floor, factory on the second, and complete air conditioning—opened last September. Elsie, giggling, cut a white ribbon held at one end by Mayor Wallace Savage. On the other end were two rebellious storks—a publicity stunt of Elsie's.

"The Frankfurt sisters belie the much-maligned business sense of women," the mayor told an audience of leading citizens.

The Screens Aren't Used

The *décor* of the office and factory shows unmistakable signs of the feminine owners. The color scheme is Van Gogh yellow and silver gray. In the private offices, Elsie's and Edna's desks, look-alikes, are side by each, identified only by their names in huge gold block letters on tortoise-shell-rimmed blotters. A sliding screen can divide the room into separate offices. It has never been used.

The sisters now stock 100 different styles, including such tradition-breaking maternity garments as play clothes, slacks and cocktail dresses, with a price range from $17.95 to $100. They reluctantly got into the higher brackets when Saks Fifth Avenue in New York ordered evening gowns in costly, all-silk tissues.

Elsie was recently asked by a group of business girls to give her rules for success.

"Any idea basically sound, with the proper publicity, can be built into big business," she told them. "But the product must be the best of its kind. Don't be afraid. You've got to work. There is no magic. But, if you love what you're doing, it isn't hard work. A business is like a child. You get from it exactly what you give it."

The sisters insist they don't want their business to grow larger. They fear it will get out of hand. Dallas businessmen like Stanley Marcus, of the famed Neiman-Marcus department store, and DeWitt Ray, president of the National City Bank of Dallas, don't see how it can be held back. Marcus is frank to admit that he would like to stock the Frankfurt line. Though flattered, the girls have thus far sidestepped the opportunity.

In January they boldly opened another retail shop directly opposite his store. Added to the two Dallas shops are others in Cleveland and Indianapolis, as well as Los Angeles, Beverly Hills and San Francisco. On top of all that, the Frankfurt girls have 250 wholesale outlets and a New York penthouse showroom. They now employ 125 people but occasionally, just for the fun of it, still wait on customers themselves.

The Frankfurt sisters have yet to be feezed by any special challenge to their ingenuity. On one memorable occasion they designed a suitably disguised wedding gown for a young bride. And periodically they match wits with Hollywood columnists who try to ferret out the identity of the latest screen glamor girl added to their roster of customers.

But the challenge the sisters find most stimulating is that regularly tossed at them by the husbands of the women they dress. Letters from men are numerous. One, from an Army major stationed in the Canal Zone read: "I understand that your maternity clothes make pregnant women appear smartly dressed. My wife is having our second child. Let's see what you can do."

The Frankfurt sisters promptly shipped him three of their best numbers, and expressed no surprise when a satisfied note came back. They never forget that their revolution in maternity wear has brought cheer to the menfolk too. THE END

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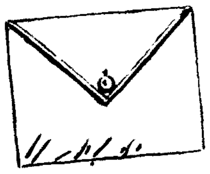
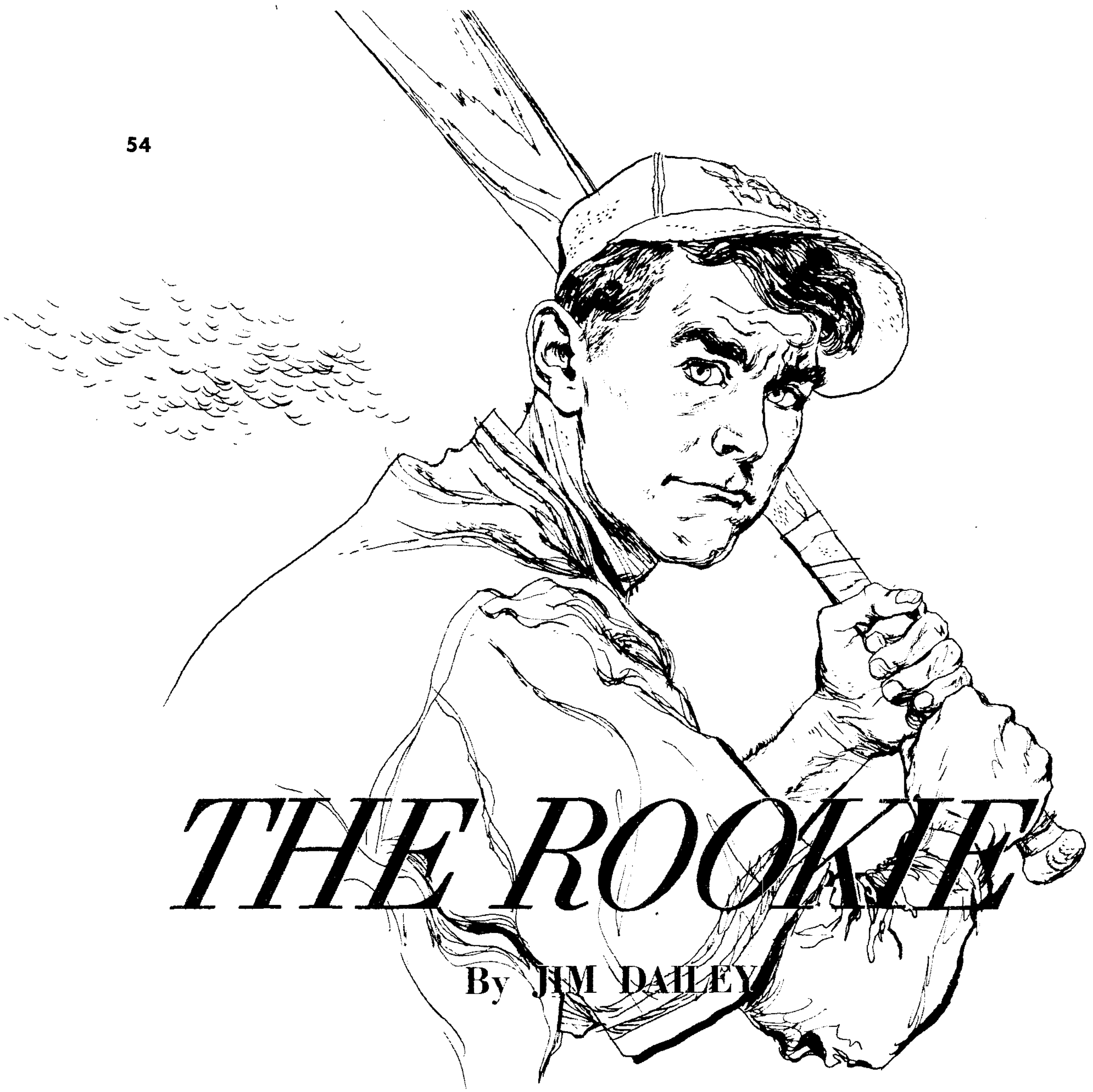




THE ROOKIE

By JIM DAILEY

Collier's SHORT SHORT

BERT MILLER, astride a folding chair on the side lines, took the good Florida sun. He looked at his legs under the bright striped socks; he could feel the knotty muscles where once his legs had been smooth. Fifteen years is a long time to be a big-leaguer. Most don't last ten, many are out after five.

The Hawks of Bert's day had been a carefree outfit. Water-filled paper bags dropped from hotel-room windows, hillbilly quartets, all the rest of it. The newspapers called them the Boilermakers.

But that was before Jeff Longman took over. Longman—the Wizard, the Great One—changed all that. Now the Hawks had the biggest farm system in baseball. Longman had tied up most of the good kids in the country in the octopuslike Hawk chain. The money rolled in, and the pennants did too, which is more than you could have said for the fun-loving Boilermakers. Bert had stood out among those misfits. In his day he had been a truly great ballplayer. But everyone knew he was on the way down.

Last year he had hit .283; that was respectable enough—except that his lifetime major-league average was .346. He had hit .325 the year before, and .351 the year before that. He couldn't keep Bobbie Ray out of that left-field spot and he, among others, knew it.

In yesterday's camp game—Yannigans versus Regulars—young Bobbie Ray had singled twice and hit for two bases in his first three trips to the plate, and they had all been watching him closely when he came up for his fourth turn at bat.

Mosenko, a respectable left-hander, had the kid swinging at bad ones and the count stood at no balls and two strikes. Mosenko's arm flashed wide and the ball came in about shoulder-high and inside. The bat cracked against hard leather and the ball went sailing. The slender boy hesitated at the end of his swing for a brief instant, then took off for first when he saw the ball was going to drop outside. His legs were long and spindly like a colt's, but he could run well.

"Must be a good four hundred feet to that right-field fence," one of the sports writers had said to no one in particular, as they all stood peering around the end of the dugout toward right field.

Then they, ballplayers, scouts, sports writers, front-office men—the menagerie that usually hangs around a major-league spring training camp—had settled back to talk about the new wonder boy and how he'd probably pack 'em in back home. . . .

Now, this afternoon, the sun was hot on Bert's neck as he listened to more praise of Bobbie Ray and looked out over the huge baseball plant built by Jeff Longman. It was a factory, that's what it was, with its automatic pitching and batting machines, dormitories, and the big mess hall. He thought for a second that he would be well out of the game that wasn't a game any more, but a business. But he knew he was only kidding himself.

What, he wondered, does an old ballplayer like me do when he's through? He wasn't managerial timber; he knew he didn't have the leadership or the brain power for it. And Jeff Longman wouldn't keep him around as a pinch hitter: the Hawks had too many kids who needed experience as pinch hitters. Well, he and Martha still had the filling station and a few bucks in the bank. Thirty-eight was old only in baseball.

The crowd of players deployed to the four diamonds for batting practice, infield practice, pepper games, fungo hitting and other sharpening exercises.

"Bert!" It was Collins, the Hawks' manager, calling from the side of the Wizard, who was surrounded by sports writers and various seersuckered hangers-on in the rickety wooden stands. "Gwan out and pitch to the boys," Collins hollered. "It'll limber you up."

Listlessly, Bert Miller picked up his worn glove and walked out to the mound, where a leather bag full of old balls awaited. Everybody knew it now. He was no longer a regular. The ignominy of pitching at batting practice was invariably reserved for coaches, rookies, old-timers and other deadwood—like himself.

He put two balls into his glove and lobbed one toward the plate. The left-handed Hanson waited until the last minute before punching the outside pitch over third. Bert noted how Hanson had timed his swing to meet the ball at just the right instant. Hanson was a real pro.

Then Bert saw Bobbie Ray facing him from the plate. Bobbie was a bad-ball swinger, but it didn't seem to matter much since he usually hit them safely. Bert grudgingly admired what he saw, especially after the kid lashed one to right field. He was a whip hitter, with sharply snapping wrists.

The next pitch was smashed out of the park. For a change, Bert threw one wide. The youngster popped high above the backstop. Bert experimented with another, outside and low this time, and Bobbie Ray rolled it weakly to third.

Could it be that the golden boy couldn't hit one pitched carefully to the outside corner of the plate? He threw another, and the high pop fly told Bert Miller that he'd guessed right—Bobbie Ray couldn't time an outside pitch. The next one, high and inside, was hit sharply over first base.

The kid would be a goner in a month, Bert thought happily; Bobbie Ray would be finished as soon as the Hawks got to playing the other big-league clubs in exhibitions. The pitchers' grapevine would circulate the word and Bobbie Ray would be sent back to the bushes, maybe for good. It meant a reprieve for Bert Miller, at least another season in the major leagues.

MACKLIN, one of the coaches, came out to the mound to relieve Bert. "Okay, old-timer, have a few cuts yourself," Macklin said a little patronizingly.

"Okay, Dad," Bert said, smiling. And he handed Macklin the two grass-stained balls he had in his hand.

Bert leaned on the support pipes behind the backstop, waiting his turn. When it came he flexed his knees, standing in the box; he bunted one just to get the feel. Then he lined out three perfect bingles, one to each field, just to show *he* knew his timing. He always would, though his reactions would slow a little. He laid down a perfect bunt and walked behind the net to wait for another turn.

"Mr. Miller." The kid, Bobbie Ray, was at his elbow. It struck Bert suddenly that though they had been in the camp a week they had never met.

The kid's eyes were black and sharp, good hitter's eyes. "I just wanted to shake hands, sir, and introduce myself," he said. "I've followed you since I was a kid. I think you're the greatest that ever was."

Bert Miller was a shy man and he blushed. Bobbie Ray had the shining look of any kid outside Yankee Stadium or any other ball park. Bert understood suddenly that Bobbie Ray hadn't tumbled to the fact that he was supposed to take Bert Miller's job.

"You're going to be a good one yourself, kid," he said gruffly, "when you get to meeting those outside pitches."

Of course, Bert had to show the kid what he meant. He had to explain the laying back, the picking and choosing—how you had to hold back your eagerness, like in poker.

The kid worked hard and Bert coached him until Collins called off the day's work. Then they walked down the fern-banked lane to the showers, talking baseball. Bert knew the kid would get it. He'd pick up a lot within a week, more in two weeks, and after a year he'd be holding his own with guys like Musial. And, after all, Bert Miller had had his turn at bat.

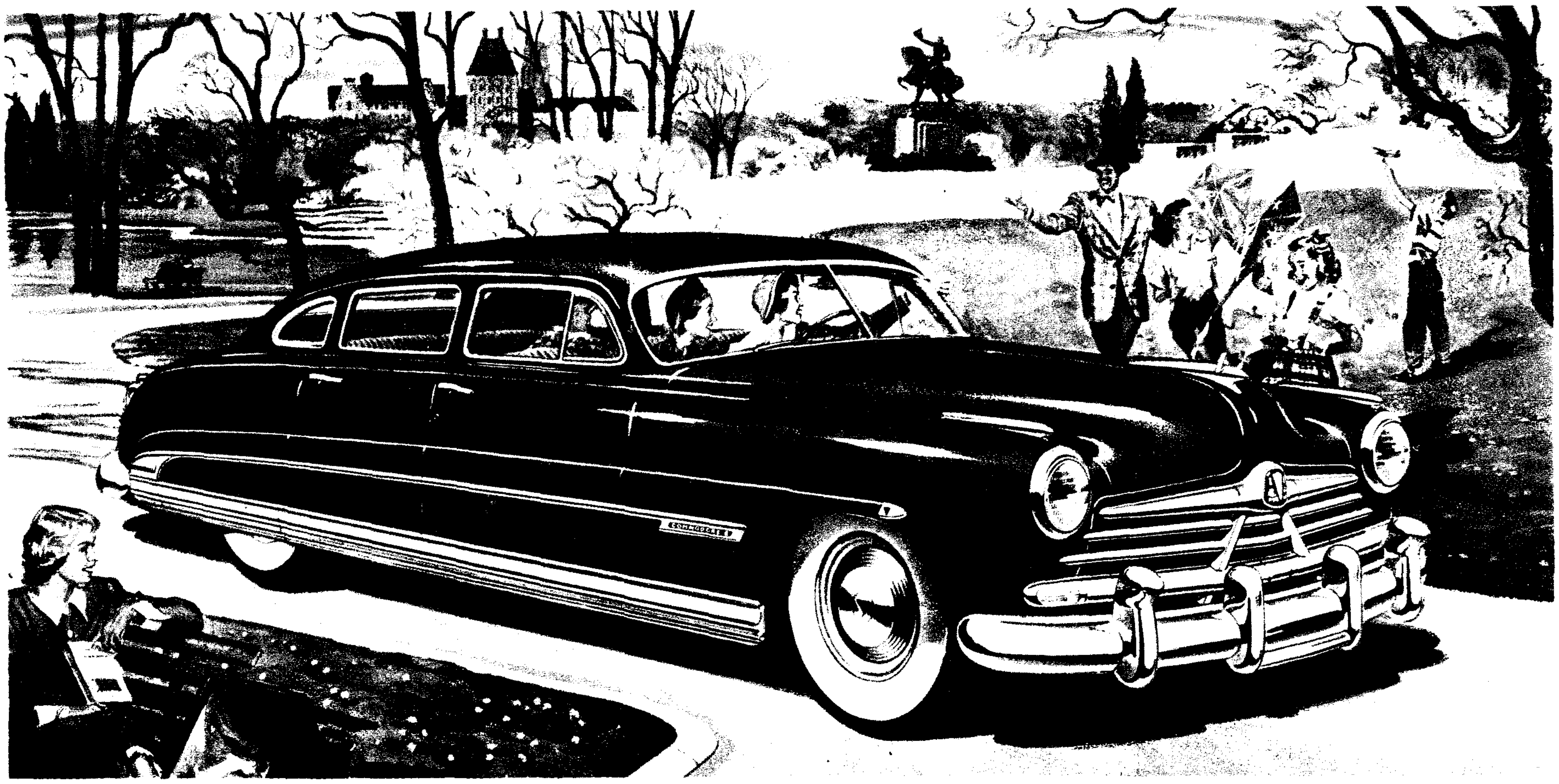
"Bert!" He turned and saw the plump little Wizard, followed by his full retinue. His cigar made figure eights in the twilight as he punctuated his words with his hands. He stopped in front of Bert Miller and waved everybody else on.

"I saw you with that kid," he puffed. "You can work with kids. How would you like to manage Koshokee? It's loaded with kids like him, and if you get them going, no telling what it might lead to—for you."

Bert hesitated. He knew it was a good chance, especially with the kind of kids Longman funneled through Koshokee. It was Triple A ball and one step down, but he'd be a man with a future again.

"I'd like it fine," Bert said softly. THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG



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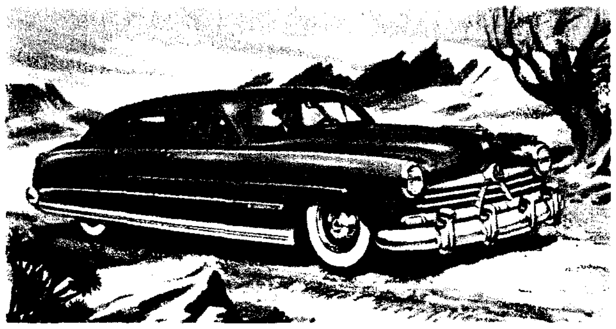

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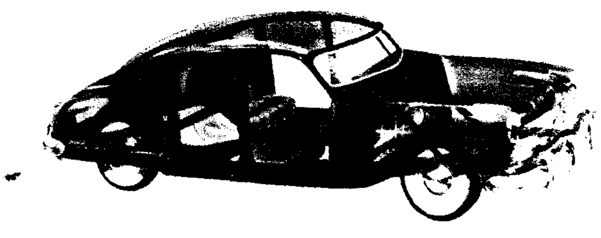

Safest? Absolutely! Hudson's low center of gravity makes it a steady, sure-handling car. And for even greater safety, Hudson's Monobilt body-and-frame*, an all-welded, all-steel single unit of construction, rides you down within a base frame (shown in red above) with box-section steel girders completely encircling and protecting the passenger compartment—even outside the rear wheels! *Trade-mark and patents pending.

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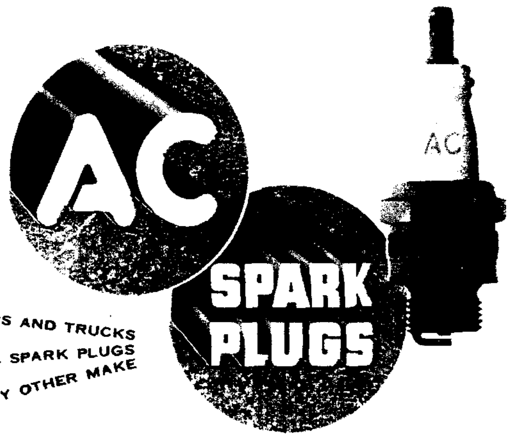

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AC OIL FILTERS

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preferred on millions of vehicles

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATIO

Thousands of Beautiful Girls

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

Charlie Dumas' convertible. Charlie was always wrapping the car around a pole or something and walking away from it unscratched, worse luck. Having a rich father was all that could keep you in convertibles under those conditions. There must be plenty of blondes in the world who weren't fascinated by a convertible.

Thinking about such girls brought the original moth a mate, and the two of them began fluttering around together. The steam from the cooking must have been worse than he'd thought, because he realized that the palms of his hands were covered with moisture. He said, "Gee, Mary, it's wonderful to see you."

That was it: make it sound emotional, as if he meant it. He'd suspected right along he was a darned good actor.

She lowered her head a little, and smiled up at him. She said, "It's nice to see you, too, Danny. Are you home on a vacation?"

"No. I'm through down in Albany, for good."

"For good?" Even down at the freeze locker, on the plates, the atmosphere didn't chill down as fast as it did right there then. She said coldly, "I've got to get back to work."

"But, Mary, what's happened? What's the matter?"

"Matter?" Mary tossed her head a little and her eyes were very cold. "I'm sure nothing's the matter. What gave you that idea? Why would I have the slightest interest in whether your word could be trusted? Probably Mr. Hanson would be interested, since you promised to stay a whole year when you went to Albany to work for him. But whether you're trustworthy or not isn't of the *slightest* interest to me. Just why should it be?"

"But—but, Mary, you didn't want me to go there in the first place. And now you're sore because I'm back."

"Sore? Why, the very idea! As if it mattered that much. I happened to believe when you were talking about going that the best thing for you to do was to take over your family's farm and bring it back from a rundown condition. I thought you could take your father's place in the community. But once you'd made the decision to—Please, Danny, I'll thank you not to keep me here when you know I have work to do."

Well, get a load of that! A fine thing! That just proved that this Mary was a person nobody should chase. She didn't know her own mind.

And what that Mrs. Brown said about not following Mary into the dining room was pretty absurd when anybody could see he'd just stepped to the door to look in at the decorations.

HE PASSED Mrs. Bemis, who was stirring a great kettle of winter squash, and Mrs. Jerome, who was setting out hot, homemade rolls on plates. He went outside, and Charlie Dumas was still standing near the top of the steps.

Charlie said to him, "Somebody must have given you a thousand dollars, you look so happy." Charlie was being sarcastic. The others laughed, which amazed Danny since he knew he must look happy after finding out for sure that Mary no longer had any hold over his feelings. Charlie must have mugged to make them laugh. He felt absolutely no animosity toward Charlie, so he was again able to resist a powerful urge to punch Charlie right in the nose. . . .

Around at the side of the building, the darkness was friendly and the night breeze cool against his face. Both those moths had stopped fluttering in his stomach. They were probably dead, because there was a dead feeling in there that he had never remembered experiencing before.

The stars were closer now, and above him he could hear the hum of the telephone wires. Across Lake Champlain the overhead crane at the steel mill in Port Henry rumbled as the night shift worked.

He went around to the front of the Community House and joined the line that queued away from the ticket table.

He knew less than half the people in the ticket line, where on most other occasions he'd have known everyone. With his new world outlook, he got a kick out of seeing some of the local characters through the eyes of these visitors from near-by cities and towns. There was the man who looked as if he had never shaved and who dragged a piece of string around behind him, becoming very annoyed if anybody stepped on it. And the man whose cap visor was bent flat on one side where, for years, he'd rested his head against the sides of his cows while he was milking. Danny could see the city people nudging one another and pointing out three or four such characters with their eyes.

It was also interesting to see the local people nudging one another and pointing out some of the characters from the cities and the towns. There was the man who gestured to his companion with a foot-long cigarette holder, and the little man with the Vandyke beard and the beret, and the lady with the loud British accent, the lorgnette, and the chauffeur who was standing in line for her.

The woman just ahead of Danny was saying to her companion, "They say there are people who go to these chicken pie suppers on a regular circuit during the fall and when there are special ones in the spring—like this one for the organ fund tonight. Chicken pie suppers are certainly a pleasant custom in Vermont. That man over there from the University of Vermont, I see at almost all of them in— My dear, look at that local rural character with the tremendous cherries on her hat. Wouldn't you know it would be a country bumpkin without any taste who'd wear a hat like that? Oh, you say she's from Boston, just visiting? Amazing. Well, as I was saying, the various towns vie with one another in trying to have the best meal. West Addison is supposed to be one of the very best—all you can eat for a dollar."

When Danny reached the table he paid his money and received a ticket numbered 176. Since only a few over fifty numbers had been called so far, he'd have a lot of time to kill before places would have been reset, and his number would be called.

As he turned away he got a glimpse into the room where the first sitting was already hard at work. He saw Mary's table and saw her bringing in the last of the full plates, heaped with chicken pie.

From past experience he knew that when everyone was served and the coffee poured, the waitress had a short breathing spell.

He went outside. A car drove up, and out of it climbed a friend of his mother's and a large family of children. She was carrying two pies gingerly, and at the same time trying to keep tabs on the children, who were developing a tendency to whoop off, each in a different direction.

Danny stepped forward. He said, "Mrs. Ames, can I carry those around to the kitchen for you?"

Mrs. Ames was delighted. And Danny felt good about that, even though it was a sacrifice on his part, because he'd be running the risk of having to see Mary again.

When he entered the kitchen, Mary wasn't in sight. He asked Mrs. Jarvis if there was anything he could do, and after she had said there was nothing right then, she suggested that he stay just outside where she could get hold of him quickly if anything did come up. At least she would have suggested it in another moment, if he hadn't come out with the suggestion himself to save her embarrassment.

He stepped outside and sat down on the railing with Charlie, who was the only one left there now. Danny had a good mind to tell Charlie how silly it looked for a grown young man to be hanging around like that waiting for a girl. Obviously Charlie didn't have the world outlook.

Danny sat there and mostly listened to Charlie talk. Charlie told him about driving thirty-two miles the night before, in twenty-five minutes, some of it over back roads. It was a fact, well known in the area, that Charlie was a car jockey of no mean ability. He knew how, going full speed, to put his brakes on at exactly the right moment when he came to those right-angle turns you found on dirt roads, and skid the rear end of his car around. This accomplishment had enabled him to avoid ever being caught for speeding. He could lose any cop on the dirt roads.

It seemed that the night before, he and a couple of his pals had been in Rutland where they had liberated several boxes of candy out of a store, while one of them confused the proprietor. Then they went to a roadhouse that had an illegal quarter machine in the back room. They began to play the machine with slugs, huddled around it so the proprietor wouldn't see the slugs in the magnifying glass. When they won Charlie put the winnings in his left-hand pocket and continued to play slugs out of his right-hand pocket.

This kept on until the machine jammed and the proprietor started over. With the slug showing nearly twice its size right there in the glass, they ran. They tore outside. They whirled their car out of the parking lot; the proprietor leaped into his car and chased them, shooting at them twice.

AT THIS point in the story, Mary came out and Charlie shut up. She sat down on the railing, stuck out her lower lip, and blew the hair away from her forehead. Just like any other blonde who looked exactly like her, she looked wonderful.

She said to Danny, "Why did you leave Albany?"

He answered very carefully because he didn't want to appear in a bad light, yet he didn't intend to lie. "I wanted for a long time to come home. There were—there were a lot of reasons."

You could never tell what Mary was thinking. She sat there looking out into the darkness, her neat profile lighted by the light from inside the kitchen.

All of a sudden Charlie said, "That wasn't the way my brother-in-law got it when he stopped in to sell Mr. Hanson some wrenches."

"I don't believe Mary is interested in what—"

"On the contrary, I am very much interested. Go ahead, Charlie."

"Well, Mr. Hanson said he fired Danny." There was a smirk at the corners of Charlie's mouth, which would have been changed by a punch in the nose if Danny had been willing to stoop to physical violence with a lady present—and if Charlie hadn't been so darned big. "Mr. Hanson said that Danny kept making colossal mistakes that cost him a lot of money. He said he never saw anybody as dumb about business as Danny was."

There was a large silence after that. Danny sat with his head bowed because he didn't want to look at either of them.

After a while Charlie began, virtuously, "Of course, I wouldn't—"

And Mary said to Danny, "Why did you lie to me?"

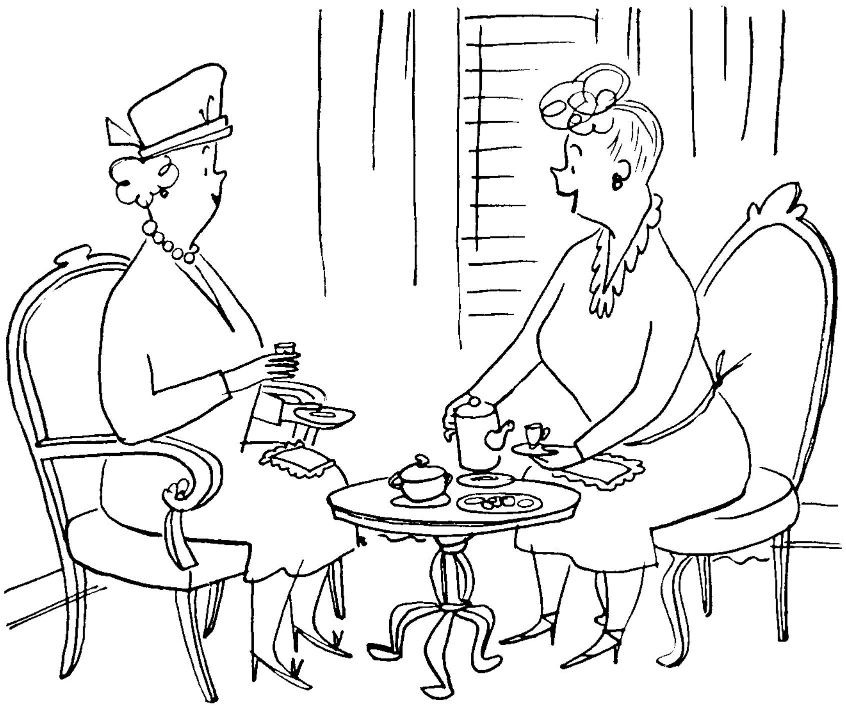
"I didn't lie to you. It was the truth that I had wanted to come home for a long time, only I didn't tell you about making the boners and getting fired. I guess I'd hoped people wouldn't find out."

Mary didn't say anything. She just got up all of a sudden and went back in through the kitchen door, not walking very fast.

The next thing, he found himself in the kitchen, and Mary was going on into the dining room. But he hadn't followed her in there. When he went outside again Charlie had taken his nasty smirk, and his reputation for getting into fights, and his broad shoulders, and gone away. It was astonishing that, even though he felt no animosity toward Charlie whatever, the guy made the back of his scalp prickle.

As he walked around the side of the Community House the loud-speaker out front was calling for numbers 125 and 126. So, instead of going out there, Danny went over into the parking lot and climbed up onto the tractor seat. He sat there with his head in his hands a long time. He heard a fox barking, way over on the hill in the woods back of Trudeau's. He heard a hoot owl close at hand. He heard the whisperings of laughter and commotion inside the Community House as a background. Mostly he thought about how silly it would be if he sat there and thought about Mary. . . .

After a long while he heard the loud-



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speaker call for numbers 165 to 180. He walked over to the front of the Community House. He must have been very hungry, because he felt all gone inside and miserable. It couldn't be anything but hunger that was making him feel that way.

He went inside and took his place at a table—not Mary's table, he was glad to say, because he had carefully avoided that. Besides, there hadn't been any room left at it when he went over that way.

The waitress brought him a plate with a helping of chicken pie on it, a big fluffy biscuit with big chunks of chicken underneath in the gravy. People around him passed him the dish of mashed potatoes and the dish of candied sweets. They passed him the dish of golden squash with the big chunk of butter melting in the top. And they passed him the platter of golden bantam sweet corn.

Up and down the table he could hear the people from out of town talking about the corn, wondering how the committee could get such good corn in the spring. Well, it didn't just happen. The fall before he'd helped pick it when it was right, process it and put it in the freeze locker just for this supper.

Danny gave his undivided attention to the heaped-up plate in front of him. Evidently he was hungrier than he had thought, because when he had finished it all, there was still that all-gone feeling in his stomach. So he asked the waitress to get him another helping of the chicken pie, and he added servings of squash and potato and corn when she returned.

He noticed that Mary had only two more people to serve with chicken pie at that sitting. And about that same time he saw Charlie come in and sit down. Pretty obviously, Charlie wouldn't be in circulation for a while. All of a sudden Danny wasn't hungry any more, even though he knew that a piece of hickory-nut pie would be one of the kinds he'd be offered. He really ought to get around to the kitchen door and be ready in case Mrs. Jarvis needed to call on him for anything. At the back door he sat down on the railing and waited. He hoped Mary wouldn't see him and come out.

Pretty soon Mary came out, smiling, and it was funny, but the darkness seemed less dark because she was there. She sat down and blew the hair away from her forehead. This was the time to keep everything on a light, impersonal plane with talk about the supper, or the early spring.

So he said, "You don't have any right to act like this. You've got to let me explain."

"Got to? And just why have I *got* to do anything *you* tell me to?"

"Well, because we—we used to take it for granted that you and I were going to be married."

Mary tossed her head and said, "Maybe *you* took it for granted. I didn't. We were just kids. Anyway, it was impersonal. We talked about what we wanted out of marriage, and life and all. Just general."

"But we liked the same things. You told my sister you were going to marry me."

"I did not. Well, I—I don't remember any such thing. But just suppose I did feel that way then. Do you think a girl wouldn't change her mind if a man changed and got ordinary like other men? Do you think a girl could keep on planning to marry a man who quit the farm because it would be hard work to bring it back after it had got badly run down because of his father's death?"

"It wasn't that. It was because I wanted to see what it would be like to live in the city. How can you know which kind of life you like best if you don't experiment?"

"Oh, sure! Well, if that's true, why were you fired for being lazy or dumb or something like that? Do you think a girl wants to trust the future of any family she might have to a man who's too lazy or dumb—"

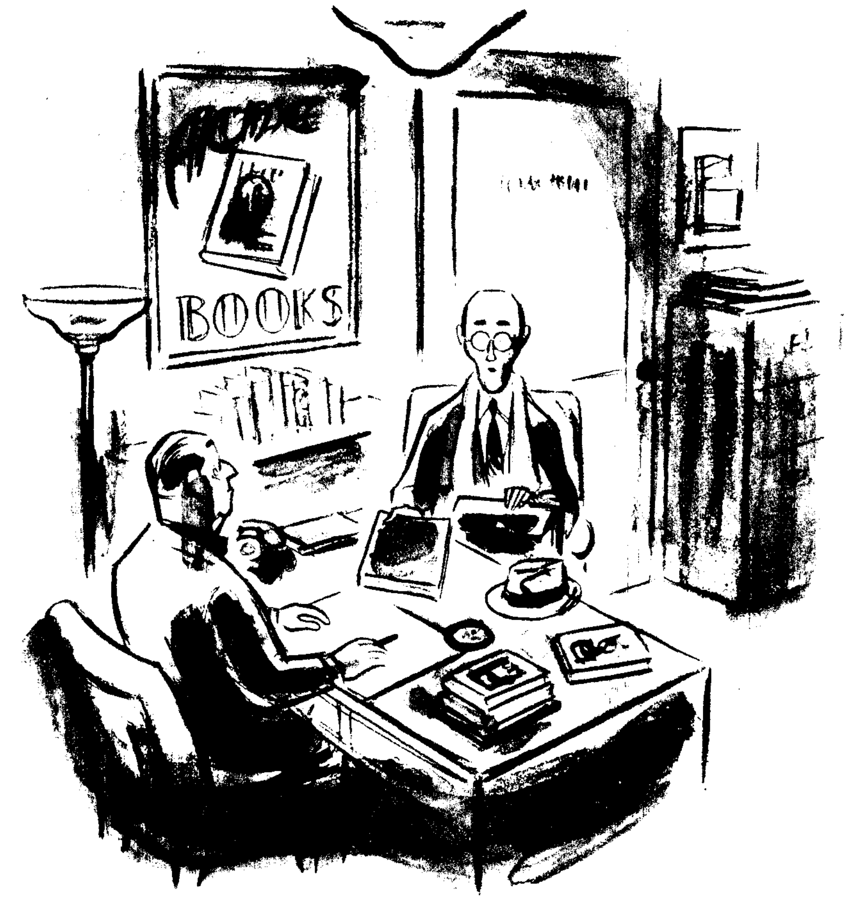
From the kitchen a voice called, "Mary! They want coffee."

MARY fled into the kitchen. Danny sat on the railing in the darkness, giving himself the routine about there being thousands of girls just as good as Mary, and about the world outlook.

Only the amazing way he felt kept getting in the way of clear thinking.

He sat there and his eyes stung and he didn't hear the night noises any longer, or see the stars. He was still a cosmopolitan gentleman with a world outlook. But you couldn't take a world outlook in your arms. Sometimes it was pretty hard for outsiders to distinguish between a guy with a world outlook and a rather shy country boy who had lost his girl.

After a long time he went over to the



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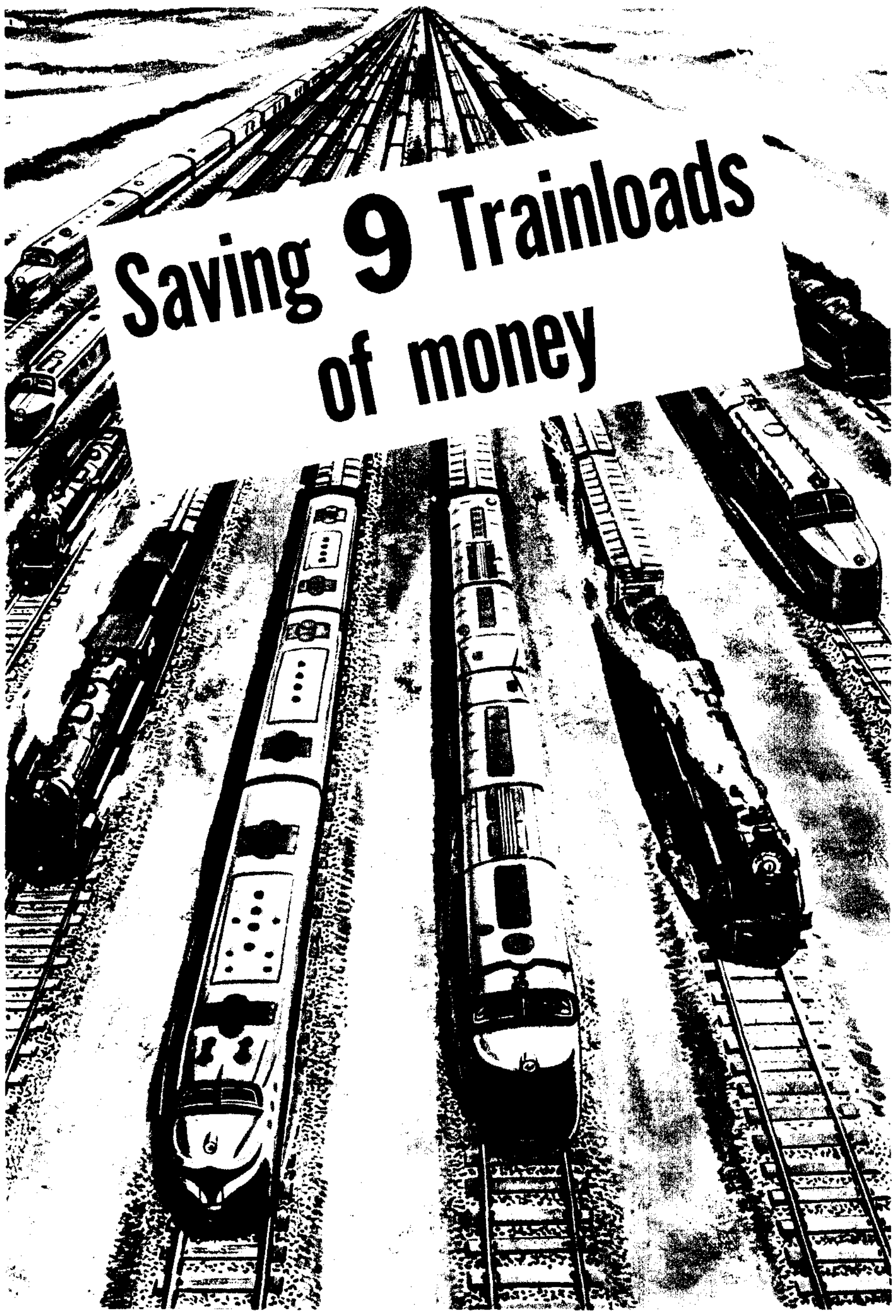

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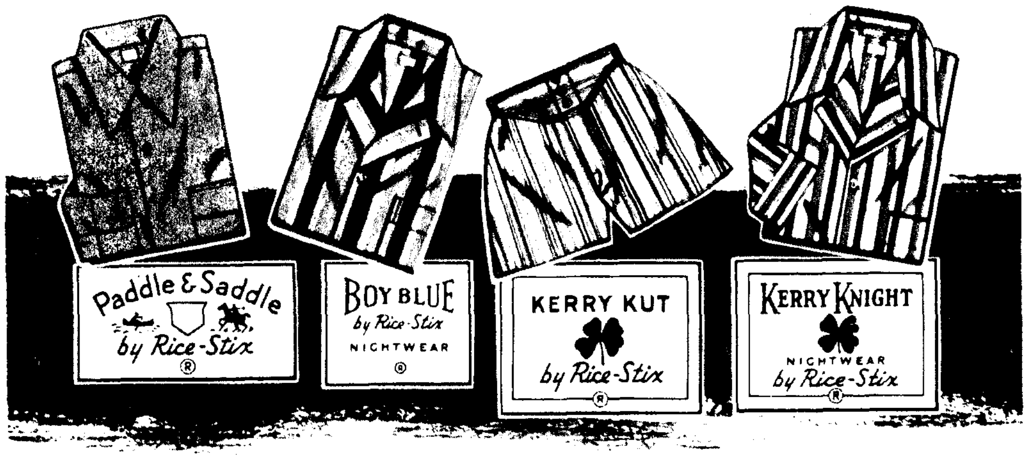
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tractor, started it and drove it along toward home. As he rode, pictures of his dreams passed through his mind, pictures that he had seen many, many times when he was in Albany. In those pictures he saw himself about this time of year painting farm buildings, plowing, mending the fences, working long hours to make it a good farm again. And when he was through at night he saw Mary waiting for him in a kitchen that smelled of spices and cooking things, the way country kitchens have always smelled. He saw himself with Mary, maybe in the fall, standing in on the barn floor. The hay smelled pungent, fragrant. Pumpkins were piled there, and big Hubbard squashes.

IN THE dream, the leaves were gone and the trees were bare and the world had that quiet attitude of waiting for the cold winter. But inside there was no depression because everything was ready. The potatoes were in the cellar, canned goods had marched across the empty shelves throughout the summer until those shelves were full. The freezer was loaded with good things to eat, hickory nuts were in the baskets in the woodshed, the oak and hickory chunks were ready for the fire. You felt good as you stood there.

And because you felt good you reached over to put your arms around Mary, and it wasn't Mary at all. It was some other blonde—with whom you had never grown up, or played, or dreamed. It was some girl you didn't love. It was some other blonde who looked like Mary, and you pushed her away from you, and you stormed out of the barn . . .

It was at that point of his dream that he turned the car into a driveway. He backed the tractor around and started back toward the Community House. He put the tractor back where it had been in the parking lot. He climbed down and went to the front of the Community House. Charlie was already there, waiting for Mary.

There were other people around, but when Mary came out, Danny pushed forward and stood in front of her.

He said, "I didn't get fired because I was lazy, Mary. Hanson said I was the best worker he ever had. I did make the boners all right, but—"

"He doesn't seem to like to talk about what he actually did do, does he? But my brother-in-law told me and I'll tell you. After a guy had bought a six-hundred-dollar pump that Hanson carried, he told Danny what he wanted to use it for. And Danny convinced him that Hanson's pump wouldn't do anywhere near as good a job as a different type that was handled by somebody else. So the guy bought the other one."

Danny said uncomfortably, self-consciously, "I knew it just wouldn't do the job and—" His voice trailed off into silence as he watched Mary anxiously.

"And get a load of this one." It was Charlie again with his big broad shoulders and his big mouth.

"My brother-in-law says that through a bookkeeping error one of Hanson's jobbers forgot to bill him for a chlorinator which he'd had. About three hundred dollars. It was a couple of young G.I.s starting in business, and they were trying to handle the bookkeeping and everything else all by themselves. So Hanson never got billed. It went along about three months, and one day when one of those wholesalers was in the store, Danny told him he'd forgotten it. Boy, Hanson was furious. He fired Danny after that. He said he couldn't afford to keep him; it cost him too much money."

Mary had turned as Charlie was talking, and was looking right at Danny, her eyes very steady.

Then Mary said, and her voice sounded peculiar and tense, "But, Danny, anybody should have known better than to do those things. Anybody. Charlie would have had more sense, wouldn't you, Charlie?"

And Charlie said, "I'll say." And then he winked and added, "You know my methods, Watson. I'd have found plenty of ways like that to make money for Hanson. Look, Mary, the car is right over there. Let's go."

Danny turned away suddenly. The night wind blowing in his eyes had evidently made them water a little, but he could still see all right. It was just that somebody seemed to have changed the position of the steps.

All the time he kept concentrating very hard on the thousands of pretty girls there were in the world, all equally desirable. And maybe he should have eaten his dessert after all, because he had that awful hungry feeling in his stomach. Hours passed while he stumbled down the steps and moved out into the darkness.

Then one of those thousands of beautiful girls whose picture he was trying to conjure up in his mind's eye was calling to him in a voice that sounded almost exactly like Mary's. So he turned.

It *was* Mary's voice and she was saying, "Danny, are you going after the car? I was telling Charlie that I had decided to ride home with you."

"*You had!* I mean, you had?"

"What do you mean, ride home with him?" Charlie had come up behind them. "He's got nothing but a tractor."

The three of them stood there motionless like the figures in a tableau for just one split second. And then Mary smiled easily and said, "Did I say car? I meant tractor. Danny, are you going after the tractor?" Then she turned to Charlie and said, laughing pleasantly, "I think it's going to be a lark, riding home aboard a tractor."

Danny drove up with the tractor. Mary came over and climbed expertly up and sat in his lap. All the people around were watching and there was high color in her cheeks. But she did it. They started away.

Boy, it was amazing how light she was. He was willing to bet that not one of those thousands of beautiful girls would have seemed as light as she did.

And she was very warm against him and it was terrific the way she had to keep her arms around his neck in order not to slide off. Boy, this gravity, now, was a wonderful institution. He still had the world outlook, but she was the whole world right there in his arms.

A CAR caught up with them, and it was Charlie's convertible. He stopped it beside them. Danny stopped the tractor.

Charlie said, "Look, Mary, you've carried this joke far enough. You can't ride clear to your place on his lap on an open tractor."

Mary said, "Two people starting in to bring back a run-down farm might have to go lots of places aboard a tractor until they could afford a car. A girl couldn't start learning any too quick."

Danny maintained his one arm tight around Mary, but removed the other hand from the steering wheel. He massaged his nose ruminatively with his thumb, his little finger pointing in the general direction of Charlie. He allowed the fingers in between to undulate ever so slightly.

Charlie let out a bellow. He made a big commotion about getting out of the front seat and yelled, "Come down off there and fight!"

Danny's free hand began to fumble in the toolbox for the wrench. With Mary choosing him, it didn't seem to matter how big Charlie was. He said, "I got news for you, bub. This will be a pleasure."

And Mary said, "Give me that wrench, Danny. You take the crank."

Charlie stood there in the road and looked up at this setup. He mumbled a little more, got into the front seat of the convertible and slammed it into gear. Fine gravel and small pebbles hit the metal parts of the tractor from the violence of his leaving.

Danny replaced the crank and the wrench. He and Mary went on their leisurely, wonderful way. He sat there and he doubted if any of those thousands of beautiful girls could have done so sudden and complete an about-face as Mary had done a few minutes before. It was wonderful.

But why she had chosen him, he hadn't the foggiest notion.

THE END

The Case of the Smuggler's Bell

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

to look in and say hello and present a letter to the owner. "Do you mind?" she asked.

Rob merely shook his head. He would cheerfully have stayed days, weeks or months at any place. In the back of his mind he was serenely aware that despite the barrier of mystery concerning Linda's personal background, they were daily growing closer into something more than mere companionship.

The inn turned out to be a neat little place. The proprietor, René Charteux, sad-eyed, quiet and courteous, took the letter Linda presented to him, seemed greatly moved by it and extended to Linda the hospitality of the place.

The little car, which had done so bravely during the journey, developed a leak in the radiator while standing in front of the inn, and René Charteux agreed to have a mechanic come and repair the car.

There had, he explained as he unloaded their baggage, recently been a tragedy in the family. His wife had died. The wife had been friendly with Linda's aunt, who had stayed at the inn for several days during the preceding year.

René Charteux paused in carrying the baggage. He looked as though he might be ready to cry, but after a moment he picked up the baggage again and carried it to their rooms. Then he was back to see that his guests were made comfortable and to see about getting the mechanic.

There was one other American guest, the proprietor told them. He showed the name scrawled on the register in forceful, masculine handwriting: Merton Ostrander, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A. There was no street address.

AFTER Rob and Linda had seen their rooms, René Charteux recommended a fine view, which he said was to be obtained by taking a trail that wound along the plateau, then ascended in zigzags to a wooded peak. It was, he explained in his accentless English, an easy climb and a good view. Merton Ostrander frequently walked up this trail and made sketches.

So Rob and Linda started up the trail, and some half mile from the inn met Merton Ostrander swinging along, sketchbook under his arm. Ostrander was tall and blond, clad in serviceable tweeds. He showed surprise when he saw the two Americans.

Rob extended his hand and introduced himself.

"And this is your wife?" Ostrander said with a bow to Linda.

"I'm Linda Carroll," she said hastily.

She saw the swift questioning glance of his eyes as he shifted his gaze quickly to Rob and went on hurriedly, "We're the sole survivors of a foursome which was shattered on the rocks of business. My friends, Mr. and Mrs. Essex, were suddenly called back to the States." Then abruptly she asked, "You're an artist?"

"Not an artist," Ostrander told her, "but I find I can capture what I want with a sketchbook better than with a camera."

He gestured to the sketchbook under his arm but made no offer to show them any of the sketches.

"If you're interested in a beautiful view," Ostrander went on affably, "I'll be only too glad to show you one of the most beautiful little glades in the world."

"We'd love to be guided," Linda said.

OSTRANDER, turning back up the trail, swinging along with the easy stride of a man who is accustomed to hiking, commented on the tragedy at the inn. "The proprietor lost his wife just a few days ago. A most tragic occurrence. The woman had been picking native mushrooms all her life, but somehow she picked the wrong kind of plant."

"A toadstool?" Linda asked.

"Apparently a toadstool, and apparently only one, because she was the only one who felt any ill effects."

Ostrander was silent for a few seconds, then made an uneasy motion with his shoulders. "I ate with them; had some of the same food. There weren't many mushrooms, you understand, just a few, but I keep thinking of what would have happened—or what *might* have happened."

"Just the two of them in the family?" Linda asked.

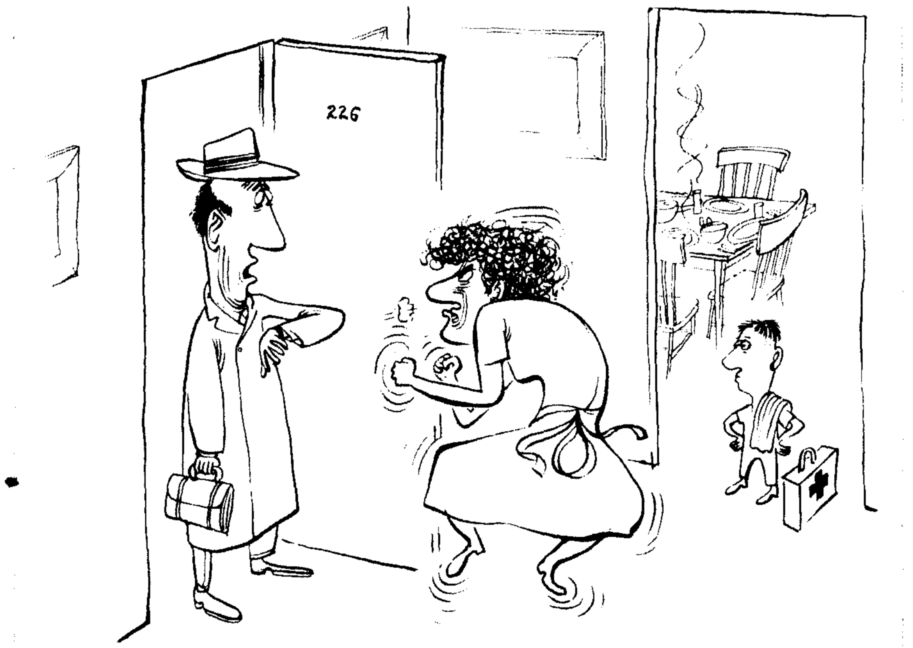
"No, there's a girl, Marie. I'm surprised you didn't meet her. She's a beautiful little thing, and, of course, she's in something of a daze. She's only sixteen, but she looks older." He paused, then asked, "How long are you folks intending to stay?"

"Just overnight."

"Oh." Ostrander's face showed a faint flicker of disappointment.

"You've been here long?" Trenton asked.

"Several weeks," Ostrander said, laughing. "I can't remember whether it's six or eight. Up here, time passes smoothly. But the inn is different now, of course. Living in that atmosphere of grief is—well, in a way I'm one of the family and I've hesitated to leave because I know how they'd feel. They've come to depend on me. However—Well, let's go on up to the plateau and look



COLLIER'S "I take it I'm late again" VIRGIL PARTCH

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at the scenery from there. Are you by any chance an artist?" he asked Linda.

She shook her head firmly and said, "My sketches are so crude that they couldn't possibly convey meaning to anyone except me. I never let anyone see them."

Merton Ostrander regarded her with smiling eyes. "I take it," he said, "that was definitely meant to include me."

"Everyone means everyone," Linda said.

"Fair enough," Merton Ostrander told her, and started piloting the way up the trail.

THE air was clear, crisp and cool. Linda seemed in no hurry and it was late afternoon when they returned to the inn. Marie, who waited on the dinner table, glided in and out of the room, a beautiful girl who seemed completely dazed by the sudden loss of her mother.

René Charteux reported that the car was now fully ready for the road and went to bed early. Marie followed after a few minutes, giving them all a courteous good night, but reserving for Merton Ostrander a glance of worshipful affection as she quietly left the room.

The next morning, Ostrander, with the calm assurance which should properly have been the prerogative only of an old friend, suggested that he'd like to "shove along" with them if they had the room.

Linda hesitated, but after a swift glance at Rob, said, "I guess we *could* squeeze you in, but we're leaving almost at once."

"That suits me fine," Ostrander said.

"But you're—well, you said you were almost one of the family here. Won't you want to wait and say good-by?" Marie had gone into town on a shopping trip.

Ostrander brushed the suggestion aside. "They know I have to leave sometime. Frankly, this atmosphere of sadness gets me down. So far as that's concerned, it's better to do it suddenly, get it over with and make a clean break. I loathe farewells."

Rob Trenton, remembering that look which Marie Charteux had given Ostrander the night before, was surprised that Merton was so willing to leave the place before Marie returned. Linda, however, either noticed nothing out of the ordinary in Ostrander's haste, or sympathized with him.

"Of course," she confided to Rob, "I can understand his feelings. I hate farewells myself."

Rob merely nodded, but he tried to delay their departure so that Marie would at least have a chance to return and say good-by to the man, who, according to his own admission, had become "one of the family."

However, Ostrander appeared with his belongings all packed and with such suspicious alacrity that Rob felt certain the process had started the night before.

René Charteux made no comment when he was told that Ostrander was leaving. He seemed incapable of any emotion whatever, but lethargically went about the detail of computing the various bills. Ostrander paid his account, deposited his luggage on the roof and in the tonneau, until it seemed that the little car was overflowing with baggage, and hurriedly shook hands with his host, rattling out a farewell in French, patting the man's shoulder. Then, as tears appeared in René Charteux's eyes, Ostrander gave him a final clap on the back and climbed into the back seat of the little car.

He was apologetic. "Didn't realize that I had so much stuff," he explained, with a disarming smile, "but if you can get me across the border with it, I'll express it to Marseille and take the train."

"You're sailing from Marseille?" Linda asked.

"Yes."

"What ship?"

"Well, now," he said good-naturedly, "that will depend largely on what cancellations show up. I'm getting back to the States on the first available ship."

He made quite a ceremony out of adjusting himself, doubling his long legs so that his knees seemed to be up under his chin. Rob climbed into the front seat, and the little car purred on up the grade.

BY THE time they stopped for lunch, Ostrander's legs were badly cramped. He made a ludicrous show of being frozen into the position he had been forced to assume on the back seat, and so amusing was his performance that even Rob was forced to laugh. However, the device worked and Linda insisted that he should alternate with Rob and sit in the front seat during the afternoon drive.

Rob listened desultorily to Ostrander's conversation and finally was forced into interest when Merton began to talk about the distinctive Swiss cowbells.

From time to time Linda stopped the car at Ostrander's suggestion and they listened to the musical cadences drifting up from some hillside pasture. There was nothing harsh about the cowbells. They were designed to furnish a primitive pastoral harmony. From the deep, booming bell of the bull to the wistful little tinkle of the calf,

IRRITATING WIVES

LOCALE	HUSBAND'S COMPLAINT
Terre Haute	She frequently hid his false teeth and made him pay for their return
Chicago	She permitted him to wear only the neckties that she bought for him
Pittsburgh	She sang for hours every evening after they went to bed
Chicago	She habitually came downstairs by sliding down the banisters
Lake Charles, La.	She poured a quart of his best whisky down the sink
Chicago	She put sand in his shaving cream
Minneapolis	She kept ten rattlesnakes and a python as house pets
Paterson	She put only jelly sandwiches in his lunch box

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

the grazing cattle made a symphony of sound which seemed to blend with the natural beauty of the country.

Ostrander pointed out that not only did the matched cadences of the cowbells furnish a pleasing sound, but they enabled the owner to identify each grazing animal by the particular pitch of the bell. Should one of the animals be missing, the owner could detect not only that fact, but by the missing note in the musical scale, could immediately determine the identity of the truant.

Ostrander, it seemed, made a hobby of these cowbells. He said he had two large cartons filled with the quaint bells; he planned to exhibit the collection as a feature of a lecture series in the States.

So plausible, so convincing and so charming was Ostrander's conversation, that Rob felt himself being reduced to a cipher, whose only value to his fellow tourists was as a kind of baggageman, balancing boxes and valises in the back seat. Almost rudely, Rob began to assert himself in the conversation. He was damned if he was going to sit there and let himself, as well as Linda, be carried away by Ostrander's practiced charm. So he talked and the others listened—Ostrander politely, Linda with a faint smile twitching at the corners of her mouth.

Rob felt there was little of merit in what he had to say, but at least he had the satisfaction of knowing that while he was talking, ordinary politeness forced Merton Ostrander to be silent.

Yet well before they had reached the border it was taken for granted by all concerned that Ostrander was to go on with them—at least as far as Paris.

AT THE hotel in Paris, Rob found himself sharing a double room with Ostrander. It was then, for the first time, he realized the enormous amount of personal baggage Ostrander had managed to pack into the little car.

Not only were there the two cartons of cowbells, as well as a steamer trunk loaded with personal belongings, but there was a heavy chest which Rob had at first thought contained painting materials. However, when Ostrander opened this box, it proved to be a complete set of tools, including an electric drill, files, wrenches and various other mechanical paraphernalia.

All morning long Ostrander had been puttering around with his baggage, and then in the afternoon a telephone call had caused him to dash hurriedly down to the floor below, to Linda's room, on a mission about which he did not see fit to consult Trenton.

Ostrander did not immediately return, and when Rob entered the bathroom he noticed there were smudges of oil on the washstand. A round, metallic shaving on the floor rolled beneath his foot. The place from which this shaving had dropped was a complete mystery.

Rob decided Ostrander must have been drilling a hole in the frame of the mirror which hung over the washbowl. Then he realized that the shavings must have come from some other source.

OSTRANDER returned about three o'clock in the afternoon, and entered the bathroom almost immediately. He seemed annoyed that Rob had done such a meticulous job of cleaning up.

"You shouldn't have done that," he said somewhat impatiently. "You might have known I'd have returned and fixed things up."

"You didn't tell me just when you *were* returning," Rob said.

"I suppose I left something of a mess," Ostrander said. "I was oiling some tools."

Rob said nothing.

Ostrander walked over to the wastebasket, noticed the metal shaving, hesitated for a second or two, then went on casually, "I was trying out a drill bit. Linda wanted me to fasten the horn on the car more securely. It's been working loose. We're driving to Marseille tomorrow and must get the car ready for loading. I wanted to be certain the drill was sharp."

"You've arranged your transportation?" Rob asked.

"Just an hour or two ago," Ostrander said. "That's why I went dashing out. There was a chance to pick up a cancellation. I'm sailing on the same ship with you and Linda."

"That's nice," Rob said tonelessly. . . .

That night, about ten o'clock, Rob Trenton wakened from a sound sleep with a burning, metallic taste in the back of his throat. There were terrible pains across his abdomen, and even in the calves of his legs.

During the violent illness and retching which followed, Ostrander was a solicitous nurse, reassuring, cheerful, optimistic and unbelievably helpful. He put hot compresses on Rob's stomach, assuring him that it undoubtedly had been the lobster salad at dinner. There had been a piece of tainted lobster in his own salad, Merton insisted, and for that reason he had pushed the whole

ECCENTRIC HUSBANDS

LOCALE	WIFE'S COMPLAINT
Cincinnati	He insisted on giving their baby beer with its dinner
Chicago	He habitually slept in the bathtub
Tampa	He sat in the audience and made faces at her while she was performing her professional act
Minneapolis	He played discords on the piano every evening
Cleveland	He shot her in the leg to celebrate their silver wedding anniversary
Indianapolis	He sang The Indian Love Call every night before bedtime
Chicago	He habitually threw lighted matches at her
London	He kept a diary of her faults and read them to her at the end of every week
Chicago	He always went to bed with his hat on

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

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thing aside. He had been tempted to warn Rob, but since Rob seemed to be enjoying the salad so much, he had refrained, thinking that the one piece of tainted lobster was perhaps only a leftover which had been included by accident.

Rob, remembering that Linda had had a sea-food cocktail, insisted that Ostrander should go down, knock on her door, and find out if she was all right.

At first Ostrander ridiculed this suggestion, but finally agreed to give her a ring—and when it was obvious, after some ten minutes, that there was no faintest possibility. The hotel switchboard would answer, he agreed to run downstairs and tap on her door.

BEFORE he left, he insisted on opening the medicine kit, which he explained he always carried with him, and giving Rob two large white capsules. He felt certain they would settle Rob's stomach now that his system was rid of the tainted food.

Ostrander's solicitude was so genuine that there was certainly no reason for Rob to refuse to take them. But a violent fit of retching caused Rob to slip the two capsules into the pocket of his dressing gown, and then, after a few minutes when Ostrander called through the bathroom door to ask Rob if the capsules were "staying down," Rob, rather than waste his waning strength in argument, merely grunted an answer which Ostrander accepted as an affirmative.

So then Ostrander went down to tap on Linda Carroll's door, and Rob, the two capsules still in the pocket of his dressing gown, staggered over to the bed.

Rob was embarrassed when a worried Linda, attired in a housecoat and slippers, returned with Ostrander.

Linda, it seemed, had not only failed to experience any disagreeable symptoms, but she took Rob's illness much more seriously than either of the two men. She insisted that they send for a taxi and rush Rob to the American hospital. Both Rob and Ostrander felt that the danger point had already been passed, but in the end Linda had her way, and Rob found himself bundled into a taxi and transported to the American hospital, where a young doctor listened to his symptoms and prescribed remedies. . . .

Rob was still too weak and sore the next morning to make travel advisable. He said good-by to Linda and Ostrander as they started out in the little car for Marseille.

Ostrander patted Rob's shoulder and assured him he would be able to join them on the boat at Marseille by catching the night train from Paris.

The doctor gravely shook his head, and for a moment Rob thought there was a hint of moisture in Linda's eyes as she turned toward the door, but she waved to him as casually as though she expected to see him again within the next hour or two.

That night Rob was still weak with pain, and the doctor seemed genuinely puzzled to account for his condition. He forbade Rob to take the night train, even though the boat was due to sail the next afternoon at four o'clock.

Rob was weak and disconsolate, but he managed to dictate a telegram to Linda, wishing her *bon voyage*, and, after some hesitancy, included Ostrander in the wire. Then he tried to sleep.

The next morning, with a sudden resolution, he fought back the vertigo and nausea long enough to pack the necessities of travel. He staggered to a taxicab, caught a plane which deposited him in Marseille thirty minutes before sailing time, and came wobbling up the gangplank just as the loudspeaker was announcing for the last time, "All ashore that's going ashore."

Something in the back of Rob Trenton's unconscious mind filed away the look of extreme, incredulous surprise stamped on Merton Ostrander's face as Rob fought his way up the steep incline of the gangplank.

Rob found himself sharing a stateroom with a rather taciturn individual who apparently disliked Rob's company, because the second day out this man was transferred to another cabin and a new roommate named Harvey Richmond, a broadshouldered, genial chap, moved into the room to occupy berth B.

Almost from the start, Rob found himself drawn to Richmond, and Richmond seemed keenly interested in everything Rob had to say. Richmond was especially interested in a detailed account of Rob's European trip.

"How does it happen you're not sharing a room with Ostrander?" Richmond asked.

"Ostrander," Rob explained, "picked up a last-minute cancellation."

"I see. Still, those things can be arranged. A certain shuffling around, you know. You say Ostrander's interested in sketching?"

"Sketching and cowbells."

"What about the cowbells?"

"Well, they're a charming part of the life of the Swiss countryside, and something most tourists don't even notice. They make very pleasant music. Ostrander has a nice collection."

"You say that he brought a collection of cowbells *with* him?" Richmond asked.

"That's right, you should hear them. Each bell has a tone of its own."

"Where are they now?"

"In his baggage, I suppose. He may have them in his stateroom."

"I'm interested," Richmond said, "but I don't want him to think I'm too inquisitive, particularly if he's intending to use them as a prop in a series of lectures. By the way, Trenton, you don't remember the name of this inn where you were staying, do you?"

"No, I don't. It was above Interlaken and that's—"

"Yes, yes. You told me about the general location. I was wondering if you remembered the name."

"No, I can't remember it."

"You say there had been a tragedy?" Richmond asked.

"That's right. The woman who ran the place had died from eating toadstools."

"You didn't by any chance hear anyone describe the symptoms of her illness, did you?"

Trenton made a little grimace and said, "No, but I can imagine how she must have felt. I don't think I care to listen to any symptoms of acute food poisoning right at the moment."

"I suppose not," Richmond said. Having solicitously seen to it that Rob's blanket was properly tucked in around his feet, he left the room.

HE RETURNED in about an hour, bringing with him a small-boned, well-knit man whose piercing black eyes regarded Rob with penetrating appraisal.

"How are you feeling now?" Richmond asked.

Trenton smiled and said, "Much better. Just weak and wobbly."

"This is Dr. Herbert Dixon," Harvey Richmond said. "He's having a little problem. I thought you might be able to help him."

"You're a doctor?" Rob asked, shaking hands.

"I have an M.D. degree," Dr. Dixon said, "but I specialize in an odd branch of the practice. I have a problem with a dog. I understand you're interested in dog training. I thought you might be able to help me."

Rob's eyes lighted up. "What's the problem?"

"This German shepherd," Dr. Dixon said, glancing swiftly at Richmond, "is one I bought from an Englishman who was very much attached to him. The dog seemed perfectly disciplined from all I could see. The Englishman who had been living on the Continent was on his way home and said he simply couldn't afford to keep him in England. He wanted the dog to have a good home. I like the looks of the animal and—"

"Where is he now?" Rob asked.

"Up in the kennels. He's become something of a problem."

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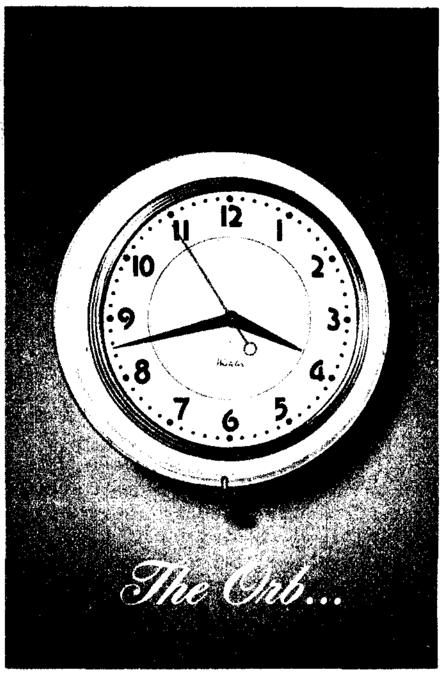

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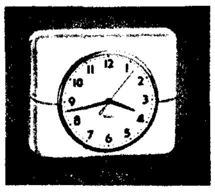

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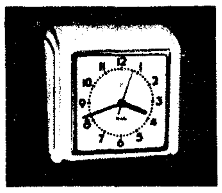

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"How?"

"He growls and shows his teeth and is developing a positively vicious streak."

Rob threw off the covers, started groping for his shoes. "I'd like to take a look at him," he said. "What's his name?"

"Lobo."

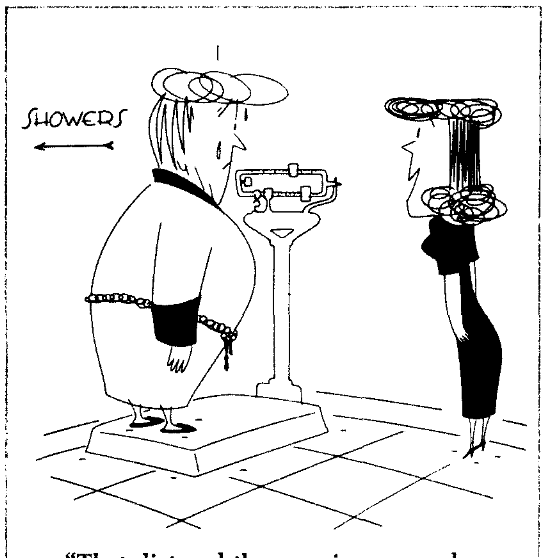
"You have a leash?"

"Oh, yes."

Rob said, "Bring him down to the deck aft of the swimming pool. Tie a rope on the end of the leash so that you have a good long leash and do exactly as I tell you. Don't use the rope until I tell you to. Hold the leash rather short. Meet me there back of the swimming pool."

ROB made his way to the deck, finding that he was even weaker than he had supposed. But the thought of being able to work with the dog buoyed him up.

It had been rough during the morning and the swimming pool had been drained. The deck back of the pool held no deck chairs and now that there was no swimming it was deserted. The sky was overcast and while the wind had died down there was a long, following swell which caused the ship to roll.



"That diet and the exercise are working wonders, Mrs. Gibson. You're not gaining nearly as fast as you were"

COLLIER'S BILL KING

Rob waited until he saw Harvey Richmond and Dr. Dixon approaching, Richmond at a safe distance, and to one side, Dr. Dixon holding the dog on a taut leash.

Rob sat down on the deck, making certain there was plenty of room all around him.

"Now hold the leash rather tight," he said, "and walk past me. Keep the dog on the side that's away from me."

Dr. Dixon, leading the dog, walked slowly by.

"Just keep circling around," Rob instructed.

The dog, seeing Rob sitting there, sensing the crisp note in Rob's instructions, bared his fangs, growled and pulled on the leash.

"Now keep walking past me, back and forth—don't circle so much," Rob said. "Just walk straight on one side and then on the other, gradually increasing the length of the leash."

Dr. Dixon followed instructions. The dog kept pulling away toward the extreme end of the leash.

Rob studied the animal, a big deep-chested German shepherd, with a heavy coat and a worried pucker around the forehead over the center of the eyes.

Rob waited for the right moment, then suddenly said to Dr. Dixon, "All right, give me the end of the rope on the leash, then walk entirely away."

Dr. Dixon tossed him the end of the rope.

"Now get away," Trenton said.

The dog, suddenly finding himself leashed to the stranger who was sitting calmly on the middle of the deck, drew sharply back on the leash, stretching the rope taut.

"What's the matter, Lobo?" Rob asked.

The dog growled, bared his teeth.

Rob laughed and said, "You're going to have to get accustomed to me, fellow," then turning away from the dog, he spoke to Harvey Richmond who was some distance away, an interested spectator.

"You can see the trouble with the animal," Rob said quietly. "The dog misses his master. Naturally he's nervous and irritable and he needs reassurance and a certain amount of affection."

Rob turned suddenly to the dog and said, *"Come!"* He started hauling in on the rope, pulling the dog across the deck toward him. "Come, Lobo. Come!"

The animal continued to pull back against the rope. The growling became more ominous.

Rob kept pulling on the leash, the dog holding back, and continuing to growl. The animal's unwilling claws scraped the deck for an inch or two, then he grudgingly yielded ground and advanced, pulled by the leash, one reluctant step after another. Rob reached out, hooked his left hand in the animal's collar, flung his right hand around the shoulders and said, "Down, boy," at the same time pressing down on the shoulders. "Down, Lobo."

The dog hesitated a moment, growling, then lay down, his head within an inch or two of Rob's leg, fangs still bared.

Rob held his left hand on the collar, his right hand over the animal's shoulder. He looked up to Dr. Dixon and Harvey Richmond and said, "Now please don't make any exclamations of surprise, or act as though there's anything out of the ordinary."

Rob kept his eyes on the two men, but the fingers of his right hand began to slowly twist in the hair along the dog's shoulder, moving over more to the animal's shoulder muscles and his throat.

The dog looked up at Rob. He had ceased growling now. He moved his head a couple of inches so that his muzzle rested on Rob's leg.

"Good dog," Rob said.

He heard a spatter of applause and looked up. From the boat deck a dozen or so curious passengers had been watching the little drama on the lower deck.

Rob noticed that Linda Carroll, her eyes wide, was standing close to the rail, looking down at them, and that beside her Merton Ostrander stood, completely fascinated. Linda's hands were moving rapidly in enthusiastic applause. Ostrander clapped a half-dozen times, then put his hands on the rail. His face held a puzzled frown.

Rob led the dog up the stairs to the kennel. Dr. Dixon opened the door and Rob said, "All right, Lobo, in you go," and unfastened the leash as the dog entered the kennel.

Dr. Dixon dropped the door shut.

SUDDENLY Rob felt a surge of violent weakness sweeping over him. His muscles started trembling convulsively.

"I think if you don't mind," he said, "I'll go back to bed. I didn't realize how weak I was."

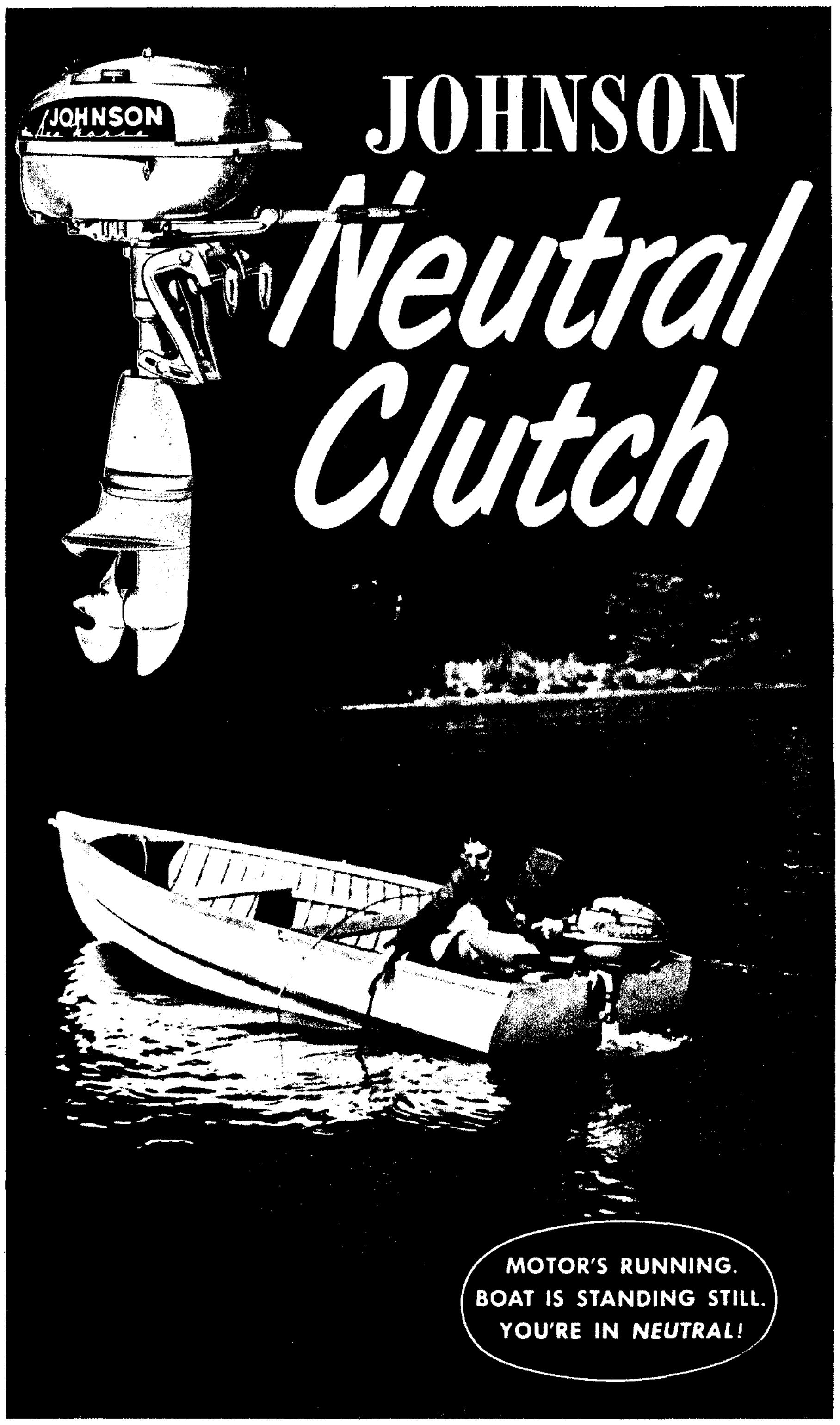
Linda came pushing forward through the spectators. "Rob," she said, "it was wonderful!" Her hand rested on his arm. Her eyes grew quick with alarm. "Why, Rob, you're trembling—"

His eyes pleaded with her for silence, and she caught herself in mid-sentence.

"I'm afraid I overtaxed my strength," Rob said.

He felt as though he were walking in his sleep as he moved along the ship's corridor, down the stairs, back to his stateroom, where his knees buckled and he collapsed on the bed.

A few seconds later, Harvey Richmond and Dr. Dixon were in the doorway. "You're all right?" Richmond asked.



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Rob nodded.

"You shouldn't have undertaken anything like that while you're as weak as you are," Dr. Dixon said. "It was wonderful. I never saw anything like it. How did you know he wasn't going to bite you?"

"I didn't," Rob admitted weakly. "He could have, but the dog needed someone to make him obey. When the dog heard you taking orders from me, it gave me a certain advantage— Good Lord, I didn't realize how weak I was!"

Dr. Dixon stepped forward, felt Rob's wrist, placed a hand on his shoulder. Now that Rob was lying down, the fit of trembling with which he had been seized seemed even more enhanced.

"I think," Dr. Dixon said, "I'm going to get in touch with the ship's doctor, and make a suggestion, if you don't mind."

"Not at all," Rob said, and turned over to the wall.

He felt Richmond covering him with a blanket, then the trembling seemed to get all out of control. Rob shook as though with a chill. He heard the door open. The ship's doctor bared Rob's right arm. There was the odor of alcohol, then the sting of a needle.

A delicious warmth oozed into his veins. The relaxed muscles ceased trembling, and an agreeable drowsiness came over him. He heard whispers as Dr. Dixon and the ship's doctor tiptoed out of the room. He sighed and became unconscious in the middle of the sigh.

And, while he slept, Harvey Richmond deliberately and thoroughly searched every nook and corner of the stateroom, every article in Rob's hastily packed and utterly inadequate baggage.

IT WAS a full three days before Rob Trenton had his strength back. By that time the ship had passed the Azores and was wallowing through the Atlantic toward New York.

During all of that time, Rob, despite his weakness, managed to take the huge German shepherd for regular periods of exercise.

By this time Dr. Dixon had virtually surrendered control of the dog to Rob, and the dog had come to look forward to Rob's visits.

Rob's weakness cut down his social life, but Linda always made it a point to be up on the deck whenever Rob walked the dog. Ostrander was usually somewhere about and, to Rob's intense irritation, often managed to include himself in their strolls along the deck.

Slowly, Rob began to recover his health and his spirits. The two capsules which Ostrander had given him remained unnoticed, lodged beside a seam in the pocket of his bathrobe.

The second day before the ship was due to New York, Linda was already at the kennels when Rob came to get Lobo.

"It's simply marvelous what you've been able to do with that dog in so short a time, Rob," Linda said.

They swung around the deck together, the dog needing no leash now, but keeping at Rob's side.

"What's going to happen when you get to New York and Dr. Dixon takes over?" Linda asked.

Rob's eyes smiled at her. "Dr. Dixon gave the dog to me," he said.

"Dr. Dixon is a peculiar individual," Linda said. "He keeps very much to himself, and yet he's always very affable. No one seems to know exactly what he does."

"He's a specialist in forensic medicine," Rob said.

"What's that?"

"Legal medicine. Medicine as applied to law. The sort of medicine that has to do with cases that come up in court."

"Murder?" she asked.

"All sorts of cases. But he doesn't care to talk too much about it. People get the wrong ideas. If he hasn't told any of the other passengers, perhaps it would be just as well if you didn't tell them."

"And when we get home you're going to plunge into your dog training?"

"I'd like to have you see my place," Rob said, suddenly serious. "I'd like to have you see my dogs, and— Well, I hope you don't walk out of my life. You live in Falthaven?"

"I'd love to see how you work your dogs," she interrupted quickly. "I have the address of your place. Can I call?"

"I'd like very much to have you."

"Rob," she said, turning to him suddenly, "do you have a car?"

He laughed. "I have a battered old station wagon that I use to carry my dogs around in."

"Is anyone meeting you—at the dock, I mean?"

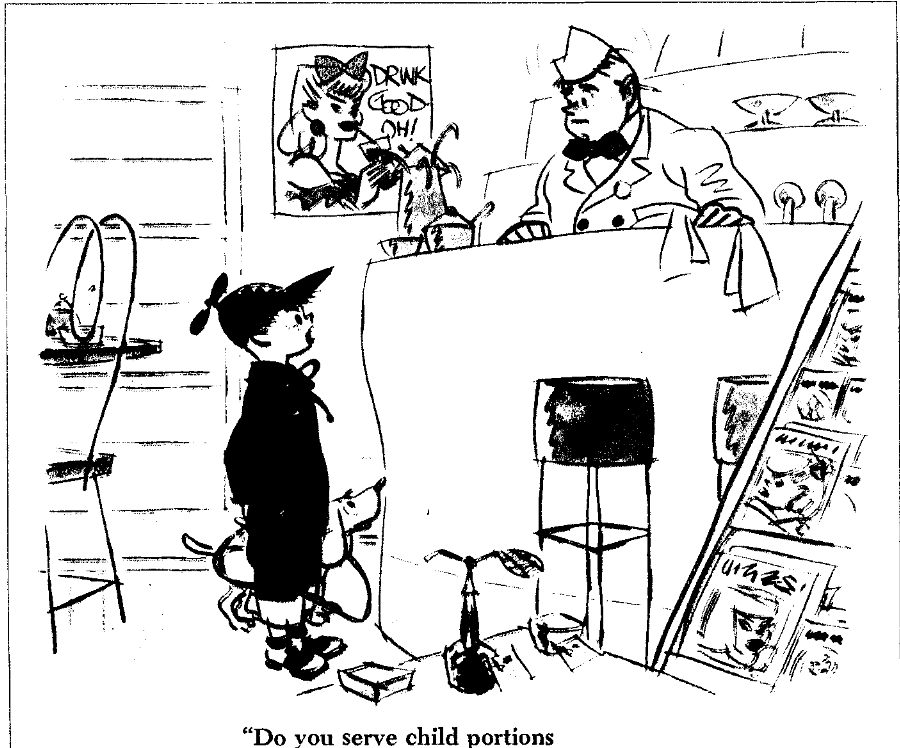
"No. Why?"

She said quickly, "I have just had a wireless. Some friends of mine are meeting me with a car and I'm driving home with them. Would you like to drive home in my car? You could carry all your baggage and—"

"That would be wonderful," Rob said, "if it wouldn't inconvenience you."

"Not in the least. I'll have the car unloaded and put in the shed so you can get in it and drive off. You'll have to put gas in it. The tank is empty."

"And I'll deliver it to you when—"



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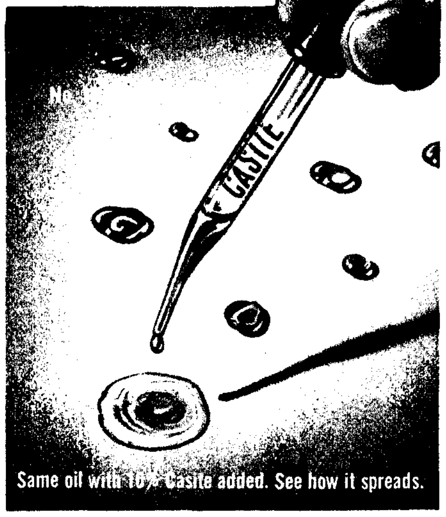
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"Don't bother delivering it," she said. "Just leave it at your place and I'll come there to pick it up. You'll be there, will you?"

"I'll make it a point to be there."

"Don't do that. Don't wait around, Rob. Only I—"

She broke off and frowned with annoyance as Ostrander came swinging along the deck toward them.

"Hello, everyone," he said. "How's the dog this morning?"

"Fine, thanks," Rob said.

"Rob and I were talking," Linda said quietly.

"So I gathered," Ostrander said affably, "and I'll bet you forgot about the Ping-pong tournament."

"What about it?"

"You and I were scheduled to start playing five minutes ago," Ostrander said, tapping his wrist watch significantly. "The tournament is close to the final stages."

She hesitated, clearly annoyed. "Oh, all right," she said. "I warn you I'm going to be particularly ruthless."

"That's the way I like my women—ruthless," Ostrander said. "See you later, Rob."

Rob watched them walk away. He felt a sense of helpless anger. He felt he had been about to break through the barrier which Linda erected whenever he wanted to discuss her personal affairs. He even felt that Linda had been on the point of confiding in him.

Rob paced the exercise deck with the dog at his side, and then realized that Harvey Richmond had climbed to the upper deck and was watching him.

As Rob swung past the point where the genial, heavy-set man was standing, Richmond said, "You certainly did a nice job with that dog, Trenton."

"Thanks."

"What's happened to your exercising partner? I saw her going down the deck with Ostrander a moment ago."

RICHMOND was quite obviously after information. Rob started to tell the man to go to the devil but controlled himself. "I believe they were in a Ping-pong tournament," he said shortly.

But Richmond refused to be snubbed. He said, "Ostrander did a funny thing last night."

"Yes?" Rob said, with aloof politeness.

"That's right," Richmond said genially. "He had those cowbells in cartons down below—brought them up from storage and started throwing them overboard. Linda Carroll objected—said she wanted some for some cows she has on a little farm somewhere. He gave her four of them, and dumped the rest overboard. There must have been a dozen of them I guess, of various sizes."

"Dumped them overboard!" Rob exclaimed incredulously. "Why on earth did he do that?"

"Said they were too heavy to be packing around," Richmond said. "He said he'd changed his mind about lecturing on his European trip and using the bells as props. Strange chap, that Ostrander."

"You're sure he threw the cowbells *overboard?*" Rob asked incredulously.

Richmond nodded. "All but the four he gave Linda Carroll. Well, I'll be seeing you." He turned and descended to the lower deck.

Watching the man's shoulders, Rob suddenly realized that the sole purpose of Harvey Richmond's visit to the upper deck had been to tell him about Ostrander having dumped the cowbells overboard, and to see if the news came as a surprise.

Why should Richmond be so interested in Ostrander's private affairs? Come to think of it, Richmond asked questions, lots of questions.

The big ship glided majestically past the Statue of Liberty, up into the harbor and slowed its pace until it seemed barely to maintain headway, yet the two tugs which were racing alongside were pushing great waves of water under their bows, churning the ocean behind them into milky confusion as they tried to keep up with the liner. Then the tugs nosed in, lines were passed and gradually the ship eased its way in to the dock where friends waved handkerchiefs and hats in a frenzy of happy greeting to returning travelers. Immigration officials had been busy examining passports.

TRENTON, his baggage all stamped with placards bearing a big letter T, was preparing to go ashore when two men, smiling without cordiality, stepped up to him. "You're Robert Trenton?" one of them asked.

"That's right."

"I wonder if you would mind stepping back down to your cabin for a moment, Mr. Trenton."

"Why?"

"We'd like to have you."

"I'm sorry, but I'm planning to go ashore and—"

As though they had rehearsed the action, the two men raised simultaneous left hands to the lapels of their coats, moved the garments slightly aside and showed gold badges which loomed importantly large.

"We're with Customs," one of the men said.

"But my baggage is all down on the pier," Rob protested.

"Oh, no, it isn't," one of the men said. "It's in your stateroom, and if you don't mind, we'll make the examination there. I think it will be less embarrassing to you."

"Well, of course, if you insist," Rob said reluctantly, looking to where Linda Carroll was going down the gangplank. "I thought—"

"I'm sorry, but this happens to be official," the larger man said curtly. "Let's go back to your stateroom if you don't mind."

They searched him to the skin. They searched his garments. They unpacked everything in his suitcases. They searched the baggage itself for false bottoms.

"Will you please tell me why *I* am singled out for this sort of treatment?" Rob asked, trying to control his indignation.

One of the men reached in the inside pocket of his coat, took out a typewritten letter.

"Of course," he said, "it's anonymous. Like to read it?"

The letter was dated two days earlier, was sent to the United States Department of Customs, and Rob read the following:

Gentlemen: I understand it is your custom to pay rewards for information leading to the arrest of persons violating customs regulations.

I would like to call your attention to Robert P. Trenton, who is a passenger on the steamship EXRABIA *which is docking at ten o'clock Monday morning.*

This man poses as one who is interested in the training of dogs and has been touring Europe in a private car, taking occasion to stop at various out-of-the-way places. I have every reason to believe this man should be detained for a thorough search.

At the present time I will not make my identity known but after the contraband has been recovered I will identify myself and ask for a reward. The identification will be made by means of a carbon copy of this letter which I will bring to your office.

The letter was signed merely A FRIEND.

"Anyone could write a letter of this sort," Rob said. "It could be a practical joke."

"Sure it could be a practical joke," the customs man said, "but Uncle Sam doesn't like the idea of playing practical jokes of that sort through the mail. It wouldn't be healthy to try it."

"Or, on the other hand," Rob said, "if you wanted to shake down some passenger, you could write that letter right in your office."

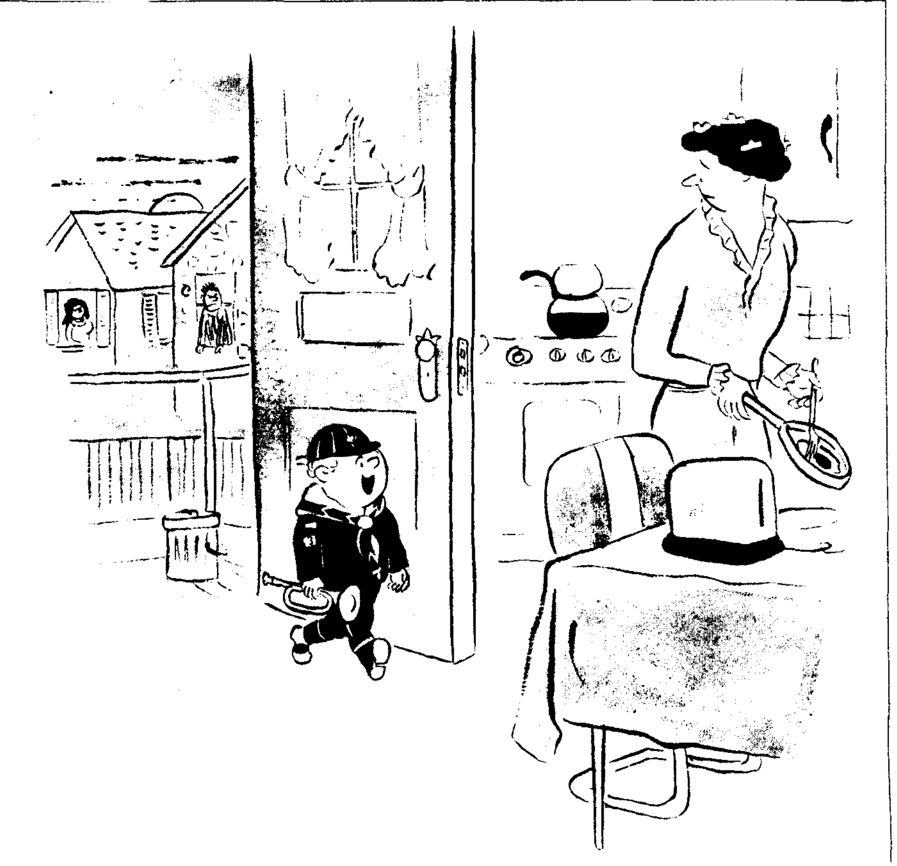
"Sure thing, buddy, so we could," the big customs man interrupted, "but in case we wanted to shake him down, we could do it without any letter. So cool off and sit down over here. We're not finished yet."

IT WAS three thirty in the afternoon before Rob came down the gangplank, ship's stewards behind him carrying his luggage, which had been completely examined even to the last pocket in the lining of the coat.

Lobo was on leash at Rob's side. The dog was glad to leave the cramped quarters of the ship and to be on land again. He had by this time completely accepted Rob as his master.

The customs shed was deserted. The last of the travelers had long since gone their various ways.

For a moment, Rob had a wistful hope that Linda had been delayed somewhat in connection with the unloading of her car, and that he might still catch her, but on inquiry he learned that she had left hours



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ago, and had left the necessary documents and instructions to enable Rob to pick up the little car.

In Rob's pocket was the anonymous letter which had been turned over to him finally, with the apologies of the customs officials.

So thorough had been the search of the customs men that they had even found the two white capsules Merton Ostrander had taken from his medicine chest and given Rob during that long nightmare in the Paris hotel. Rob had forgotten all about the capsules.

The men were interested in the capsules, and had asked Rob's permission to keep them for further examination. Rob told them so far as he was concerned they could throw them in the ocean. They were simply some sort of a soda compound to be used in settling an upset stomach. They had, he explained, been given him by Ostrander.

ROB was halfway across the customs shed when he found himself gazing at a familiar pair of broad shoulders, a tall loose-jointed figure, clad in tweeds.

As though aware of Rob's gaze, Ostrander turned. For a moment, when he saw Rob, his face set in hard lines of anger, then there was a flash of curiosity which caused him to ask guardedly, "Hello, what are *you* doing here this late?"

Rob, a sudden suspicion crystallizing in his mind, whipped the anonymous letter from his pocket. "I'm going to ask you a question," he said, "and be damned careful how you answer it because I'm not going to take your word for it. I'm going to do some independent checking up. Do you know anything about this?"

He shoved the anonymous letter under Ostrander's face.

For a moment, Ostrander looked at the letter with curious eyes, then he laughed.

Rob deliberately folded the letter, put it back in his pocket, doubled his right hand into a fist, picked out a place on Ostrander's jaw, and stepped forward.

"Hey," Ostrander said, backing away. "Come down to earth. Here, take a look at this."

He was still laughing as he reached in his pocket and pulled out a typewritten letter. "For a minute," he said, "*I* was dumb enough to think this was some of *your* work."

He held the letter out at arm's length so that Rob was forced to look at it from a distance.

Rob saw a letter which, except for names, was the exact counterpart of the letter that had been given to him by the two customs officials after they had finished their search.

Slowly the anger left Rob. "But who could have written two such letters as this?"

Ostrander laughed again. "I think I know the answer now," he said.

"A practical joker?"

"Could have been," Ostrander said, "but I think the customs wanted some good excuse really to tear us apart, and wanted to get our co-operation in doing it. A letter of this sort makes it very, very easy for them."

"I pointed that out to them," Rob said. "They told me they didn't need any such excuse."

"They don't really need it," Ostrander said, "but it's a lot better if they have something which makes their actions look reasonable. You know how it is. If they just started picking on passengers without having some excuse they'd get a terrific protest. A letter of this sort comes in very handy. I suppose the customs officials didn't expect we'd compare notes. Who was that Harvey Richmond who was your cabin mate?"

"A real-estate operator from the Midwest."

"You sure?"

"Well, that's what he told me."

Ostrander's eyes narrowed. "He worked a little deal with the purser to arrange a transfer so he'd be in your cabin. The man who was in there was moved out and the purser made some rather elaborate explanations to him and Richmond moved in. My baggage was searched twice while I was on shipboard. I rather expected I'd be running into something like this when we docked, but I'll confess that letter made me plenty mad."

"Your baggage was searched?" Rob asked.

"I'll say it was searched. I don't have any idea who did it, but I know that on at least two occasions it was given a thorough ransacking. Nothing was taken, but things were arranged a lot different from the way I'd left them. Little things I wouldn't ordinarily have noticed. The shirts were folded different, the socks had been unrolled. So I got rid of every single thing I had that could have caused the faintest comment."

"Perhaps that's what made them suspicious," Rob said. "I heard you threw the cowbells overboard."

"I had the boxes sent up from the baggage room and dumped every blessed one of them over into the drink," Ostrander said. "I cut down every bit of surplus baggage I had, so I didn't have one darn' thing left except clothes, and a few curios that no one could question."

"But why on earth did you do that?"

"If they were going to get tough I wanted to have the situation simplified. I have an idea that your friend and cabin mate, Harvey Richmond, is either a spotter for the government or a free-lance informer. Informers make a good thing out of traveling on ocean liners. They strike up an acquaintance with as many passengers as possible, size up those who may be smuggling something in and then see that the government is given a tip. They don't stand to lose anything if things go wrong and in case things are right they make a killing.

"Someday I'll run across Mr. Harvey Richmond again when I can ask him a little more about this real-estate business of his in the Midwest. I'm free to confess that I thought *you'd* done some talking about something and—well, the fact that he singled you out for an identical letter seems to cover the situation. Where's Linda? Did you see her?"

"I saw her going down the gangplank just before the customs men asked me to walk back to the stateroom."

"You don't know what hotel she's staying at, do you?"

"I don't think she's staying. I think friends met her and are driving her to her—home."

"I wanted to say good-by to her," Ostrander said, and then added casually, "Oh, well, I'll drop her a note. I have her address in Falthaven. It was certainly a great trip. How about sharing a cab?"

SOME strange feeling caused Rob to refrain from mentioning the matter of Linda's car. "No, thank you," he said. "I have a few things to attend to here." If Linda hadn't told Ostrander, Rob certainly wasn't going to tell him. Yet Ostrander apparently had Linda's address and—

"Hang it," Ostrander said. "I wanted to see Linda. Oh, well, that's all water under the bridge. Well, Rob, it was a great trip. Thanks for—everything."

And Ostrander gripped Rob's hand, his eyes smiling and friendly. "Sorry you were so darned sick there in Paris."

That recalled something to Rob's mind. "Say," he said, "you remember those capsules you gave me?"

"Sure. They'd have fixed you right up if they'd stayed with you. They must have bounced off your stomach like a tennis ball off a cement court and—"

"I didn't take them," Rob confessed. "I had a particularly violent spell of retching and dropped them in the pocket of my bathrobe."

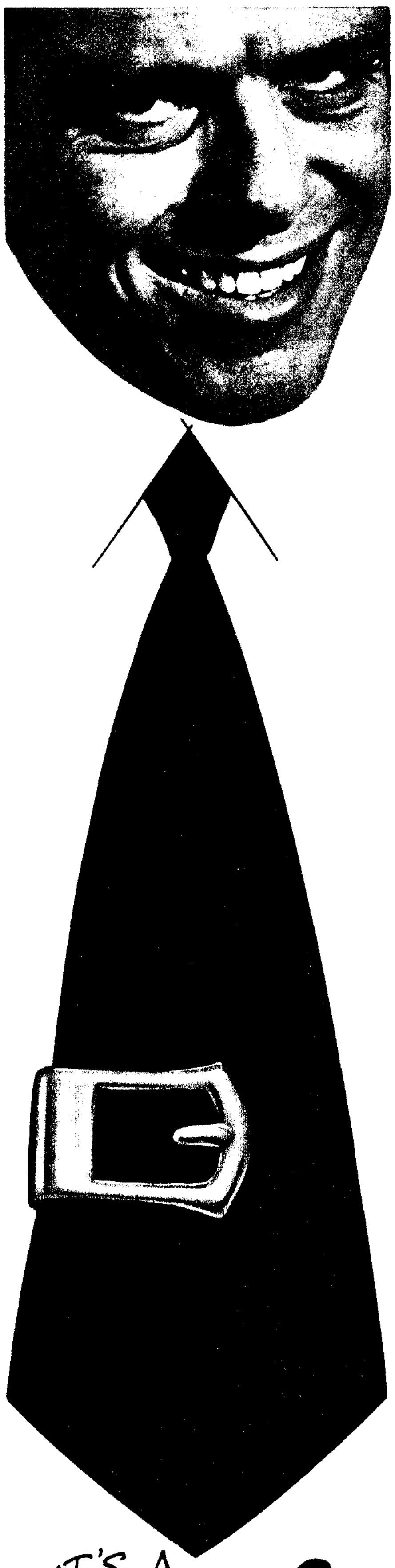
"Where are they now?" Ostrander asked.

"The customs men took them."

Ostrander stood frowning, his face a mask. Then he turned and said, "Oh, well, they'll probably be dumb enough to analyze them. Well, so long, Rob. I'm on my way."

He walked off, his long legs taking great strides—a big man going someplace in one hell of a hurry.

(To be continued next week)



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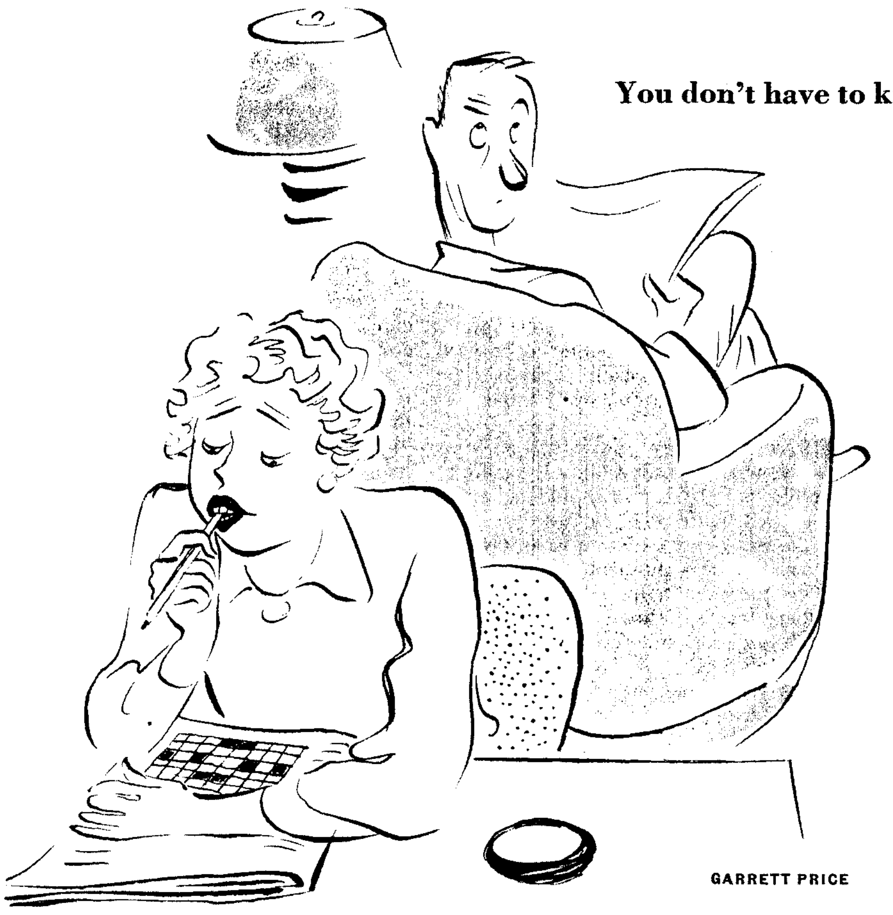

"Who was the sixth President?"

S ANYONE with a miserable memory knows, life is becoming tougher and tougher for people who can't remember quantities of facts and figures. Unless you can rattle off the height of Mount Everest, the annual mean rainfall of Dutch Guiana, or the habitat of the koala bear, you don't get asked to many parties, and old friends cross the street when they see you coming. I don't know why this is—maybe the quiz programs are responsible—but I do know that if your memory is as miasmal as mine, you need the Answerless Answer.

Until I began using this handy new conversational tool, I was blessed with a mind as good for retaining facts as an open-toed slipper is for drinking champagne. People were always asking me things like, "What's the capital of Montana?" or "If it's winter in Australia, what is it in New York?" or "Who's the President of Liberia?" (I run around with a pretty intellectual bunch.)

I could never remember any of these things—if indeed I ever knew them—and so, I always felt the same red embarrassment I experienced in school when the teacher caught me with my homework unprepared.

For a time I tried passing it off as a joke. Somehow I remembered that there are 5,280 feet in a mile (or is it a rod?), and whenever I was asked a question involving figures, such as, "How far from Stamping Ground, Kentucky, to Grosse Pointe, Michigan?" I was ready. "Why," I would say, "I believe it's 5,280."

This always got a laugh, except from those who'd heard it before—and they soon got to be everybody.

Later I tried cultivating an absent-minded, vacant expression, and took to forgetting things, such as my overshoes, or my hat, and putting out the garbage can at night. This backfired: most people automatically assume that the absent-minded man is a veritable storehouse of information, and most wives—or, at least, mine—don't like a lot of orange peels cluttering up the kitchen.

All this was before the Answerless Answer. Today I still can't remember anything, and people are still asking me questions, but I'm getting asked to a lot more parties and running into guys I haven't seen for years.

The Answerless Answer was born one night when my kid brother Herb, studying for an exam in history, asked my wife, "Say, when was the Sacco-Vanzetti trial, anyhow?"

My wife is just as bad at remembering things as I am, but she doesn't know it.

"Sacco-Vanzetti," she said promptly, "was either before or after the first World War."

Herb nodded, satisfied. (He also flunked the next day, but that's beside the point.)

The point is that my wife had given no answer at all, but at least had *sounded* as though she had. "Before or after the first World War" could have been any time from 25,000,000 B.C. up to November 11, 1918, or any time from November 11, 1918, up to the moment of Herb's question—but so far as she and Herb were concerned, it was a fact.

It was a fact so far as I was concerned, too, and I've been working it to death. "When was Alexander Hamilton born?" someone asked me the other day. "Around the time of the Revolution," I said. "Either before or after." Then I changed the subject quickly (this is very important). A little later I overheard the guy who'd asked me the question muttering enviously to somebody else. "You know, you can't beat that guy Scott on American history."

Sometimes it's possible to parry a question with another that seems to give an answer. A man asked me, "When did Fulton invent the steamboat?" I said, "Well, you know when the Industrial Revolution was, don't you?" He didn't want to say that he didn't, so he raised his eyebrows and said, "Oh? Was *that* when it was?" I nodded wisely, and both of us were safe—and satisfied.

On other occasions, you can narrow the time down considerably and still leave enough margin for inaccuracy. The other day a sweet old lady, a Mrs. Banny Marshall, asked me how old my little boy is.

Since I often don't remember how old I am myself, I said, "He was born last year, sometime before Christmas." She inclined her head pleasantly, never pausing to consider that I'd given her an eleven-month choice.

All this is adequate for date-and-time questions. Factual questions require more practice. For them, use the Referenceless Answerless Answer. The trick here is to refer to something that actually has almost nothing to do with the question. When someone asks, "What's the biggest New England state?" you ask, with the right touch of banter in your voice, "What, have they changed that damned atlas again?"

This implies that the biggest New England state is the same one that always was, and that if your questioner doesn't know which one that is, he'd better put in some time with his geography. If you can sneer as you answer, so much the better.

A variation of this, the Opinionless Referenceless Answerless Answer, can be used whenever someone asks something like, "What do you think of the situation in New Zealand?" All you do is frown—better practice that frown—and then answer, slowly, "So far as I'm concerned, Finsterwald is still the final authority. You know his work, of course?"

Your tone here should state clearly that anybody who doesn't know Finsterwald on New Zealand—or Groble on Indo-China, or Hasselborg on Spain—just doesn't belong in the company of mentally alert humans.

There is one final variation that I have used effectively. This consists of a barrage of half-facts, with a lot of names thrown in. This evening my wife, doing some silly puzzle, looked up and asked, "Who was the sixth President?"

I drew a breath. "Well, the first, if I'm not mistaken, may have been Washington. Jefferson could have been the second, or third; John Adams came before or after that—but there were two Adamses, and one was the other's son, and Madison and Monroe, of course, can't be counted out."

She crossed to the encyclopedia, riffled the pages, read a moment, and regarded me proudly.

"Dead right," she said. "John Quincy Adams."

"Why did you have to check?" I asked, as though deeply hurt.

I have named this last maneuver the Personless Person Factless Fact Answerless Answer, and with it I face the future confidently. Is there anyone here who would like to know the capital of Montana? The President of Liberia? Go on, ask me—and see how much satisfactionless satisfaction you get. THE END

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Jeff Coongate's Water Cure

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

Poor Sarah realized that there was no sure antidote for the love of these two men, and that they were drawn together over the miles as by the malignant magnet of their past. She gave in. "It's for two days, just *two*," she reminded him.

Zack promised, and leaped joyously for the woods telephone on the cabin wall. As he cranked the handle, a slight shiver ran through him. How would he explain to Jeff that the visit was for a miserable two days —two days of bone labor? Already he felt Jeff's accusing eye upon him, but he shook off his anxiety, as he got through to the storekeeper down-river.

While he was asking the storekeeper to relay the invitation to Jeff, Zack heard other receivers clicking off along the line. This was not unusual, for the woods phone was the newspaper of Mopang Forest. But on this fateful morning, there was a listener who, in Jeff Coongate's own words, would sprout goose flesh on an anvil.

The listener was a furtive and unscrupulous trapper named Roscoe Carrion. He was Jeff's archenemy. They had been feuding for years, stealing each other's traps, and encroaching on each other's hunting territory. Many times Roscoe Carrion had informed on Jeff for poaching and later testified against him in court.

Now, in a deserted Forest Service camp, as he listened in on Zack's invitation, Roscoe saw a perfect opportunity. With Jeff Coongate upriver at Mopang Dam, it would be safe to sneak down to Big Eddy, a deep, swampy cove on a long island which split the river. Roscoe would kill the moose which Jeff Coongate had been guarding for his winter's meat and peddle the stuff in the towns.

But killing a moose was six months in jail and a heavy fine. It would be well to establish the whereabouts of the game warden. Via the woods phone, he located Tom Corn, the able and resourceful Mopang County warden.

"Got a little news for you," said the informer. "A certain party is heading upriver to visit Zack Bourne. You know what that means."

When Tom Corn recognized the trapper's voice, he made a wry face into the transmitter. He secretly despised Roscoe, tolerating him only in the line of duty.

"Why should your news interest me?" he asked.

"This party has only got one eye."

"Thanks, Roscoe. You are a charming character. You do lovely, unselfish things."

Roscoe Carrion missed the sarcasm, but was well pleased with his double double-cross. With Jeff Coongate at the dam, and Tom Corn up there keeping an eye on Jeff, the river was free. He would wait a day or so till everyone got located, and then head for Big Eddy. Jeff Coongate's moose was as good as dead.

THE reunion between Jeff Coongate and Zack Bourne took place at Mopang Dam at three o'clock that afternoon. The initial greeting consisted of roars and insults, followed by an exchange of shoulder slaps that would have felled small horses. Three minutes later, the reunion died in agony, its affection drowned in despair.

At the outset, Jeff had lovingly growled: "You ole hell-bird, Zack! Whole month since I seen that dismal face o' yourn. Wrinkles enough in it to hold a week's rain."

Zack had gibbered with delight and playfully knocked off Jeff's hat. Then, with splendid savagery, old Jeff had whispered:

"I got a prime little moose down on Big Eddy. Been watchin' him for weeks. Tonight, we'll drink rum. I got a jug right here, in my canoe. We'll sneak away from Sarah, an' go down thar. Why, Zack! They's a winter's meat in that critter. We'll put it down in quart jars, an' I'll stay here with you, all fall an' winter. We'll share the meat, an' jest go out for rum now an' then. It'll be like old times, Zack. Here, have a snifter from my jug!"

Zack's face had clouded over with a strained look of discomfort. He didn't know how to explain things to Jeff. And it was obvious that Jeff had come prepared for a long and wanton visit.

"I—I—uh—can't leave the job," said Zack, nervously.

"Can't leave a job for moose meat an' rum? Why, Zack, you've gone to pieces!"

Zack lugubriously blurted out the truth: the leaky roof, the hard labor ahead, the two-day limit, Sarah's ultimatum.

MASTERFULLY, Jeff checked his first surge of wrath and indignation. The old woodsman was above all an actor, and he saw here a chance to exercise his talents to the full and craftily work on Zack's emotions.

"Nineteen miles I poled upriver, Zack," he said, "jest to be near you again."

"But dang it, Jeff, I—"

The master held up his hand for silence. His one eye, by nature savage and imperious, was downcast in sorrow.

"Please don't speak now, Zack. I must have quiet, in which to git used to this treatmint. It comes as a mortil blow."

Jeff moved silently away. He sat on a cold stone, head bowed, silvery mustaches drooping. He had become a tragedian and a martyr, and was inwardly trying attitudes to distress his old friend.

Zack had expected a violent reaction, but was ill prepared for what came. Jeff put hand to brow. He spoke strickenly. "I heeded your call acrost the miles, Zack. I come to you, through peril an' rapid. I thought 'twas the clear call of friendship."

"It was, Jeff! But I had to have a reason to give Sarah. I been so lonesome for you I had to find a way to bring you up here."

Jeff smiled in wan disbelief. "Zack, old pard. Don't try to soften the truth. Two days—of work. I didn't realize it had come to this, between us."

By now, Jeff Coongate was under his own spell, so that sadness flowed in him like wine. He stood up from the cold stone, a towering and saintly figure, lonely as on a mountain peak.

"Come, Zack. We shall go to work at once. Jest give me an ax."

Zack was sweating with rage and frustration. He ripped out excuses. He spied the rum jug in Jeff's canoe and reached for it in desperation. Jeff laid a gentle, restraining hand on his arm.

"No, Zack. We got work to do. No rum, if you don't mind."

Zack loosed a fresh torrent of apologies and excuses. Jeff interrupted him.

"I understand, Zack. I know I ain't wanted any more, except for work. I shall face it. Our life together is done—after almost seventy years of pardnership. Our days in jail, our fights with Roscoe Carrion, the time I saved you from bein' shot by Roscoe, the deer an' moose meat we shared, the travail, the game wardens we foxed—all these was as nothin' to you. Now, if you'll jest show me about the roof, please?"

"You listen to me, you danged ole miscreant!" Zack yelled. "It's only two hours to supper! I want to drink some rum. I—"

"There's nothin' you can say, Zack. I want to help you an' Sarah. It'd give me a crumb of happiness, a straw to cling to in my last, lonesome years. I shall remember that I put shelter over your head, an' Sarah's. I brought a bag of jelly beans for Sarah. I shall go up now, an' pay my respects."

Old Jeff caught up his rifle and rum jug, stuffed the bag of jelly beans in his pocket, and stalked up the riverbank to the cabin. He bowed to Sarah with a burst of courtliness. His attitude took her aback. There was a meekness about him, a benign air of penitence entirely without precedent.

"Why, Mr. Coongate, 'twas kind of you to come," she murmured.

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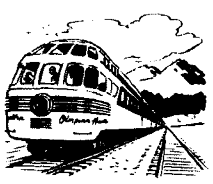

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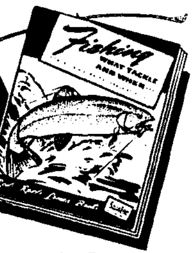

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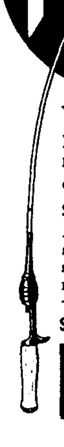

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"I would make any sacrifice for your happiness, an' Zack's," said Jeff. "Here—I want you to have these jelly beans."

He passed her the bag with a gesture of simple charm. She accepted the gift. Then she saw the jug of Hernando's Fiery Dagger rum, and the old terror returned.

"Oh!" she cried. "Will it take long to fix the roof?"

"No, Sarah, never you fear. Just the two days, or even less," Jeff said. "We're goin' to start work right away, before supper. An' here—I want you to have this jug of rum. I want you to hide it, lest it mar my last visit to you."

She took the jug uncertainly, as if she thought it might destroy her on contact. Jeff patted her shoulder. She was melted and disarmed by his graciousness. "Oh, Mr. Coongate!"

"There, Sarah, jest you hide it, see?"

"That's carryin' things too far," moaned Zack from the doorway. "Sarah," he added, "can't Jeff stay more'n just the two days?"

Jeff turned upon him with a pale, reproving smile. "Why, Zack! You gave Sarah your sacred promise. I shall depart in two days. Now, whilst we go out an' cut some rafters, Sarah'll hide the rum."

At the edge of the clearing, Jeff set such a frightful pace that the lumber was cut, peeled and hewed into rafters by suppertime. Zack sank sweating on a stump. He was already half exhausted. Noticing this, Jeff was inspired to suggest a night shift by lantern light.

"That way, we can finish sooner. Why, Zack, I could leave tomorrow!"

"No! I can't do it!" yelped Zack. "I'm beat out."

WHEN they returned to the cabin, Jeff blithely set about assisting Sarah. He carried gigantic armfuls of wood, split piles of kindling. He emptied the garbage pail, and, a song on his lips, came back for the trash barrel. As he hoisted the barrel to his shoulder, Sarah protested.

"Oh, Mr. Coongate! No! Don't empty that."

"It's nothin', Sarah, in return for your lovely hospitality."

Jeff gave her a gallant smile and stalked to the dam. He emptied the barrel into the surging pool. And after supper he helped Sarah with the dishes, while Zack hunched abjectly on the woodbox.

The night shift proceeded with inhuman zeal. The one-eyed poacher's enthusiasm was merciless. He had settled into the role of an Olympian Boy Scout leader, doing good for the poor.

To Sarah, the performance was a kind of miracle. To Zack, the whole thing was a marathon in misery. They ripped off roof boards, notched in the new rafters, and reboarded. Toward midnight, they started to lay the new tar paper. In the lantern glow, Zack's eyes, glazed with fatigue, looked like a frozen rabbit's. Mr. Coongate, however, seemed to be tireless. In a lilting voice, he called for more roofing nails. He shouted encouragement to Zack. He was a man of steel, buoyed by the will to do. Then, suddenly, as Sarah watched, the end came.

Jeff swayed on the staging. He shook his head, as if to ward off a dizziness. He clawed heroically at the air. The hammer dropped from his failing grasp, and like a giant oak, he fell.

Sarah heard the thud of his body, and a simultaneous cracking sound. Then all was deathly still, save for a long, low moan.

SHE rushed to the fallen man. Zack was already crouching beside him. Jeff had rolled to a sitting position. He drew up his pants leg to reveal a bluish swelling on his right leg, below the knee. Wincing, he pulled at his leg. They heard a noise like a fingernail scraping slate.

"He's bruk his leg!" cried Zack. "That's the bone gratin'."

"It's nothin', Zack. I got the bone set, I think. Please don't worry about me."

They got him to a chair in the cabin. Zack made splints of cedar, and Sarah bound them to his leg with strips cut from a roll of canoe canvas.

"Sarah," said Jeff, in a tone of last request, "could you spare me a small portion of my rum? The pain's ravidgin' me."

Old Sarah twisted her hands in her apron.

"Oh, Mr. Coongate—Jeff! There isn't any rum. It's gone!" It was in that trash barrel. You threw it over the dam."

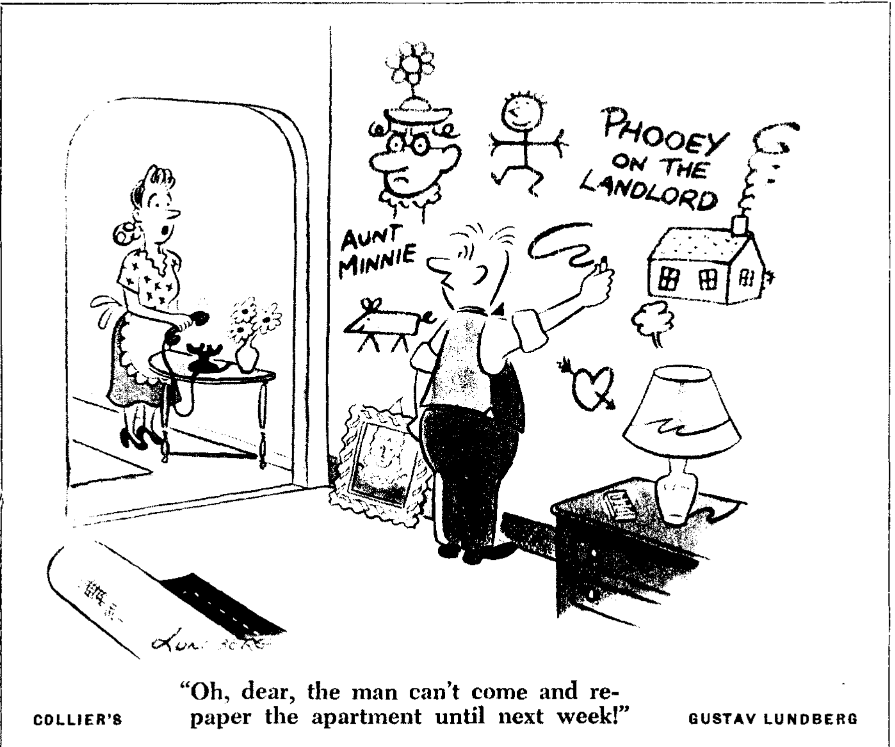
A ghastly silence settled over the little cabin. From the dead water above the dam a loon called in mocking sympathy. Zack turned quietly and crept into the night, bearing a flashlight and a long-handled dip net. He returned in twenty minutes, wet to the armpits from wading. To the desperate appeal in Jeff's eye, he answered: "No."

"Gone," said Jeff, hoarsely. "I'm lost."

Numb with exhaustion, Zack and Sarah went to bed. Jeff said he would be more comfortable sitting in the chair. Sarah left her bedroom door partly open, so that she could hear him if he called. She could see him sitting there, his one eye staring in rumless reverie, the lamplight glowing on his eloquent skull.

Sarah closed her eyes. She prayed for Jeff's recovery, and thanked the Lord for driving the wickedness from him, and for making him kind, meek and self-sacrificing. She heard Zack snoring beside her. Then she, too, slept. . . .

The next thing Sarah knew, it was morning. Zack had started a fire in the stove;



"Oh, dear, the man can't come and repaper the apartment until next week!"

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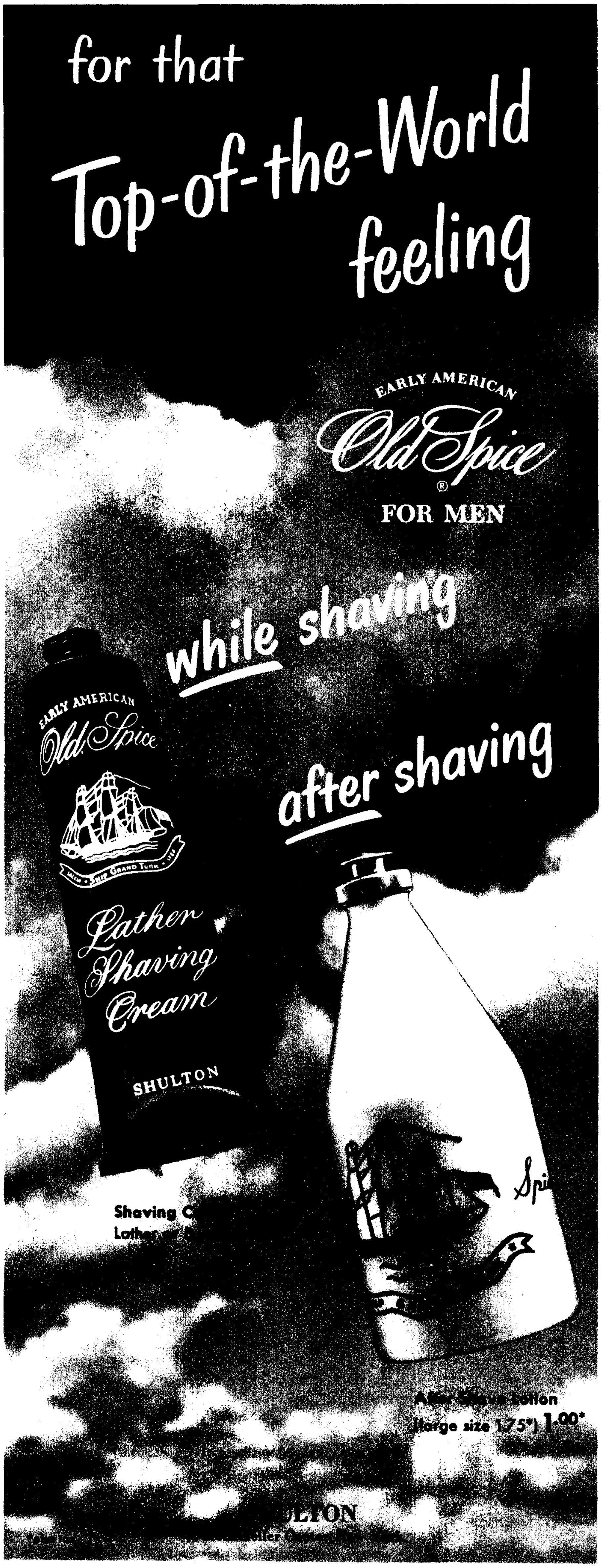

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it was while she was getting breakfast that Sarah heard a footstep on the path outside. Jeff Coongate was instantly alert in his chair. A second later, young Tom Corn, the Mopang County game warden, appeared in the cabin doorway.

"Why, howdy, Tom," said Jeff, cheerfully. "What brings you way up here?"

"Howdy, Jeff," said Tom, curtly. "You ought to know."

This time, thought Tom, he had the one-eyed poacher red to the elbows. Tom was certain of his evidence; the old outlaw had no loophole. But as usual, in the toilsome case of the State versus Coongate, the scene which greeted the game warden was one of classic righteousness.

OVER Jeff's head hung an aura of sublime suffering as dense as steam. Little moans escaped him, as he moved his bandaged leg. Tom stepped warily into the cabin. He nodded to Zack, and bowed to Sarah. Then he confronted the one-eyed poacher.

"Jeff Coongate, you're under arrest."

"Me, Tom? I don't feel arrested at all. What do you claim I committed, this time?"

"The usual. You shot a deer at night out of season."

"Tom! How could I do sech a thing?"

The outraged innocence seemed this time to have a kind of justification. Sarah Bourne seemed genuinely mystified by the accusation. So did Zack.

Tom Corn reminded himself that old Jeff was not only a razor-witted adversary, but an actor who wrung the last tear from such a scene, together with the last drop from the rum jug.

At the thought of rum, Tom moved close to Jeff and sniffed. Then he looked over at Zack. Both the old cronies were stone sober. Tom was puzzled.

"Jeff," he said, "you killed the deer at two o'clock this morning. I heard the shot. I found the deer. When the sun came up, I took pictures. Here's one of the deer, and your footprints—holes in both your moccasins. Here's an empty .45-70 cartridge, from your rifle."

The game warden was proud of his new photographic equipment, the modern, quick-printing kind. He was proud of his photography. But Jeff viewed the prints with the languid eye of a visitor leafing through an album of complete strangers.

"That poor li'l deer," said Jeff. "This is the deed of a dastardly poacher, Tom. I hope you catch him."

"I've caught him. You better come along with me."

Jeff shook his head in gentlemanly refusal. "No, Tom—not yet. This looks to me like the work of Roscoe Carrion."

Tom tapped the photograph showing what appeared to be Jeff's moccasin tracks. "Going to tell me those are Roscoe Carrion's tracks? Everyone knows Roscoe wears rubber boots the year round."

"An' the same socks an' underwear, too," said Jeff, agreeably.

"Jeff! You made those tracks your own self, last night!"

Jeff sighed. "Now, Tom, looka here. By the picture, I jedge this deer was slain in that swampy place, below the dam."

"You ought to know. It's not over two hundred yards from here."

"But do you see any swamp mud on my moccasins?"

Tom stooped to examine Jeff's moccasins. He lifted the foot on the bandaged leg. Jeff bravely stifled a cry of agony.

"Warden!" cried Sarah Bourne. "You stop that! Don't you realize Mr. Coongate's leg is *broken?"*

Tom stepped back, embarrassed. Not only had he assumed the bandage to be a phony, but Sarah's defense of the one-eyed poacher was unprecedented. To Tom's certain knowledge, Sarah had always regarded Jeff as a tall, random sample of Hell. She had dedicated her married life to avoiding him. Something had changed her.

"When did he break his leg, Sarah?"

"Just before midnight, last night."

The warden was baffled. The leg was an airtight alibi. But those tracks! Could Roscoe Carrion possibly have made them?

"Zack," said Tom, "did you hear last night?"

"No."

"Did you, Sarah?"

"No. I slept real sound."

"What about you, Jeff?"

"If I did," said Jeff, "I'd prob'ly lie about it. Now, Tom, you answer a question: Did Roscoe Carrion put you on my trail? Did that flea-crawlin' informer tell you I was visitin' ole Zack?"

"If he did, *I'd* prob'ly lie about it," said Tom.

The warden saw Jeff's rifle hanging on the wall pegs. He inspected the celebrated weapon. Its barrel was shining clean. He replaced the rifle and faced the occupants of the cabin.

"What ails you folks?" he said. "You look like you'd been up all night."

Carefully easing his leg, Jeff said, "We was—practically."

"Why? What were you doing?"

"Fixin' the roof of Zack's cabin."

"Fixing a cabin roof? At night—"

"That's just exactly what we *were* doing!" snapped Sarah. "You needn't hint that Mr. Coongate is lyin'. That's how he broke his leg. Fell off the stagin' an' struck amongst the boulders. A terrible fall. His leg snapped like a fence rail."

"You could hear the bone gratin'," amplified Zack. "Makes me faint to think of it. How you think a man with a leg like that could strike out in the dark two hours after, an' kill a deer?"

Tom turned wearily to Jeff. "Do you mean to tell me you poled nineteen miles upriver just to help Zack fix his roof?"

"I do," replied Jeff, with the air of a man serene under oath. "He is a dear friend. I give the stren'th of my body to aid him."

Tom stared at the cracks in the cabin floor. Then he lifted his gray eyes to Jeff. "How'd you happen to fall, old-timer? Been drinking?"

"Certainly not!"

"But yesterday you had a half-gallon jug of Hernando's Fiery Dagger rum in your canoe. I saw it through my glasses."

"Mr. Coongate gave the rum to me," said Sarah primly. "And then, afterwards, he —he threw it over the dam."

Tom Corn stared foggily at old Jeff, who resembled a personification of the defense, resting.

"The jug wasn't quite full, Tom," said Jeff. "I'd had a few small swallows to give me stren'th whilst I was polin' upriver. And —uh—*Tom!* You didn't happen to see my jug floatin' down by, when you was sneakin' after me in your canoe? *Did* you, Tom?"

"No," the warden replied.

THE one-eyed poacher gave a long, poignant sigh. It was a parched, nostalgic sound, expressing privation and hardship, and beauty lost beneath black and troubled waters.

"Well," said Jeff, "that li'l jug. It's gone on down-river, tinklin' over the gravel bars, an' clinkin' amongst the rocks." The old man swallowed uncontrollably. "I wonder if she made it all right through Bull Pitch an' Ellum Stump Rips?"

Tom Corn felt that the conversation had drifted far afield, but he saw that the thirst engendered by the missing rum might be turned to account. It was a long shot, but a daring one.

"Well," said Tom, presently. "I guess I'll be on my way."

"So long, son," said Jeff. "Watch your step."

Tom smiled. He glanced slyly at the old poacher's bandaged leg. "Watch yours, Jeff," he said, and was gone.

Tom spent the morning on the ridge above the dam. Through his glasses he watched the cabin with a kind of exasperated admiration. The scene was innocent. Zack and Sarah helped Jeff to a chair in the dooryard. They pillowed his leg on a stump. Zack climbed to the roof to work. From below, Jeff gave him orders, like a tired king directing battle from a litter.

But, to Tom Corn, the scene lacked credibility. For example, Jeff's leg. Was it really broken? During his long and violent life, Jeff had fallen from trees, cliffs, haylofts, canoes, and curbstones in front of saloons. He had invariably arisen unscathed in body and in dignity.

Yet you couldn't doubt old Sarah Bourne. She was incapable of deception. In this case, not even Zack was lying. But Tom Corn was certain that Jeff could walk. There was no other way to account for those moccasin tracks. The trick was to *make* him walk! If you could fox him into taking a single step, you'd have the pay-off. He would come clean, and he would go down to the Mopang jail, his one eye as blue and uncompromising as a glacier. He was the last of a race of giants. Even while you hunted him, you respected him.

TOM returned to the cabin about noon. "Been spyin' on me with your glasses?" asked Jeff, amiably.

"Let him spy," said Sarah. "There's nothin' wrong 'round our home."

"That's right, Sarah. So I guess I'll go on down-river. Could you give me a little sugar for my tea?"

Sarah gave him the sugar, and he departed. Zack watched him till his canoe disappeared around the first bend. "It's a shame," said Zack, "that a nice young feller like Tom should be a game warden."

Jeff made no reply, and Zack slowly turned to find out why. Jeff was sitting tensely in his chair, his eye a baleful, blowtorch blue. His gaze was focused on the knapsack which the game warden had left behind on the bench inside the cabin door.

"Zack! Am I seein' things? Look at that! See what I see?"

Zack moved closer to the knapsack. He peered. He uttered a hoarse, exultant croak. "A jug! Hernando's Fiery Dagger!"

"Mine!" roared Jeff. "That dang young Tom Corn found my jug, an' was goin' to steal it. Oh, sweetheart. Oh, you han'some, lovely li'l jug. Oh, you've had a dreadful time in the swirlin' waters."

Jeff could not restrain himself. He sprang from his chair and pranced across the cabin like a huge, gaunt cat, and his hand closed fondly on the neck of the jug, while Zack looked on, slack-jawed.

"Your leg! You can walk!" cried Zack.

Jeff didn't answer. With his skinning knife, he pried the stopper from the jug. His lips parted to receive the precious fluid. He took four swallows before he discovered the hideous truth. Then he rushed to the doorway, and spat into the grass.

"Water!" he groaned, revolted. "That dang Tom drank my rum, an' filled my jug with water. Water!"

"Oh!" said Sarah Bourne. "Your leg isn't broken!" She was blackly disillusioned. "And you did shoot the deer last night. And we didn't hear the shot because we slep' like the dead!"

Jeff savagely unwound the bandage from his leg. And presently, he told them his tale: how he had crept out in the moonlight to the river to search for his jug, removing his bandage so it would not get muddy; how he had spied the little buck, come back for his rifle, and done the deed; how he had cleaned his moccasins, and his rifle, too; how the plan had fooled Tom Corn, because Sarah and Zack thought he'd really broken his leg.

"Oh, doggonit, Zack," Jeff concluded. "I *jumped* off the stagin'. I had a stick down there acrost two rocks, so 'twould crack when I lit on it. An' the bone gratin' was jest me grittin' my teeth. I knowed you was both so tired an' excited you wouldn't know."

"But that dreadful bruise," said Sarah.

"Oh, that? Four days ago, unloadin' pulpwood, a log fell on me."

OLD JEFF smiled, and there was a real tear in his eye. "I had to break a leg, so's I could stay up here with you people. I been so lonesome down there in the settlement I dang near perished. And—well, anyways, we sure fooled Tom Corn, this time."

"Almost, Jeff," said the game warden, who was leaning through a back window. "Almost."

Tom climbed in over the sill. "I guess you better come along, now, Jeff. I heard everything—practically."

The one-eyed poacher drew himself tall. "You beached your canoe, an' sneaked back, Tom," he accused. "You lured me into walkin'. You planted that water in my rum jug."

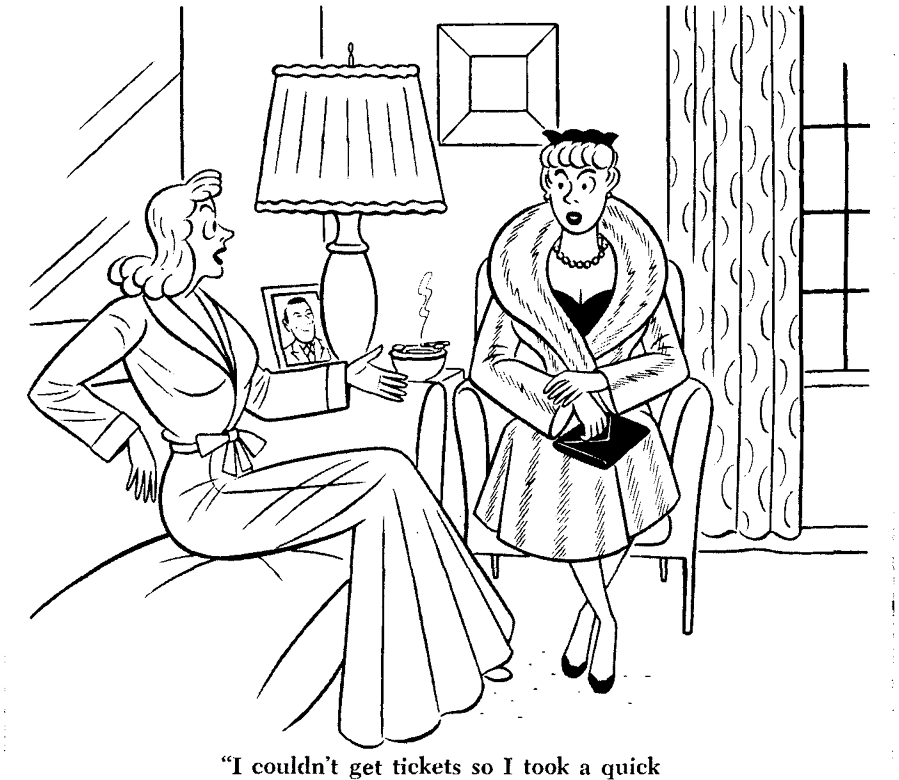
"No, Jeff. *My* rum jug. I've used it for water for two years. The label's soaked off, from dipping it in springs."

"Water," growled Jeff, "in a Hernando's jug. Desecration!"

The old woodsman gazed out the cabin doorway, and spoke sonorously. "Rum giveth, an' rum taketh away. Come on, Tom. You got me. Take me down to jail. But, I'd like to make a last request."

"Well?" said Tom, warily.

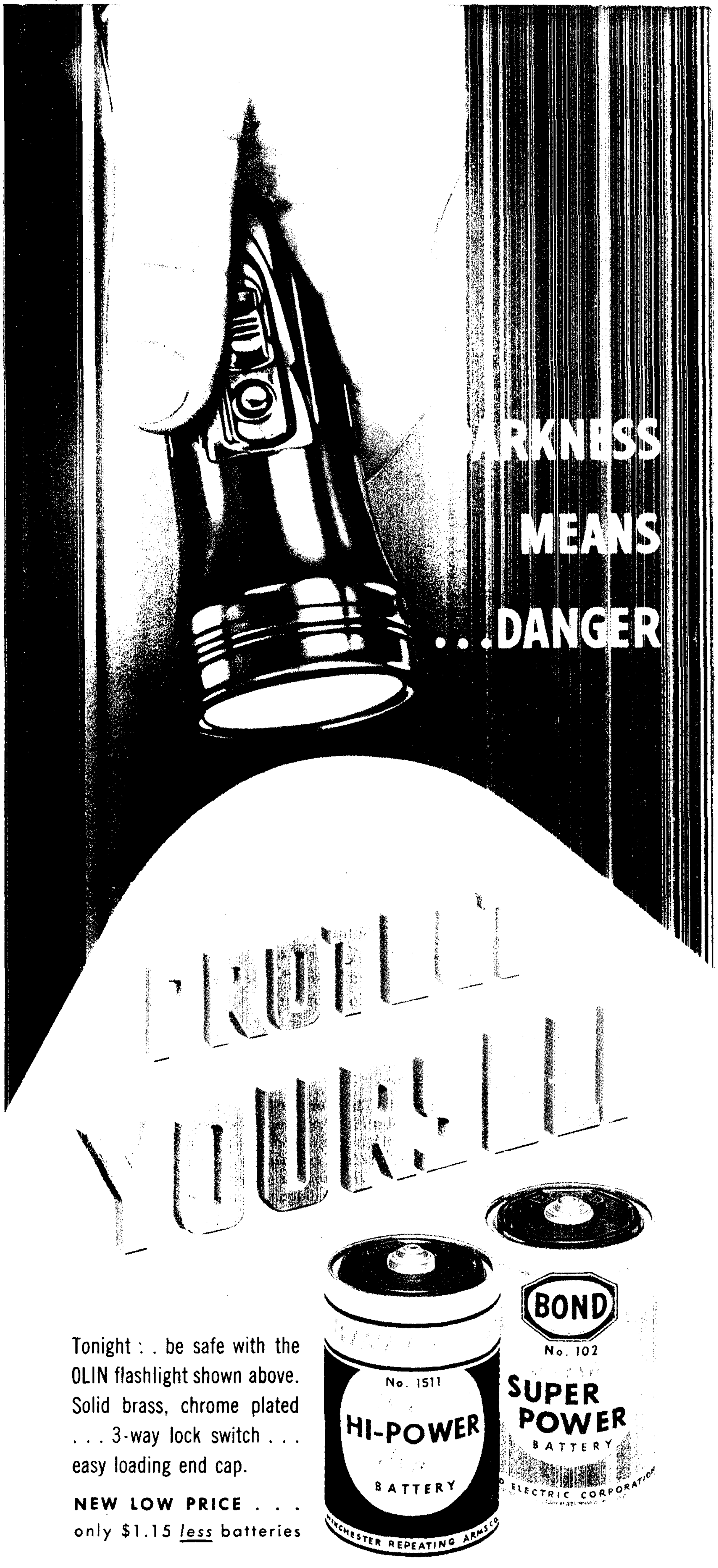
Tom knew full well that, properly, the affair was over. Yet with the outlaw of



"I couldn't get tickets so I took a quick dramatic course, applied for a bit part in the show, got a call and finally saw it"

COLLIER'S

JEFF KEATE



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Mopang Forest, there was often the sting of aftermath, the dart of double climax. Now, as he watched Jeff pacing, saw the frown of thought on the high, smooth brow, he was on guard.

"Tom," said Jeff, "will you take me down-river by Big Eddy?"

"The cove's a mile out of the way."

Jeff paced some more, his eye half closed in concentration. "I'm thinkin' of my jug," he said. "There was air space in it, after them little swallows I had. She'd kind of half float, kind of half sink. Now, Tom, I got it worked out. That jug'll swing south in them currents below Elbow Falls, right into Big Eddy."

"You want me to go a mile out of the way," asked Tom, "just for a jug?"

"It's Hernando's Fiery Dagger, Tom. Don't you understand?"

Tom didn't. He felt the presence of an ulterior motive. Yet there seemed to be emotion in the request, if not reason.

"All right, Jeff. We'll go your way. But no tricks!"

Before sundown, in the warden's canoe, they reached the fork in the river, and turned into Big Eddy. Jeff Coongate, sitting in the bow, glanced this way and that, searching the narrowing shores. Tom was enchanted by the old man's air of stealth. It was as if he were stalking something much more lethal than a wayward jug.

"Shush, Tom. Quiet, now. Side the canoe ashore here."

"Why? Where's the jug?"

"Forget the jug—an' look at them tracks. *Rubber boots!*"

"Roscoe Carrion," said Tom, under his breath.

Tom beached the canoe silently. He followed Jeff, marveling at the old-timer's Indianlike step. They passed through the shore growth, and came to a backwater. And there, on a gravel bar, they found a yearling moose. The creature was quite recently dead, and half of the meat removed from the bones.

As they watched, Roscoe Carrion stepped furtively from the woods and approached the carcass to finish the job. As he knelt beside the moose, his skinning knife drawn, some animal instinct prompted the trapper to turn. He was looking into the faces of his two deadliest enemies, and it so unnerved him that he lost his head.

Tom saw the glint of twilight on the ten-inch blade of Roscoe's knife. He saw the man's arm sweep upward for the throw. Then, almost in his ear, he heard the roar of Jeff Coongate's rifle.

The heavy bullet struck the gravel below Roscoe Carrion's knees. As the tiny pebbles showered into his face, Roscoe dropped his knife and put both hands to his eyes. Tom Corn stepped in and put the handcuffs on his wrists.

Then the young warden looked down at his own hands. They were trembling. He glanced at Jeff Coongate and grinned.

"Much obliged, Jeff," he said.

"Why, think nothin' of it, son. Allus glad to help a warden in his duty against the ravidges of evil poachers."

Jeff glared at the cringing Roscoe, then looked at the half-butchered moose. "I was savin' him for myself," he said, forlornly.

"Well," laughed Tom, "you saved my life instead. I'll tell Judge Beeswater about this. He'll let you off easy."

"I ask quarter from no man, Tom. You know that."

"Sure, Jeff, I know. But what I don't know is how you figured Roscoe was after your moose."

"You told me yourself, Tom. Remember this mornin' when I asked you if Roscoe had informed on me visitin' at Zack's? I could tell by your face that he had and I got to thinkin'. With me at the dam, an' you after me, Roscoe would have my little moose to himself. 'Course I never figured we'd catch Roscoe in the act. An' besides"—the old woodsman licked his lips—"the way I figured the river currents, my rum jug had ought to be down here, somewheres. But I guess she's a goner."

ABOUT a week later, Tom Corn came to the Mopang jail to deliver a letter to the one-eyed poacher.

"For me, Tom? You say this letter's for me?"

"Sure, Jeff. For you, addressed in my care."

Old Jeff was mystified and touched. He hadn't received a letter in thirty years. He daintily tore off the end of the envelope, unfolded a sheet of ruled paper, and read, as follows:

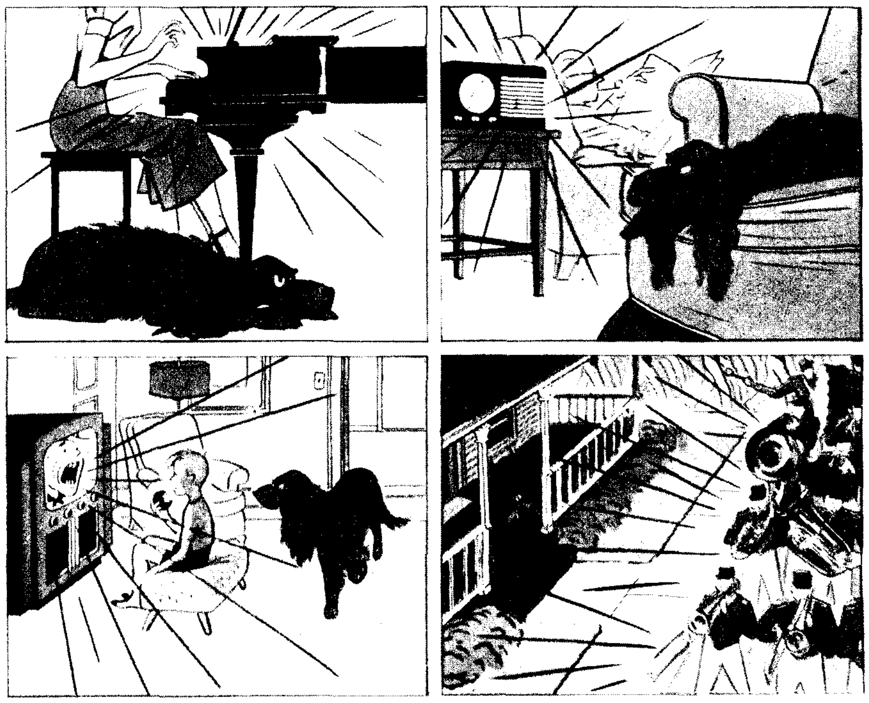
Mr. Thos. J. Coongate, Esq.,

Dere sir, since you left our home, I have suffered dreadful torture, and prayed for your forgiveness for the terrubul lie I told you. In retribution I want you should come back to our home for the winter with Zack and me, and be warm and happy. Oh, Mr. Coongate, dere sir, please forgive me, as the rum was not in the trash barril, but in the flour barril, where it now awaits your pleasure. Please come back to us soon.

Yrs. trly, Sarah Bourne.

THE END

CLANCY



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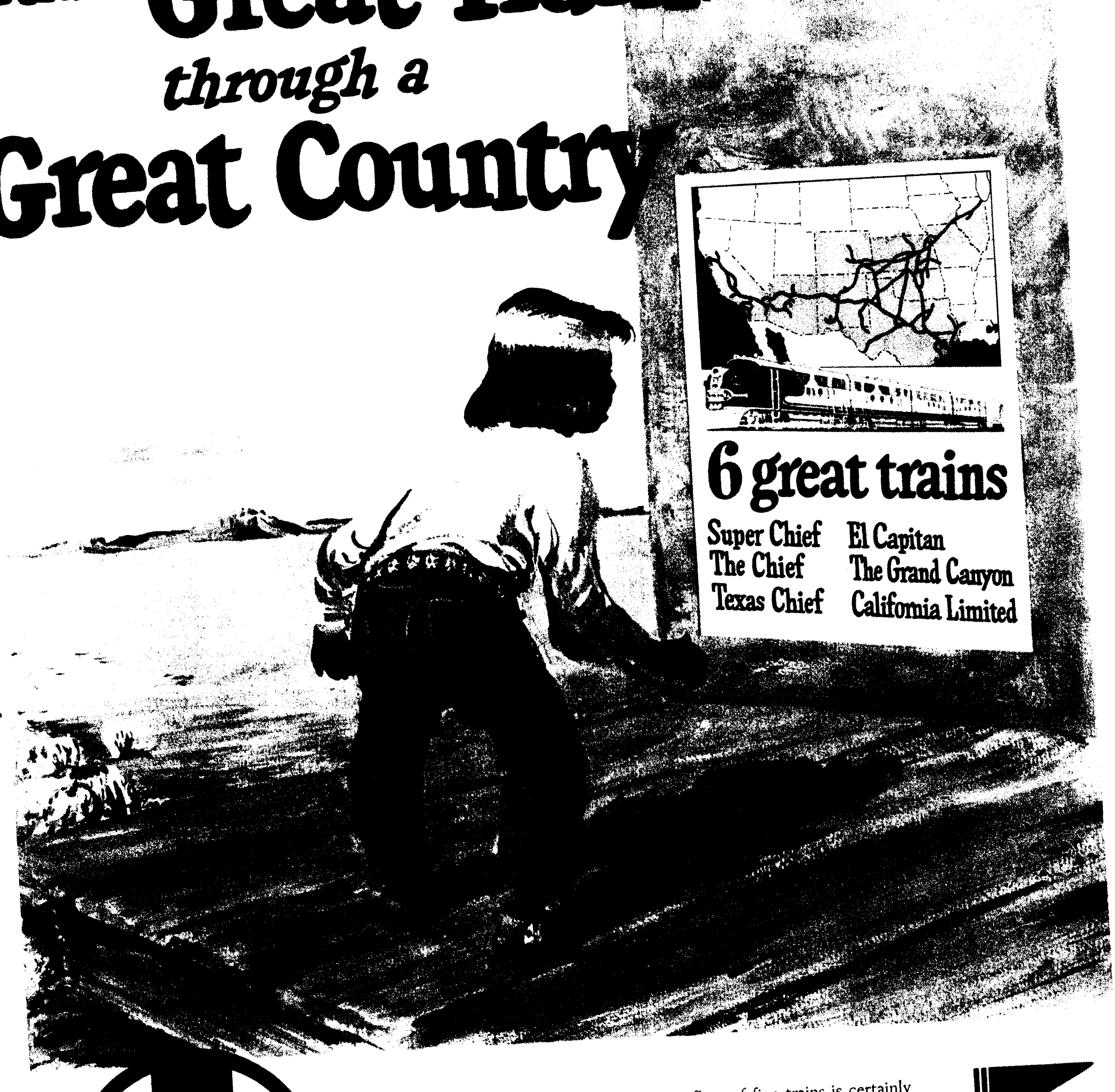
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Florida's Struggle with the Hoodlums

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

voter with the contempt that a confidence man feels for the gullible mark.

Most Floridians are calloused to graft. "Protection" has assumed a curious meaning. Any man in a position to enforce the law who fails to accept "protection money" was regarded by some of the citizenry as peculiar. Many people have become inured to bribery. It was accepted as inevitable and universal. Men did—and do—pay fantastic amounts, much of it contributed by the mob, to achieve public office.

In Miami Beach, a municipality separate from Miami and possessing a year-around population of only 50,000, sums up to $90,000 have been paid to catapult a candidate into the seven-man city council for a two-year term. The salary of a councilman is $3,000 a year.

Circuit Judge Stanley Milledge, a humble and courteous and brave man, who can be seen any Sunday, bare-chested and clad in torn khaki shorts, tending his lawn and fruit trees in quiet suburban Miami Shores, tried to arouse the grand jury last spring.

Judge Defines "Ice Money"

He told the jurors that racketeers were taking a $100,000,000 yearly profit out of Dade County alone. He estimated that $24,000,000 was set aside as "ice money." The judge's figures seem high. But he says they are based on "conservative and expert reports." He defined "ice money" as "all sorts of expenses which legitimate business finds unnecessary."

"It includes," he said, "contributions to political campaigns; to needy persons, in and out of office, who are of peculiar value to the gambling business; lobbying against legislation to strengthen law enforcement; and even donations to worthy causes so as to make charity a partner of racketeering."

Incidentally, the grand jury failed to arouse.

It is important to get a picture of the political subdivisions in south Florida's big money territory. Dade County is made up of 26 separate municipalities, each with its own city government and police force, and of sprawling unincorporated areas where the sheriff swears to "defend the Constitution . . . and uphold the laws of Florida."

Miami and Miami Beach are both in Dade County. Miami is where most of the people live and more work. It runs hot and cold on gambling law enforcement. Miami Beach is where they play. It has been hot. But this season one councilman turned it cold and seething at the same time.

Broward County, just north of Dade, includes the charming little cities of Fort Lauderdale and Hollywood. It always has been open under Sheriff Walter Clark and his brother-assistant, "Handsome Bob" Clark. The gambling profits are stupendous.

This winter, evening-clothed crowds bucked the house at the crap tables, roulette wheels and sweated out hands at the *chemin de fer* table. Thousand-dollar bills floated across the table of the "New York" crap game at Greenacres, Broward County's biggest gambling joint. In the "New York" game the refinement of using chips is abandoned. Only cash is used. Biggest bets are on whether or not the shooter will make his point. Greenacres supplies bodyguards to big winners. Boheme, another plush club near by, has been giving Greenacres roaring competition.

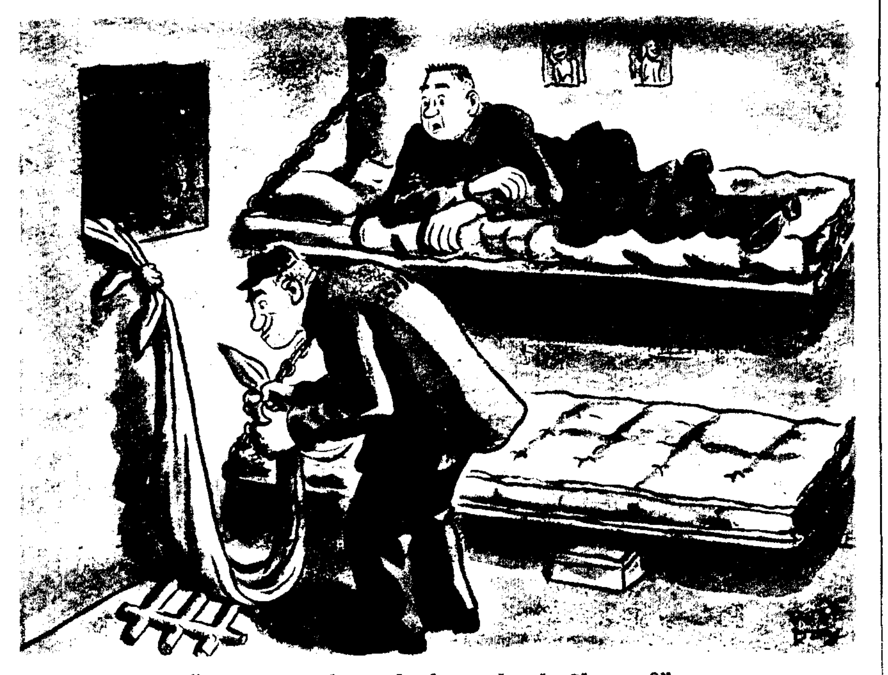
Sheriff Clark has held his job 17 years. He claims he gives the people of Broward County the kind of administration they want. His friends say, "Old Walter's comfortable as an old shoe."

The infiltration of big-time mobsters into Florida began in the twenties, when the late Al Capone discovered the beauties and pleasures of the Miami region, and decided to settle, along with a group of his followers. The wholesale invasion came during the war years, and immediately after the war, when black-market dollars were plentiful.

Florida has conveniences for the mob-ster-plunderer: an easy official conscience and freedom from onerous state taxes encountered elsewhere. The danger of the invasion was immediately recognized and spotlighted by the two alert and courageous Miami newspapers, the Herald and the Daily News.

One day the Herald ran three full pages of photographs showing the faces of the upper crust of the hoodlum world, along with the lovely homes they owned or rented in the Miami area. The public was astonished for a time, but seemed to forget. Some real-estate dealers even mumbled that this sort of thing was bad publicity, that it would hurt property values. But other public-spirited citizens understood the crisis and met the challenge. They contributed funds to the Crime Commission of Greater Miami, which is fighting a desperate and relentless battle to free south Florida from the racketeers.

The racketeers can be fought. Florida's



COLLIER'S "Now may I have the lower bunk, Slugger?" ROBERT DAY

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Attorney General Richard Ervin is keeping them up nights. Shy and soft-spoken, unlike the conventional racket buster, Ervin is one of the mobs' toughest adversaries.

When the Florida Railroad and Public Utilities Commission was enjoined from enforcing the state's 1949 gambling-wire service ban, Ervin stepped in to help get the injunction dissolved. He put his own investigators to work. Where illegal race wires were found, the telegraph company was notified to stop the service and promptly did.

When the bookies resorted to telephones, Ervin's investigators tracked down the "drops" and the telephone company was ordered to take out the instruments, which it did immediately.

The heat on the wire service has had one significant effect. Thousands of dollars that would have been bet illegally have gone through the legal pari-mutuel machines at the tracks instead.

Tropical Park, with the poorest dates at the start of the Florida winter season, handled $17,998,332 in its 41-day meeting. This was only a 3.67 per cent drop from the previous year while play at most Northern tracks was off 10 per cent or more. Most other businesses would be well satisfied with that slight volume loss in these days of the tighter buck.

Swank Hialeah, with midseason dates, continued with business on the optimistic side. Ervin and the track officials could afford to smile.

It would be a mistake to think Ervin's efforts have the mob licked or even on the ropes. The racing information still is getting out. The bookies are getting their service, but they are complaining that it isn't what it once was.

Some race tracks permitted the wire service to operate from inside the grounds. Most did not. But they do have the nationwide news-gathering services like Associated Press. And many have thought for years that the bookie service might have been tapping these lines. Ervin figured this could be the case in Florida this season. But a trial 15-minute shutdown of all wires from the Hialeah track failed to pin down the leak.

The test was made one day in late January by the Utilities Commission with telephone and telegraph engineers co-operating. They pulled fuses on all circuits three minutes before post time on the third race. After the race, fuses were replaced on one telephone circuit. A call was made to a bookie joint.

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Petitions
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BILL STAPLETON

Miami Beach Councilman Richard poses with a sign prepared by enemies who are trying to kick him out

While all other wires were still disconnected, the bookie gave the results of the race immediately and correctly. A report to the Utilities Commission revealed this conversation:

"How's the information service?"

"Lousy."

"How are you getting it—by radio?"

"Yes. But I don't want to talk about it."

The racket boys are resourceful opponents in a fight. That's why licking them—if they are to be licked—is going to be a long and difficult struggle. It takes honest men to carry on that struggle.

Melvin J. Richard of Miami Beach is a key figure in the fight against the hoods.

Miami Beach is an incredible city. But Richard is an incredible man, and his career illustrates how one incorruptible public official can change a whole community for the better.

Until this year Miami Beach was a world upside down. It had more easy money than any other six square miles in the entire world. In this neon paradise it was assumed that the police would hibernate like amiable bears during the season, and close their eyes to everything this side of murder and jewel robberies. The racketeers were the Very Important People. Not only did they muscle in on legitimate business but they also gave special attention to the local gambling syndicate, which had maintained bookmaking branches in 65 big hotels.

When we started on this assignment a friend asked us to get him a room at a beach hotel where he could inhale atmosphere. We got him a room at the Wofford, which until recently was operated by "Little Augie" Pisano and some rough gentlemen from Cleveland.

When he checked in he was treated with unbelievable deference; the red carpet was rolled out, there was scraping and bowing. He asked us, "What cooks?"

"Why, you were driving a cream-colored convertible," he was told. "You wore a sport coat and dark glasses. They thought you were a torpedo, because you were in a torpedo's uniform. In this town a torpedo is a VIP."

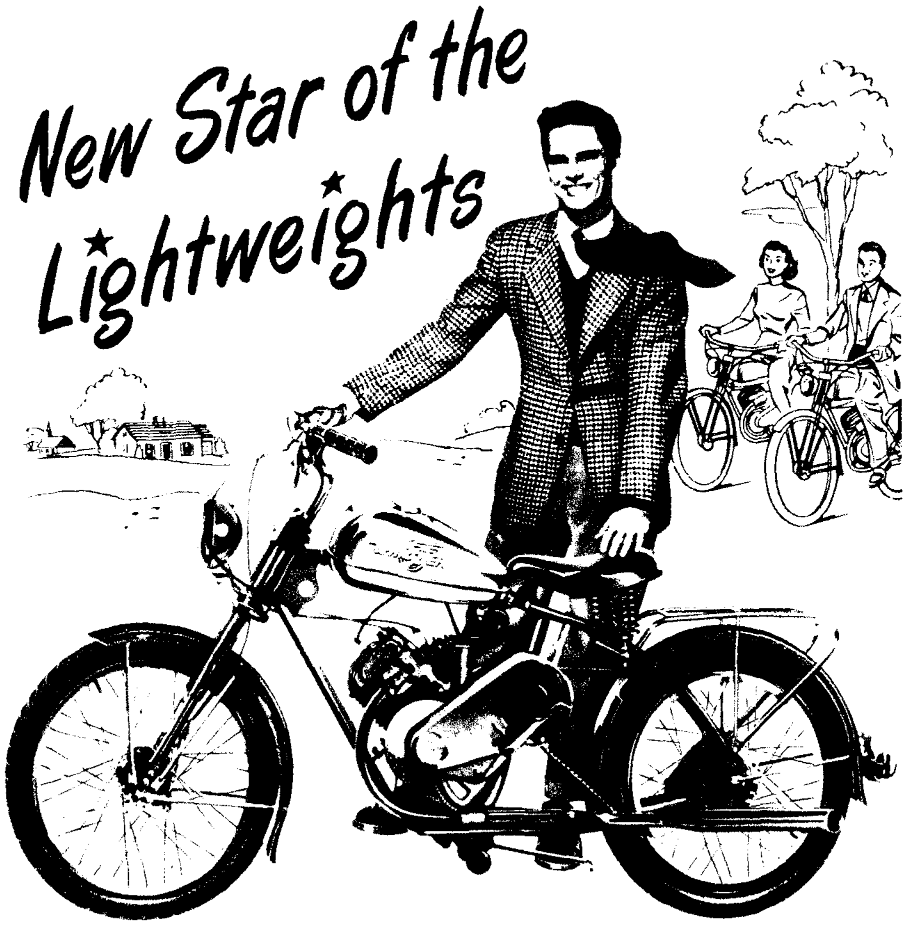
But, in spite of this incident, Miami Beach has been a comparatively clean town this season, and it's primarily because of Councilman Mel Richard.

Councilman Mel Richard is a slender, thirty-seven-year-old former Navy lieutenant who ran PT boats during the war. Born in Brooklyn, he obtained a law degree at the University of Florida, and set out to practice at the Beach. The first year his total legal practice netted $120.

At first he almost starved, but his business gradually grew because people came to realize he was absolutely honest. He decided to go into politics. He didn't want his two children to grow up in a town where racketeers were VIPs.

He ran for city council in 1947 and got licked. His platform was: Clean up the town. Apparently the people didn't want it cleaned up—not then. But the gambling syndicate decided that eventually Richard would be dangerous. They tried to get to him. They offered him bribes—in the form of legal business—and he turned them down.

He ran for council again in 1949. The hoods—and even "respectable" citizens—were frightened by the audacity of his campaign. His opponents spent sums comparable to the annual salary of the Presi-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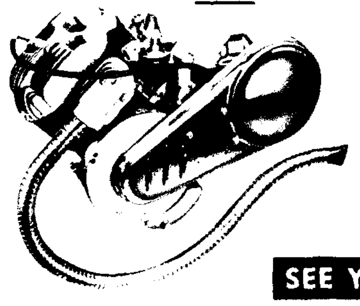

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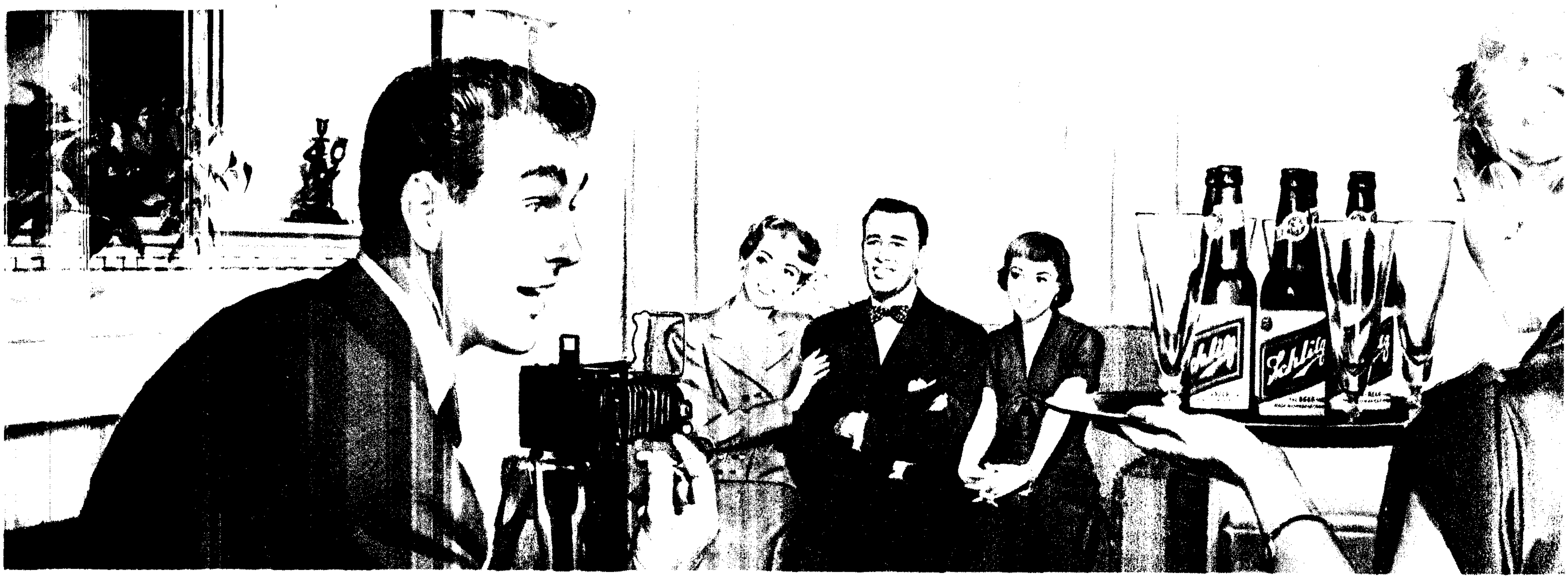
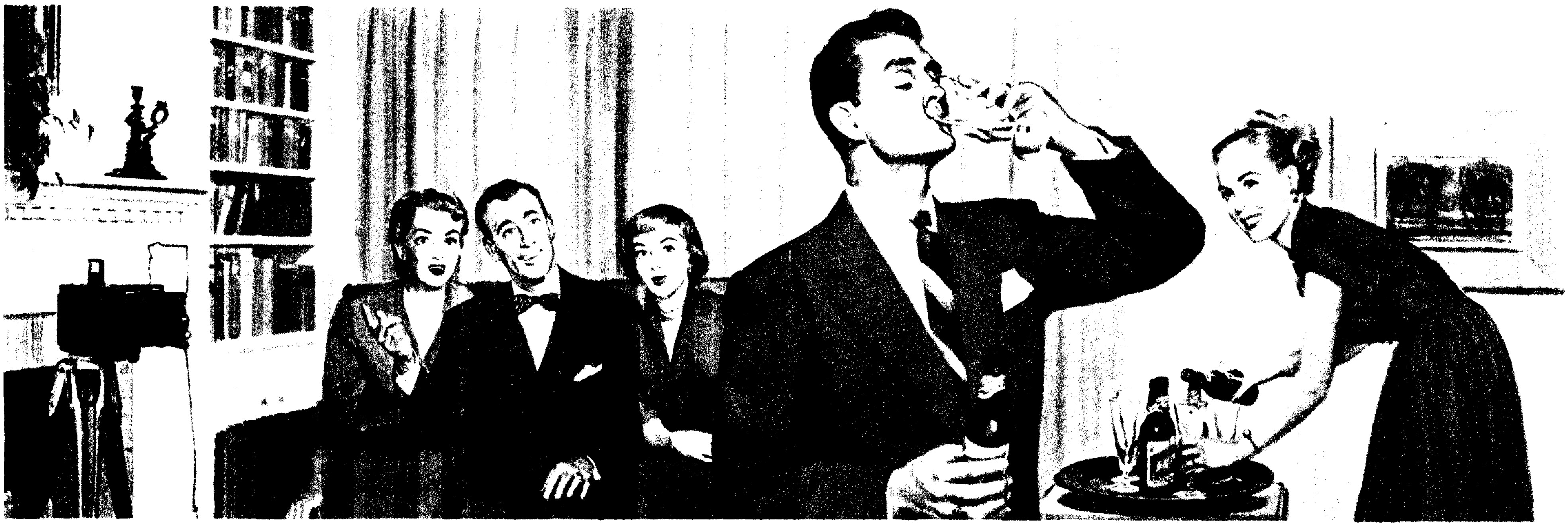
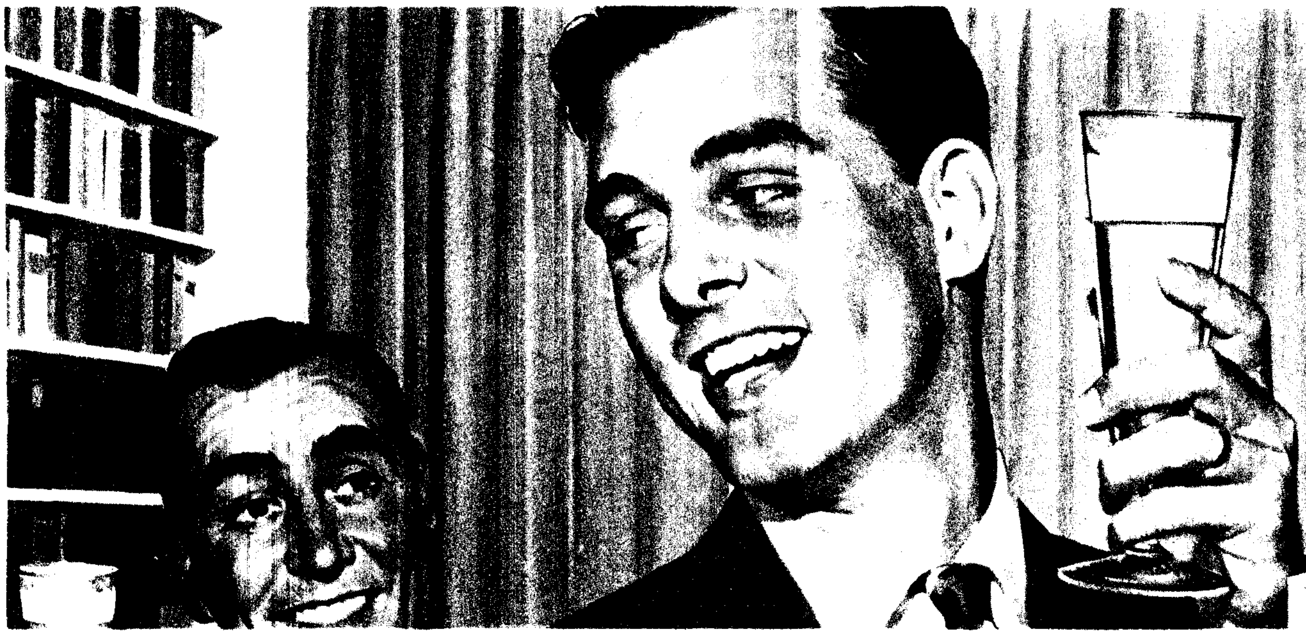

Schlitz
Schlitz

"I was curious . . .



I tasted it . . .



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Now I know why Schlitz is . . .

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous!"

TUNE IN! *Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman, "The Halls of Ivy," Friday nights on NBC*

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dent of the United States. They gave cocktail parties for 500 in the biggest hotels. There were fashion shows, with expenditures about evenly divided between models and drinks, for almost 1,000 people at a clip. There were luncheons and dinners.

Mel Richard spent only about $5,000 on his campaign.

Richard planted a public-address amplifier on top of his old car and drove around the city shouting that a vote for him was a vote for decency. He won and he ran third among the seven elected.

Miami Beach has a council-manager form of government. The city council determines policy and the man polling most votes in the council election automatically becomes mayor. The mayor of Miami Beach is Harold Turk, a mustachioed gentleman who deplores the "bad publicity" the Beach is getting.

First thing Richard did was talk to City Manager Claude Renshaw. "How many councilmen," he asked, "would it take to clean up the city?"

Renshaw, who has been city manager 25 years, replied, "Just one."

Richard became that one.

Chief of Police Philip Short was relieved, reduced to lieutenant, and replaced by Albert Simpson. The town closed down.

The pressure on Richard started.

Owners of some hotels grumbled. It had been customary for gamblers to pay the hotels between $5,000 and $45,000 a winter to lease concessions that could be used to conceal race wires. This was a big profit item for the hotel operators, for it only involved leasing about four feet of space a season to the bookies.

In return the bookies furnished instantaneous race results to hotel patrons. The playboys could loll in their cabanas and bet on the ponies without the bother of mingling with *hoi polloi* at the pari-mutuel windows.

Soon Councilman Richard became a target for the transient thousands—and there were literally thousands—who made their living on the fringe of the mob.

How a Bribe Plot Worked Out

The boys tried to get to Mel Richard in earnest. The way he told it was like this:

"Harry Plissner called me and said that he and three others of the boys wanted to run punch boards at the Beach. Plissner had voluntarily helped me in my election campaign. Of course I had not suspected he had gambling connections. He said he knew they couldn't operate the punch boards unless I gave the okay. Plissner said if I gave the okay they'd cut me in a fifth share. He added that a fifth share would be $150,000 a year easy. Maybe $200,000."

Plissner went on to explain what Richard would have to do to earn that $150,000, or maybe $200,000 a year.

"All you have to do," Richard was told, "is continue being a Boy Scout in public—but stop being one in private.

"You'll get paid—and it'll all be listed as legal advice so it'll look perfectly okay. And we'll support you at election time. We'll make you mayor, if that's what you want. And at certain times you can conduct cleanup campaigns. You can raid joints and put people in the paddy wagon. You can sit in the front seat of the front car and you'll get your picture in all the papers. You'll still be a big reformer, and you'll get 150—maybe 200—G's a year."

Richard politely told him to go to hell. And since then Richard has testified before a Dade County grand jury and Harry Plissner has been indicted for offering a bribe to a public official.

At the time of this writing the case is pending.

Before the anti-bookie bill was passed, bribery charges that were finally resolved in acquittals rocked Tallahassee in the 1947 and 1949 sessions of the legislature. During the 1947 session, Representative Bernie Papy of Key West was indicted on charges of offering bribes to two freshman legislators, Representatives Brailey Odham of Sanford and Clarence Camp of Ocala, to vote against the bill. Representative Papy was acquitted and re-elected.

Mobsters Drive Public Away

Miami Beach closed down, except for sneak bookies, when Richard took his seat in the council. He got a majority of the seven members on his side at one time. But actually he was only a vociferous minority of one. It looked as though Mel Richard would win. He had been preaching basic facts of life. A few silly people get a thrill out of hobnobbing with hoodlums, but most Americans feel soiled by mobster contacts, and won't return to the Beach the following season.

But Mel Richard was on the spot when Hialeah Race Course opened and the pinch on the bookies was tightest.

The quote best citizens unquote of Miami Beach got behind a noisy recall movement to remove him from the council "for activities inimical to the best interest of Miami Beach."

A new newspaper has just started in Miami—the Morning Mail. This tabloid devotes banner headlines to attacks on Richard. The editor is Harry Voiler, who served three years of a 30-year sentence for armed robbery. Ownership of this newspaper is quite mysterious. There are 100 shares of stock, and only three were listed in the incorporation papers filed in the state capital, Tallahassee. The three were all employees of a law firm—obvious "dummies."

The ownership is mysterious, but the writing is not. The star reporter and featured columnist is Barry Gray, who by a queer coincidence is also the featured commentator on radio station WMIE, which is controlled by Mickey McBride.

When Frank Costello and Tony Accardo checked into swank Miami Beach hotels, the Miami Herald and the Miami Daily News reported they had come for a gangster policy-making session.

The Morning Mail devoted a full-length editorial to what it considered unjustified invasion of Mr. Costello's right to privacy. The editorialist said he wasn't acquainted with Accardo.

"What little we know about Frank Costello indicates he is a gentlemanly person," the editorial read. "He lives a quiet, and, apparently, a life of rectitude. His donations to charities, not only in New York but throughout the nation, are a matter of record, despite his modest effort to hide them."

The editorialist concluded with a wish "that while he (Costello) is a guest at Miami Beach he enjoys our sunshine, our flowers and our myriad attractions."

Chief of Police Simpson of Miami Beach says, "The people can have any kind of government they like. If they want it clean, that's the way they'll get it." But many Miami Beach residents don't "want it clean."

The authors trace the wire net—the nervous system of the mob—in their article next week, the second of two on Florida's fight against racketeers

Next Week

The Americans Nobody Wants

BY LESTER VELIE

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SPRING TUNE UP?

WHAT DOES SPRING TUNE-UP MEAN TO YOU

You'll have the oil changed—the car lubricated—the spark plugs cleaned—of course. But, before you call that Spring Tune-Up, think of what your car has been through this past winter.

It is smart to have your service man give your car a complete inspection. Ask him about such things as the *Radiator*—the Oil *Filter*—the care of *Finish*—the *Brakes* and the Brake *Fluid* system—Windshield *Wipers* and Front Wheel *Bearings*.

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World on Fire

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

brought the desert wanderers up to the River Jordan. The earth was still quaking in reaction to the cometary collision. The fall of a segment of one of the Jordan's banks would explain the "heaping" of the waters of the river to allow the passage which took place on foot. And archaeologists who excavated the great walls of Jericho—they were 12 feet wide—found that they had been shaken down not by Joshua's trumpeters but by an incidental earthquake.

As has already been pointed out, the Israelite tradition counts 40 years of wandering in the desert. After that, the entire conquest of Canaan took 14 years. So 12 years may well have passed between the crossing of the Jordan and the battle at Beth-horon. This would make a total of 52 years from the Red Sea crossing to Joshua's plea to the sun.

THE works of Fernando de Alva Ixtlilxochitl, the early Mexican scholar (circa 1568-1648) who was able to read old Mexican texts, preserved the ancient tradition that 52 years elapsed between two great catastrophes, each of which terminated a world age.

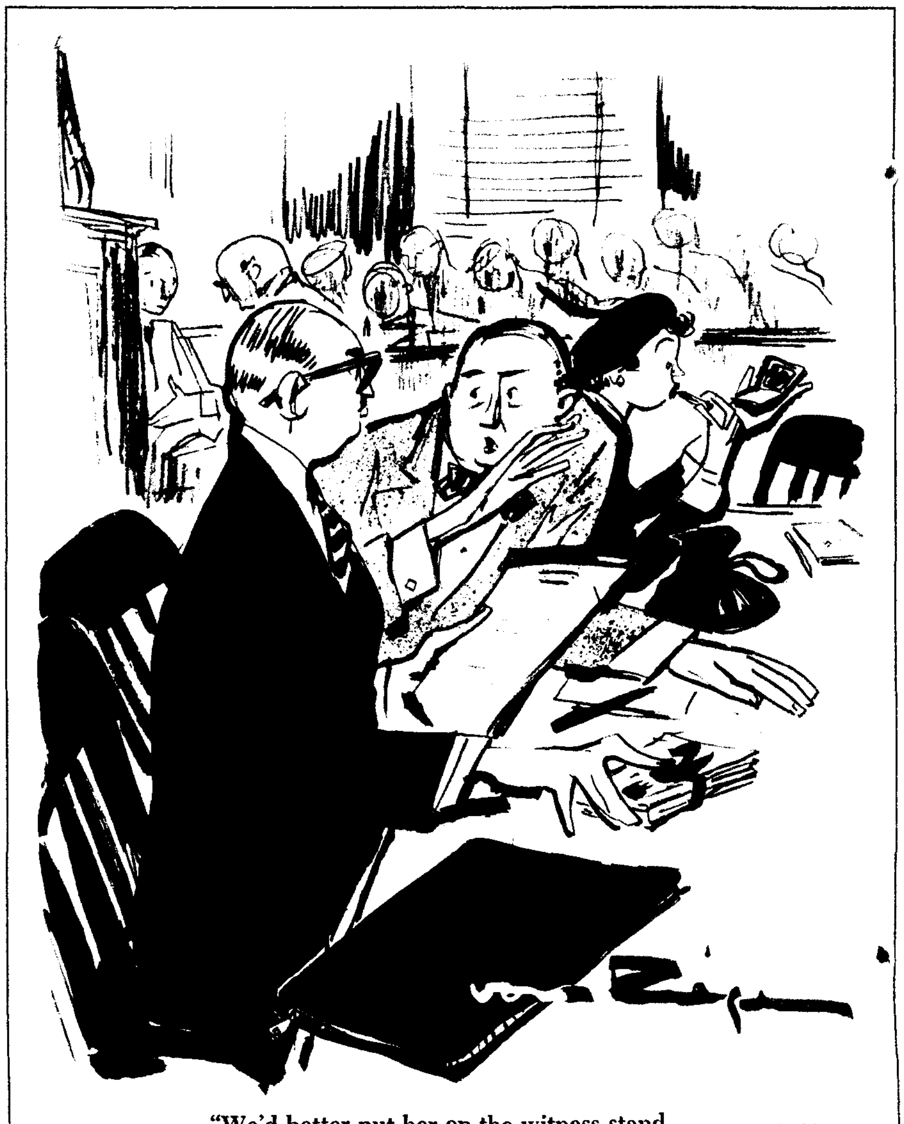
Other historians have noted that the natives of pre-Columbian Mexico not only expected a new catastrophe at the end of every period of 52 years but that they congregated to await the event. They were afraid that it would be the end of the human race and that the darkness of the night might become permanent: the sun might not rise any more. They watched for the appearance of the planet Venus, and when, on the feared day, no catastrophe occurred, they rejoiced. They brought human sacrifices and offered the hearts of prisoners whose chests they opened with knives of flint. That night a great bonfire announced to the fearful crowds that a new period of grace had been granted.

The period of 52 years, regarded by the ancient Mexicans as the interval between two world catastrophes, was definitely related by them to the planet Venus; and this "period of Venus" was observed by both the Mayas and the Aztecs.

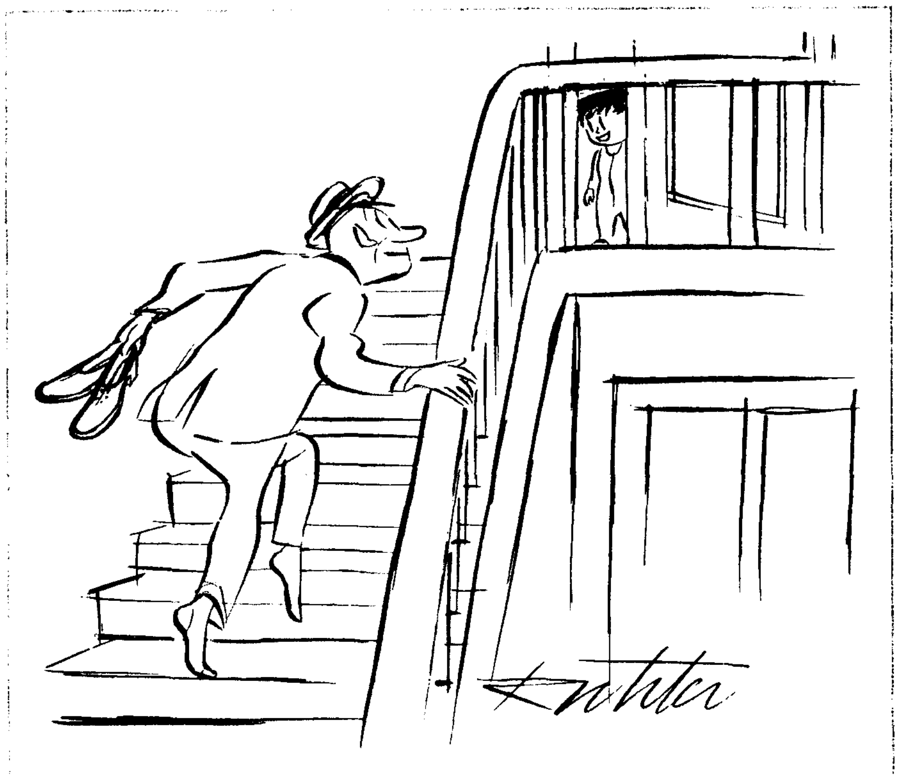
This old Mexican custom of worshiping the morning star survived up to a generation ago in ceremonies of the Skidi Pawnee Indians of Nebraska. G. A. Dorsey, who studied these aborigines, wrote that in years when Venus "appeared especially bright, or in years when there was a comet in the sky," the Skidi Pawnee, like the ancient Mexicans, brought human sacrifices and tore their hearts out.

Under the law laid down by Moses in the desert, the ancient Israelites observed a jubilee period of 50 years. "And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof: it shall be a jubile unto you; and ye shall return every man unto his possession, and ye shall return every man unto his family" (Leviticus 25:10). This was in addition to the Sabbatical law which required the land to lie fallow every seventh year.

Since the seventh Sabbatical year was the forty-ninth year, the proclamation of the fiftieth year jubilee amounted to a prescription to leave the land fallow for two consecutive years—a practice which cannot be explained by the need of the soil for rest from cultivation. Besides, the return of land to its original owners and the release of slaves gave the jubilee the character of atonement. And the jubilee's proclamation on the Day of Atonement emphasized this still further. On that day, the Israelites used to cast lots for two goats: one goat



COLLIER'S "We'd better put her on the witness stand . . . she can't remember our story forever" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



COLLIER'S "Hi, Daddy! Please tell me a story!" MISCHA RICHTER

for the Lord and the other as the scapegoat for Azazel.

Azazel was the fallen star or Lucifer; it was also called Azzael, Azza or Uzza. According to the rabbinical legend, Uzza was the star angel of Egypt: it was thrown into the Red Sea when the Israelites made their passage. Al Uzza is the Arab name for the planet Venus, and Arabs used to bring human sacrifices to Venus.

But Venus is now a planet. The theory advanced here is that the Exodus of the Jews and Joshua's victory at Beth-horon were made possible by a comet. Was Venus a comet before it became a planet?

The Pythagoreans, who generally kept their knowledge secret, taught that Venus was a comet. One of the ancient Mexican names for Venus was "Tzontemocque," or "the mane." The Arabs gave to Venus the appelative "Zebbay" or "one with hair," as did the Babylonians. The Peruvian name Chaska or "wavy-haired" is still the name for Venus. "Hair" or coma is a characteristic of comets. In fact, "comet" is derived from the Greek word for hair.

When, then, did the comet become a planet?

Marcus Varro, "the most learned of the Romans," in his book entitled Of the Race of the Roman People, which is no longer extant but is quoted by Augustine in The City of God, wrote: "Castor records that in the brilliant star Venus, there occurred so strange a prodigy, that it changed its color, size, form, course, which never happened before nor since. Adrastus of Cyzicus, and Dion of Naples, famous mathematicians, said that this occurred in the reign of Ogyges."

THE flood of Ogyges is one of the two great natural catastrophes known to the history of Greece. It brought overwhelming destruction to the mainland of Greece and to the islands around, and caused changes in the geographical profile of the area. Chronologists among the fathers of the church found material for synchronizing it with the time of Joshua, successor to Moses.

If Venus, as a comet, did pass sufficiently close to Earth's path to distort the career of the globe so that the sun *appeared* to stand still, another phenomenon besides the retarded movement of the planet would probably occur: a rain of meteorites would strike the earth and would increase to a torrent. Stones, scorched by flying through the atmosphere at extremely great speed, would be hurled on home and head.

In the Book of Joshua, two verses before the passage about the sun that was suspended on high for a number of hours without moving to the occident, we find this passage:

"As they (the Canaanite kings) fled from before Israel, and were in the going down to Beth-horon . . . the Lord cast down great stones from heaven upon them unto Azekah, and they died: they were more which died with hailstones (stones of *barad*) than they whom the children of Israel slew with the sword."

The author of the Book of Joshua was surely ignorant of any connection between the two phenomena. He could not be expected to have had any knowledge about the nature of aerolites, about the forces of attraction between celestial bodies, and the like. As these phenomena were recorded to have occurred together, it is improbable that the records were invented.

According to some early Hebrew literature, "the hot hailstones which, at Moses' intercession, had remained suspended in the air when they were about to fall upon the Egyptians, were now cast down upon the Canaanites." These words mean that a part of the meteorites of the cometary train of the days of Exodus remained in the celestial sphere for about 50 years. The language of the Talmud and Midrash suggests instead that the same comet returned after some 50 years, once more passing very close to the earth.

The comet must have been seen. And the Prophet Habakkuk does describe a portent in the sky on that memorable day when, in his words, "the sun and moon stood still in their habitation." It had the form of a man on a chariot drawn by horses and was regarded as an angel of God. Habakkuk says:

"His glory covered the heavens . . . and his brightness was as the light; he had rays coming out of his hand . . . burning coals went forth at his feet . . . [he] drove asunder the nations; and the everlasting mountains were scattered. . . . The sun and moon stood *still* in their habitation: at the light of thy arrows they went, and the shining of thy glittering spear. . . . Thou didst walk through the sea with thine horses, through the heap of great waters."

The quotation from the Book of Jasher regarding the circumstances of Joshua's exploit is laconic and may give the impression that the phenomenon of the motionless sun and moon was local, seen only in Palestine between the valley of Ajalon and Gibeon. But the character of the prodigy was cosmic.

The Biblical description of the position of the luminaries—the sun over Gibeon and the moon over Ajalon—implies that the sun was in the forenoon position: "in the midst

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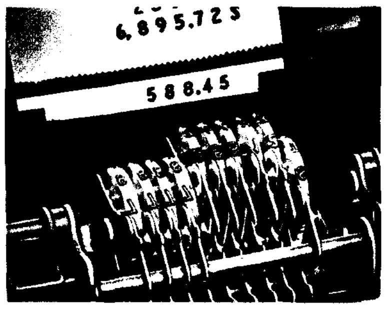

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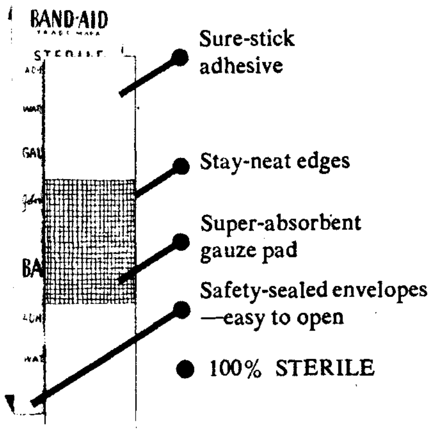
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"of the sky." Allowing for the difference in longitude, it must have been early morning or night in the Western Hemisphere.

We go to the shelf where stand books with the historical traditions of the aborigines of Central America.

The sailors of Columbus and Cortez, arriving in America, found there literate peoples who had books of their own. Most of these books were burned in the sixteenth century by the Dominican monks. Very few of the ancient manuscripts survived but these are preserved in the libraries of Paris, the Vatican, the Prado and Dresden. They are called codici, and their texts have been studied and partly read. Moreover, among the Indians of the days of the conquest and also of the following century, there were literary men who had access to the knowledge written in pictographic script by their forefathers.

IN THE Mexican Annals of Cuauhtitlan—the history of the empire of Colhuacan and Mexico, written in Nahua-Indian in the sixteenth century—it is related that during a cosmic catastrophe that occurred in the remote past, the night did not end for a long time.

Bernardino de Sahagun, the Spanish savant who came to America a generation after Columbus and gathered the traditions of the aborigines, wrote that at the time of one cosmic catastrophe the sun rose only a little way over the horizon and remained there without moving; the moon also stood still. The tradition preserved by Sahagun bears no evidence of having been introduced by the missionaries; in his version there is nothing to suggest Joshua ben Nun and his war against the Canaanite kings; and the position of the sun, only a very little above the eastern horizon, differs from the Biblical text, though it does not contradict it.

When the earth stopped temporarily, its subsurface components continued to spin, creating friction against the hard outer shell. Tremendous heat was generated, which must have set the world on fire.

The Greeks, along with other peoples on the shores of the Aegean Sea, have a legend of a time when the sun was driven off its course and disappeared for an entire day, and the earth was burned and drowned.

The legend says that the young Phaëthon, who claimed parentage of the sun, on that fatal day tried to drive the chariot of the sun. Phaëthon was unable to make his way "against the whirling poles," and "their swift axis" swept him away. "Phaëthon" in Greek means "a blazing star."

In the verses of the Latin poet Ovid, the chariot of the sun, driven by Phaëthon, moves "no longer in the same course as before." The horses "break loose from their course" and "rush aimlessly, knocking against the stars set deep in the sky and snatching the chariot along through uncharted ways. . . .

"The earth bursts into flame, the highest parts first, and splits into deep cracks, and its moisture is all dried up. The meadows are burned to white ashes; the trees are consumed, green leaves and all, and the ripe grain furnishes fuel for its own destruction. . . . Great cities perish with their walls, and the vast conflagration reduces whole nations to ashes. . . .

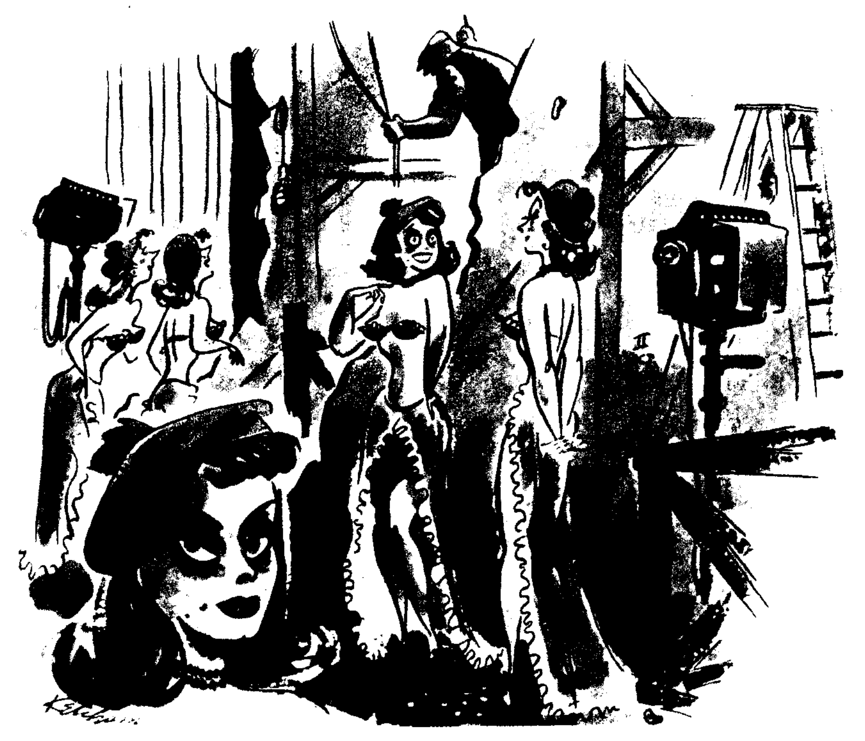
"The woods are ablaze with the mountains. . . . Aetna is blazing boundlessly . . . and twin-peaked Parnassus. . . . Nor does its chilling clime save Scythia; Caucasus burns . . . and the heaven-piercing Alps and cloud-capped Apennines. . . .

"Then also Libya became a desert, for the heat dried up her moisture. . . . The Don's waters steam; Babylonian Euphrates burns; the Ganges, Phasis, Danube, Alpheus boil; Spercheos' banks are aflame. . . . The same mischance dries up the Thracian rivers, Hebrus and Strymon; also the rivers of the west, the Rhine, Rhone, Po and the Tiber. . . . Great cracks yawn everywhere. . . . Even the sea shrinks up, and what was but now a great watery expanse is a dry plain of sand. The mountains, which the deep sea had covered before, spring forth, and increase the numbers of the scattered Cyclades."

How could the poets have known that a change in the movement of the sun across the firmament must cause a world conflagration, blazing of volcanoes, boiling of rivers, disappearance of seas, birth of deserts, emergence of islands, if the sun never changed its harmonious journey from sunrise to sunset?

PLATO recorded the story heard two generations before from Solon, the wise ruler of Athens. Solon, on his visit to Egypt, questioned the priests, versed in the law of antiquity, on early history. He unfolded before them the tale of the deluge, the only ancient tradition he was aware of. One of the priests, an old man identified by Plutarch as Sonchis of Saïs, said:

"There have been and there will be many and divers destructions of mankind, of which the greatest are by fire and water, and lesser ones by countless other means. For in truth the story that is told in your country as well as ours, how once upon a time Phaëthon, son of Helios, yoked his father's chariot, and because he was unable to drive it along the course taken by his



COLLIER'S "He calls me his little Dumb Dora. Me, with two mink coats in my closet!" HANK KETCHAM

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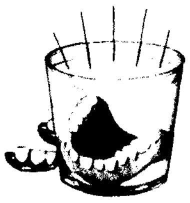

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father, burnt up all that was upon the earth and himself perished by a thunderbolt—that story, as it is told, has the fashion of a legend, but the truth of it lies in the occurrence of a shifting of the bodies in the heavens which move around the earth."

Did Phaëthon turn into the morning star? Hesiod, who wrote in the sixth century B.C., refers to such a transformation. Hyginus, in his Astronomy, tells how Phaëthon was struck by a thunderbolt and placed by the sun among the planets. And the birth of the morning star, or the transformation of a serpent-shaped celestial body into the morning star, is a widespread motif in the literature of ancient Oriental and Occidental peoples as well as of the primitives of our own time: the Tahitians; the Polynesians; the Buriats, Kirghiz and Yakuts of Siberia; and the Eskimos of North America. In none of these is the time of the event given. But it is written in a Samaritan chronicle that during the conquest of Canaan by the Israelites under Joshua "a star arose out of the east against which all magic is vain."

* * *

EDITOR'S NOTE: In his book, Worlds in Collision, Doctor Velikovsky theorizes that this "new star" continued to travel on an elongated ellipse for seven to eight centuries, crossing the orbit of the earth every 50 years. Its movements were carefully watched and charted by the ancient astronomers of Mexico, India, Iran and Babylonia. When irregularities were noted in its course, propitiatory prayers were offered. Sometime during the first millennium B.C., the Doctor believes, one of these vagaries of movement carried Venus into collision with the smaller planet Mars. Venus achieved a circular orbit and a permanent place in the family of planets as a result of this, but Mars was knocked off its former course so that it "attacked" the earth every 15 years until it regained its equilibrium.

Doctor Velikovsky's book relates these visitations of Mars to the Old Testament account of King Sennacherib of Assyria, whose army was slain in its sleep by a mysterious "blast" from heaven while encamped outside Jerusalem. This apparent asphyxiation occurred several hours after the reigning king of Jerusalem, Hezekiah, had watched the shadow on his sundial move backward 10 degrees. In other words, he had seen the earth stop spinning in one direction, spin in reverse for a brief time, and then resume its usual way.

The book notes that the behavior of the sundial was predicted by the Prophet Isaiah, who, like all the ancient Israelite seers, was versed in the motion of the heavenly bodies. It also points out that Hezekiah's sundial was built by his father, Ahaz, and that on the day of Ahaz' burial—15 years earlier—the shadow on the dial had abruptly moved forward 10 degrees. Still another disturbance in the movements of the planets had occurred 15 years before that, in the reign of King Uzziah.

King Uzziah ruled from 789 B.C. to 740 B.C. During that time, something happened which made it necessary to introduce a new calendar in the year 747 B.C. That was the year of the founding of Rome. And the god Mars, who personified the planet, was supposed to be the father of Romulus, the founder of Rome.

Latin historians say that the sun's movement was disturbed on the day of Rome's foundation, and that during the life of Romulus there was a plague which brought death without previous sickness. This corresponds to the "blast" that was sent against Sennacherib.

Doctor Velikovsky suggests that Homer's literary masterpiece, the Iliad, actually was a description of battles in the sky between Venus and Mars. He cites what he considers to be counterparts in the legends and records of the Mexicans, the Chinese, the Hindus, the Iranians, the Slavs, the North Germanic tribes and the Icelandic peoples.

As further evidence of his thesis, the Doctor observes that the interval of Mars's nearest approach to earth still is 15 years; that the inclination of Mars's axis is 24 degrees, compared to Earth's 23½ degrees; and that the time of its rotation is 24 hours, 37 minutes, 23 seconds as compared to Earth's 23 hours, 56 minutes, 4 seconds. The behavior of no other two planets is so similar—a fact which he contends is a survival of Earth's influence on its smaller antagonist.

Another exhibit in Doctor Velikovsky's case is a shadow clock, used sometime between 850 B.C. and 720 B.C. and found in Egypt. It records time on a different scale than divides our days and nights. A water clock discovered in the Amon temple of Karnak (Thebes), which lies 26.5 degrees north of the equator, was constructed to register 12 hours and 48 minutes on the longest day of summer, whereas the day of the summer solstice at that longitude now is 13 hours, 41 minutes long. Calendars contemporary with these anachronistic timepieces counted 360 days to a year, in 10 months of equal duration, instead of our four 30-day months, seven 31-day months and one 28-day month, totaling 365¼ days in a year.

If Doctor Velikovsky's theory is accepted, it will explain such scientific puzzles as the discovery, in Siberia and Alaska, of frozen bodies of mammoths, perfectly preserved, with undigested grass and leaves between their teeth and in their stomachs—grass and leaves which do not grow in the regions where the huge beasts were dug up, but far to the south, 1,000 or more miles away.

Death by either asphyxiation or electrocution would explain this paradox, provided that within a few hours after it took place that part of the earth in which it occurred moved into frigid atmosphere, and masses of snow were precipitated from dense clouds of vapor. This, the Doctor says, is precisely the order of phenomena that would be expected if the axis of the earth shifted while the lithosphere and the atmosphere were superheated by a planetary collision.

Many of man's notions about himself and the globe he inhabits need to be re-examined in the light of discoveries mentioned in Worlds in Collision. The make-up of the earth, the cause of earthquakes, the mechanics of mountain building, the source of petroleum, the process by which all living things have reached their present state and form—all these are related by Doctor Velikovsky to catastrophes which he declares were visited upon the earth from outer space. If the evidence spread upon his pages is proved conclusive, Charles Darwin's theory of slow, gradual evolution of species must give way to a concept of cataclysmic change, and Isaac Newton's law of gravitation must be modified to fit what modern science has learned about electromagnetic force.

According to the Newtonian theory, a planet that had been retarded by the proximity of another body would not regain its former velocity, and a celestial body that had substantially lost the inertia of motion would fall into the sun, attracted there by the gravitational force of the solar mass. In an electromagnetic field, however, the arrested body would resume its revolution around the sun the moment it was freed, provided it retained a minute initial movement. The facts, as postulated by Doctor Velikovsky, are that the earth was not destroyed when a temporary pause occurred in its rotation and that the earth and Venus and Mars did not crash headlong one into the other.

Does the Doctor predict future planetary collisions? No. Nor does he preclude them. He points out that within atoms microcosmic equivalents of our planet go around their "sun" millions of times in a second, shifting positions frequently. Considering the size of the solar system, in comparison to that of an atom, centuries or even millenniums may pass between corresponding shifts in our universe. Meantime, Doctor Velikovsky suggests, it might be well for men to make peace among themselves.

THE END

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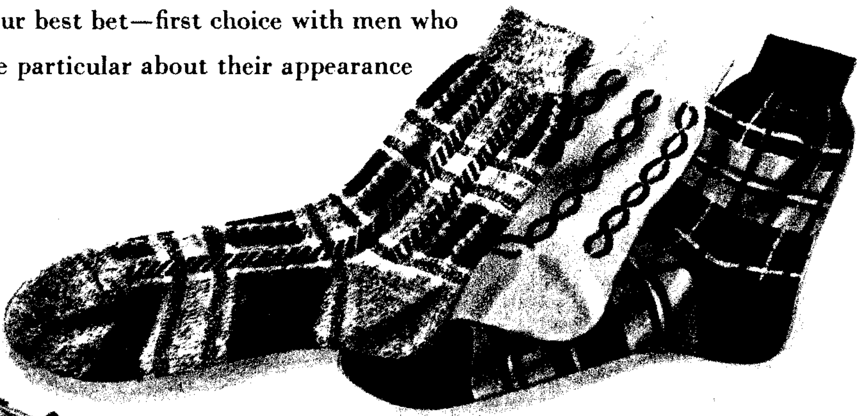

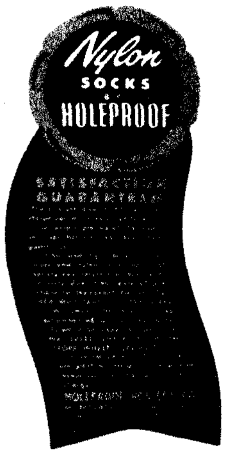

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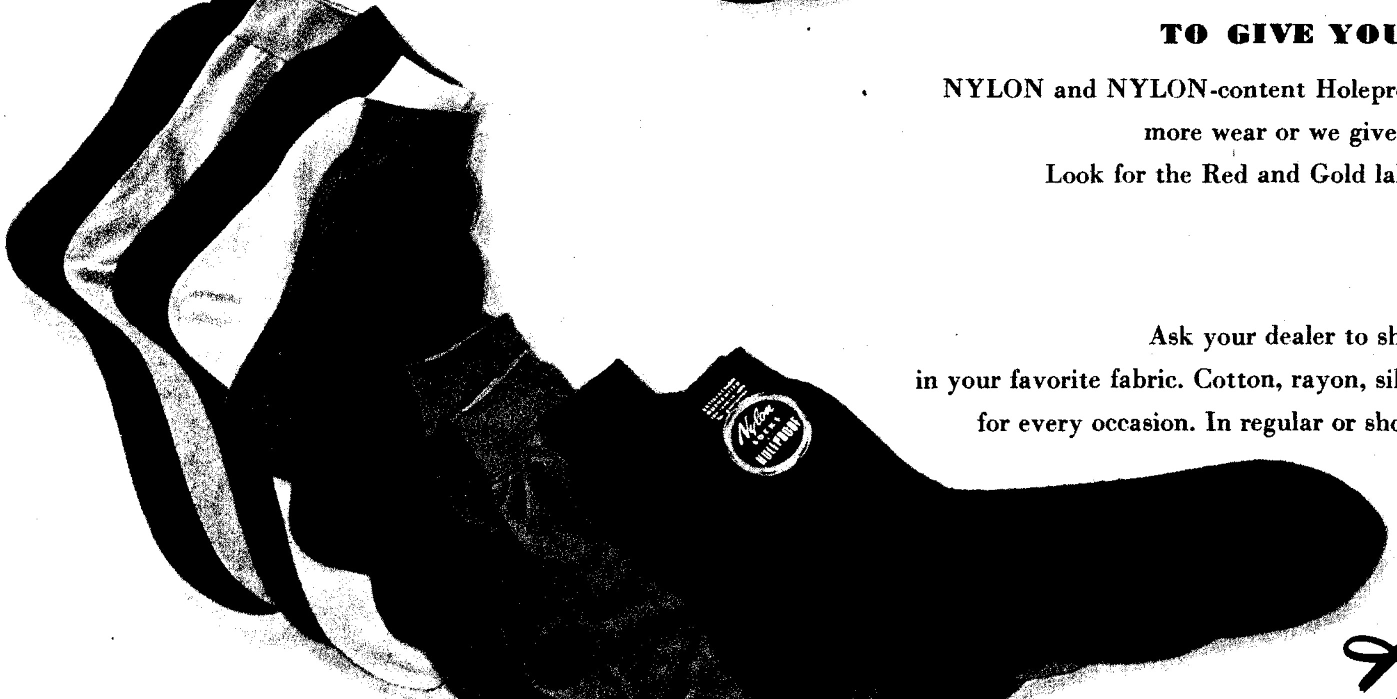

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The All-America . . . in College Basketball

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

just two afternoons and then pitched 21 points in the Bucks' basketball opener against De Paul. He was just warming up. Next time out, he set an all-time Ohio State record, tossing in 33 points against Marquette. He sank 14 of 27 field goal attempts.

During the Christmas holidays, Dick took another vacation from basketball and traveled westward with Fesler's footballers. Then, back home again in Columbus, he resumed his basketball shooting with deadly effect. During January he shattered three all-time Ohio State records, took over the lead in Big Ten individual scoring, and lifted the Buckeyes into first place in the Western Conference standings.

Dick lives in Cleveland, Ohio. He's twenty-two years old and a senior.

* * *

Sherman White of Long Island University, the coaches' nominee for All-America center, is not the tallest player in college basketball, nor the heaviest. He is only six feet seven inches tall, a full five inches shorter than Bill Spivey of Kentucky, and he weighs only 187 pounds. "You might call him skinny," says Coach Clair Bee, "but he certainly knows how to get that ball away from brawnier opponents under the basket."

White has speed and agility unusual in a youngster of his size. "He isn't a bit awkward," Coach Bee explains. "On defense, he guards the other team's most dangerous scoring threat. He's so fast, he can crowd his man—force him to change the arc of his shot. It's almost impossible to get off a normal shot *over* Sherman's outstretched arms. Naturally, when a man shifts to a higher arc to shoot over Sherman, he also loses a lot of his accuracy."

Eastern coaches contend that White is the finest rebounder in college basketball. "Game in and game out," Bee declares, "Sherman will average twice as many rebounds under both boards as any other man on the floor. He has the knack of timing his jumps perfectly and he has tremendous spring. He isn't a great hook shot, yet, but he's learning, and he's murder on those one-hand jumps from anywhere within 15 feet."

White, a junior, is a physical education major. He lives in Englewood, New Jersey.

* * *

Bill Sharman of Southern California, who shares the All-America guard positions with Paul Unruh of Bradley, is one of the most talented and versatile performers in college athletics. In addition to handling a basketball in a fashion which recalls, to West Coast critics, happy memories of Hank Luisetti, Sharman also swings a baseball bat with power and precision.

Major-league scouts have been trailing him since last spring when he batted .365 while the Trojans were winning the Pacific Coast Conference championship.

Sharman's basketball specialty is an amazingly accurate one-hand jump shot. "We play a rather deliberate type of offense," reports Sam Barry, the USC coach. "Sharman waits patiently for the right opportunity—and seldom misses. He's good for at least 15 points every time he goes on the court."

Accuracy from the free-throw line is another Sharman characteristic. At one stretch during the season, Bill hit 26 in a row. Twice, he ran off 18 straight. His best all-around shooting performance was turned in against UCLA when he scored 32 points. He's strong and durable (six feet two inches, 180 pounds) and an excellent rebounder under the boards.

Bill lives in Porterville, California, and expects to enter dental school next fall. He's married to an ex-Porterville High School cheerleader named Dorothy and they have a three-year-old son.

* * *

When Bradley University in Peoria, Illinois, awarded a scholarship to Paul Unruh in the fall of 1947, nobody suspected that the big, skinny youngster would develop into an All-America basketball guard. Half of the scholarship was awarded because Unruh was the son of a clergyman; the other half was predicated on Unruh's notable academic, football and track achievements at Toulon High School (just 45 miles northwest of the Bradley campus).

During freshman year, Unruh made the football, basketball and track squads, grew two inches and lost five pounds. As a sophomore, six feet four inches and 175 pounds, he gave up football, concentrated on basketball and was the dominant factor in Bradley's highly successful season: 28 victories, three defeats. He also helped the track squad by setting a Bradley record of :49.7 in the 440-yard dash.

Unruh was ready for stardom when Bradley moved into New York City last March for the National Invitation tournament. In the quarter-finals, he tallied 28 points as Bradley upset Western Kentucky, 95-86, in a wild battle which set a new Madison Square Garden scoring record. He finished the season among the nation's top scorers with 509 points.

There was no letdown in Unruh's swift scoring pace this year as Bradley challenged Holy Cross for No. 1 spot in the national rankings.

Paul works in a Peoria haberdashery after school to buy gas for his 1937 jalopy. He's twenty-one, likes crew haircuts, and still looks like the freshman who came to Bradley on a football scholarship.

* * *

In lining up the 1950 All-America, the coaches occasionally converted forwards to guards and vice versa. "In modern basketball," commented Vadal Peterson, chairman of the All-America board, "it doesn't matter much what position you assign to a player. When you're on defense, you have five guards. When you're on offense, you have an 'inside man'—a big center like White, for instance—and four 'outside men' who circulate around your 'inside man.' Consequently, your guards and forwards must have the same general abilities, offensively and defensively."

This is the second annual All-America basketball team selected exclusively for Collier's by the National Association of Basketball Coaches. Collier's originated the All-America tradition in college athletics in 1889 when Walter Camp picked the first All-America football team.

Statistical information on the 1950 All-America basketball team was compiled for the Coaches Association by the National Collegiate Athletic Bureau. THE END

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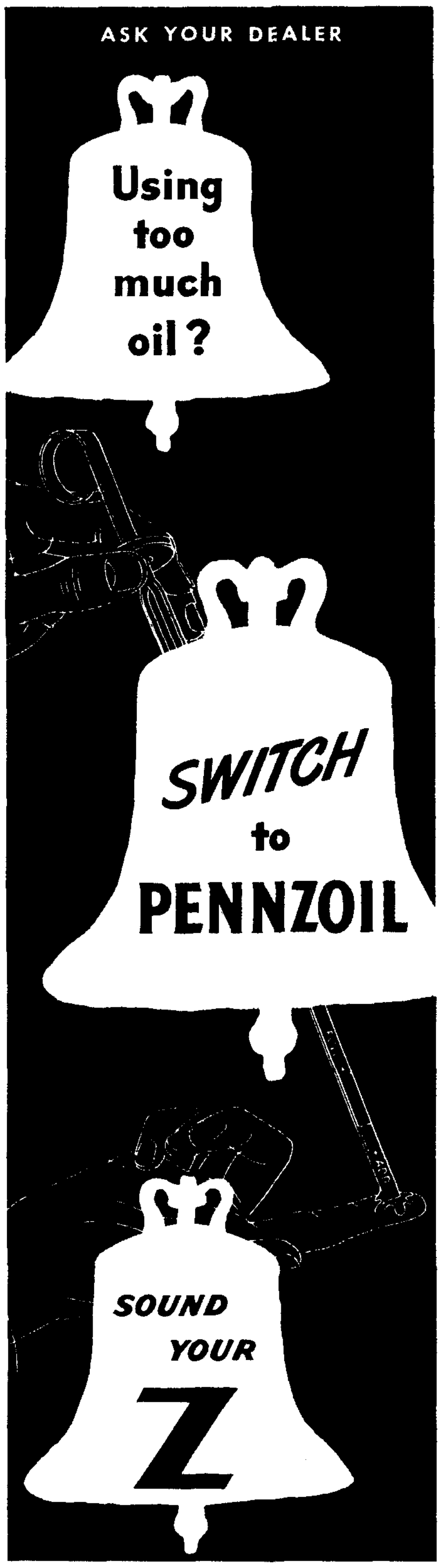

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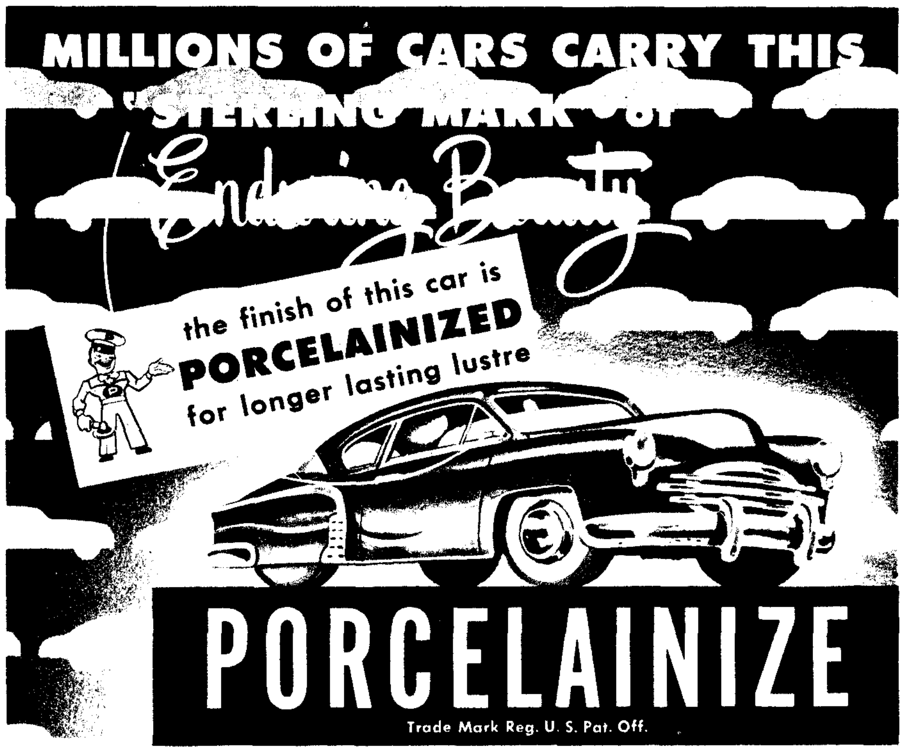
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The Prisoner

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

manzanilla. At the back of the bar, someone was playing a concertina, a slow Catalan melody which, mingling in his head with the native wine, irritated and excited him. For a while he made a pretense of reading the Voz de Madrid, flicking the pages over the wooden stick. But it was no use. He got up and left the café. Without purpose he walked past the deserted, sun-bleached quays that seemed to quiver in the afternoon glare. On he went, out of the town, along the flat coast road, as though driven by an inner force, unable to be still.

IT WAS almost five o'clock when he got back to the consulate. On his passage through the outer office he observed, from the corner of his eye, that Alvin had already returned.

Brande sat down heavily in his swivel chair and wiped the moisture from his brow. He stared straight ahead for several minutes. His physical exhaustion had brought him some respite; nevertheless, he was angry at himself for his senseless promenade, and unaccountably depressed. At last, he recovered himself, straightened his shoulders, and rang the bell on his desk. Immediately Alvin entered.

"Well," Brande said, "what is the matter?"

"I'm sorry to have to worry you, sir. But the fact is, I've had a letter from the agency."

"What agency?"

"The domestic agency," Alvin stammered. "Oh, I assure you, sir, I did all I could—wrote to the very best place in Madrid. I wanted to—"

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"It's your butler, sir. Garcia. The man I engaged for you. He had the highest references, and now the head of the agency has written me to say there's reason to believe these testimonials were forged. He says also that the authorities are looking for a certain man—Rodrigo Espantago—and the agency thinks it may be Garcia. He's wanted for robbery with violence, and desertion from the army. He broke out of a mental asylum where he was under observation."

Behind the mask of his authority, Brande experienced a sudden, frightening stab.

"Show me the letter," he said after an odd pause.

When Brotherhood handed him the sheet he read it through twice, sat for some minutes in heavy, fretful thought, then slowly raised his eyes to his assistant.

"There is nothing definite here. They offer no proof whatsoever."

"No, sir. But it all looks fearfully suspicious. Don't you think you should take some steps?"

"Are you telling me what I should do?"

"Oh, no, sir," Alvin protested. "But this fellow seems such a dangerous character, and if he *should* be your butler—"

In a level tone, the Consul answered: "Garcia has been in my household for several months now. And I will say outright that I have never had a better or more trustworthy servant. In short, I regard this letter as wholly inapplicable."

"But, surely, sir," Alvin exclaimed, "you will make some inquiry? I feel my own responsibility acutely."

"I think you may be assured that I shall do what is necessary." The Consul folded the sheet carefully and placed it in his waistcoat pocket. "You will of course say nothing of this letter to anyone."

"Yes, sir," Alvin said, darting a queer glance toward his chief. "You may depend on me."

"I trust so."

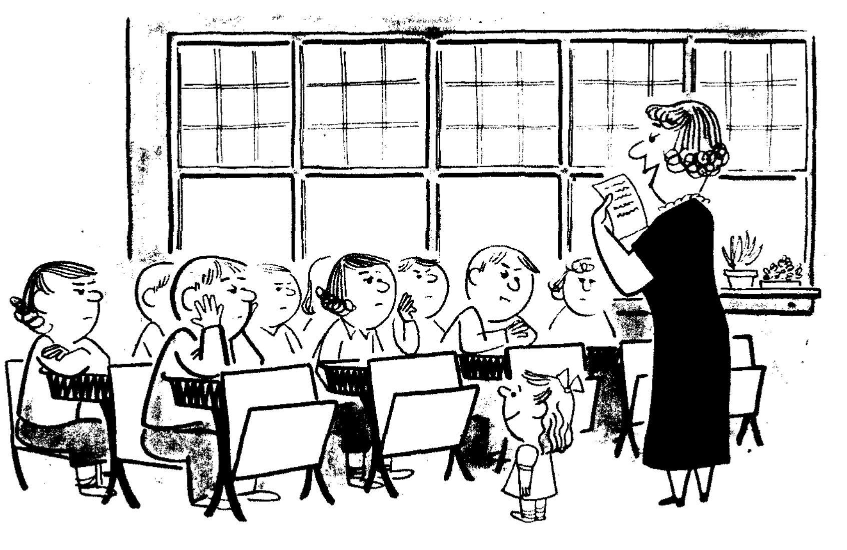
EARLIER that afternoon, as Nicholas lay fully dressed in his room, a sudden intensification of his heartsickness had swept over him. This separation from José was not to be borne. Was there nothing he could do to end it?

He knew that Professor Halevy had gone, relieving him at last of the misery of those questionings which, though he could not grasp their purpose, had filled him with shame. And Garcia was away, would be absent all day, while Magdalena, more unapproachable than ever, kept herself apart in her own quarters.

The stillness of the house was an encouragement to action. He got up, went into the garden, and, after a momentary hesitation, set out along the coast road toward the town. When he reached San Jorge, he made his way bravely across the Plaza to the barrack square, where the jail was situated. But there he halted, daunted by the formidable aspect of the prison. Chilled by its blank façade and gloomy shadows, the child felt his heart sink. His naïve idea of finding some way to speak with his friend died within him.

For some time he hung about timidly, hoping that some fortunate circumstance might arise to aid him. But nothing happened—nothing. It was as though no life of any kind existed behind these barred and stony walls. And suddenly, overcome by an access of panic, Nicholas turned and ran from the barrack square.

Presently he found himself in one of the narrow streets leading to the river, and a spark of confidence returned. He found



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José's home quite easily. Still breathing fast, he stared up at the top story with bright, distracted eyes. He was afraid to mount the winding stairs to the little apartment.

He waited for more than an hour, but not one member of José's family appeared. Then, as he was about to give up and move disconsolately away, he saw old Pedro come out of the passage leading to the house. Nicholas called to him:

"Pedro! It's me—Nicco. Have you any news?"

"There is news, Nicco." The old man shook his head slowly. "But it is not good. José is to stand trial in Barcelona. I fear they will be hard on him there."

"Oh, Pedro!" Nicholas gasped.

"Yes, it is a bad business for everyone. But worst of all for José."

"How is he?"

"Not well. He does not take kindly to being locked up. From his earliest days he has lived out of doors. And if they should shut him up for a long time . . ."

"I wonder—does he ever speak of me?" Nicholas asked quietly.

"Yes." Old Pedro nodded. "Every time I see him. He sends a friendly message. And bids me tell you that somehow he will get out of this."

"But, Pedro," Nicholas whispered huskily, "could that be possible?"

The old man glanced warily up and down the empty street. Then he said, in a low tone, "I should not tell you this, Nicco. But you love José as we do, and therefore you are one of us. Now listen, my child, there is just one chance that José may escape. If he goes to Barcelona, he is lost. On that we all agree. But on the journey to the city"—the old man lowered his voice to a whisper—"it is perhaps possible that something may occur. We do not hope greatly, but still, we hope. And if we should succeed, then José will make his way into the mountains, to that old mill where you went to fish with him. There he can lie safely for many weeks. Then, perhaps, everything will blow over and be forgotten."

The old mill—by the stream! What a perfect place for José to hide! Nicholas stood there, motionless, gazing intently up at Pedro's wrinkled face.

"Yes—yes," he exclaimed. "Tell him he must do it." And, turning, he sped away.

NICHOLAS ran all the way home, and it was fortunate that he did, since his father arrived at the villa somewhat before his usual time. Garcia had returned too, and for a moment the boy was fearful that he might be questioned about how he had spent the afternoon. But the Consul was in a mood more than ever preoccupied and withdrawn. They sat down to dinner together.

The meal was extremely silent. For the past week Brande had treated Nicholas with a kind of formal courtesy. There were moments when he wanted to clasp his son passionately in his arms. But his pride, his deep sense of the injury he had sustained, forbade such a show of weakness. Tonight a new problem seemed to occupy his mind, and he scarcely spoke to Nicholas. His attention was focused on Garcia, and several times he addressed the man when he came in to serve them.

"You saw Professor Halevy off?"

"Yes, señor."

"Was his train on time?"

"Are these trains ever on time, señor?"

"No, I suppose not." Brande colored slightly, as though sensing for the first time the familiarity in the man's manner. "But he did get away safely?"

"Undoubtedly, señor. Do I ever fail the señor? At eleven o'clock."

Nicholas could not quite understand these exceptional exchanges, yet they made him uncomfortable, and he was glad when a nod from his father gave him liberty to retire to his room to treasure in solitude that new hope which his conversation with Pedro had brought him.

Downstairs, the Consul dallied interminably over his port, revolving the glass fretfully between his fingers, as though he were consumed by a crisis of indecision. Twice the butler opened the pantry door to see if he might clear away. The third time he appeared the Consul suddenly raised his head.

"Garcia—" he said, and broke off.

"Yes, señor."

Under the butler's level stare, the eyes so expressionless as to be almost inhuman, Brande felt himself flinch. For the first time, he sensed in that opaque gaze a vague derision masquerading as servility. Was it true, then, what Nicholas had so often, and so fearfully, asserted?

A FLOOD of suspicions rushed into the Consul's mind. "Garcia," he said again, resolutely. "I wish to speak with you."

The man bowed extravagantly. Brande gritted his teeth.

"When did you arrive back with the car?"

"At five o'clock, señor."

"But Professor Halevy left at eleven. Allowing two hours for your journey home, you should have been back at one."

Garcia's eyebrows lifted. "One must eat, señor," he answered. "It was necessary for me to partake of a modest luncheon."

"So you spent four hours over this modest luncheon?"

"I did not realize there was need for haste."

"Did you drink during this luncheon?"

"Señor?"

"I have been watching you carefully during the past hour. It occurred to me that you had been drinking."

The butler's mouth drew down sharply at the corners. For a moment his look was deadly, then an expression of contemptuous mockery appeared on his face.

"I am a human being, señor. Frankly, I am accustomed to good wine. When I was with the Aosta family in Madrid I was served with the best Marsala."

"You are very fond of referring to these Aostas. When were you with them?"

Garcia answered indifferently, with suppressed insolence. "Some time ago."

"When?" repeated the Consul.

Now a change came into the butler's hooded eyes. "It is written in my papers," he said slowly. "They are all in order."

"Of course," said the Consul in a strange voice. "And you have never heard of an individual named Rodrigo Espantago?"

The butler's eyelids flickered once. There was a strange thickness in his voice as he replied, "Why should I know of him? Who is he?"

"A criminal," Brande answered, "wanted by the Madrid police."

There was a tense silence. Suddenly Garcia burst out, "Really, señor, I feel myself insulted. What do you think I am, to hurl such insinuations at my head? Is it my fault if I have made enemies? And always I have found a way to confound them, these sneaking brutes." He was almost shouting now. "I spit upon them!"

"Be quiet, Garcia," Brande exclaimed.

"I am used to persecution!" cried the butler, growing more and more excited. "I am a remarkable man. Often, when passing strangers in the street, I have heard them murmur: 'He is distinguished—of noble blood.' I am not proud—but am I responsible for the envy I excite among these others? There must be an end to it someday. No man can continue to give everything and receive nothing. I will never submit to—"

"That will do."

Brande, in his concern, half rose from the table, but suddenly the butler's eyes were emptied of all light. A slight shiver, almost a convulsion passed over him. A moment later, he glanced sideways toward the Consul. His manner was calm again, soft and ingratiating, yet in his voice there hung a veiled and subtle menace.

"Obviously someone has been slandering me. But I think I have always given satisfaction. Is not that correct, señor?"

"Of course," the Consul muttered.

"I am glad you are satisfied, señor. It would be better to forget these foolish notions. Have you not had enough trouble already in your household?"

There was a pause. Brande drummed his

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fingers on the table, resentful and ill at ease, yet strangely unwilling to press the issue further. "There is no truth in these—these suggestions?"

"None whatever, señor. Let your mind be at rest. I shall get more papers from Madrid. In a few days, I can give you all the proof you require." Garcia showed his tobacco-stained teeth in a cunning smile. "And now, señor, may I clear the table?"

"Yes," said Brande heavily. "I have finished."

He went out of the room and slowly climbed the stairs to his bedroom, in deep tormented thought. It ought to be enough, he told himself, that Garcia had denied the accusation. And yet, at the back of his mind, lurked the horrible certainty that Garcia was the man sought by the police.

Brande felt unable to advance or retreat. Yet advance he must; he had gone too far to draw back. All his forces were concentrated now on the prosecution of José. Any steps which he might take against Garcia would delay, perhaps defeat, the achievement of this main objective. Further investigation of Garcia must be postponed until José's case was settled. After all, the butler had promised to produce proofs of his identity within the next few days. It was only reasonable to afford him time to do so.

Thus Brande argued, with frowning, feverish obstinacy, closing his mind to the fact that, if Garcia should be all that was suspected of him, then José almost certainly was innocent.

WEDNESDAY came still and humid. Out of the gray sky a soft heat poured in unseen waves which failed to stir even the thin leaves of the pepper trees. Sounds traveled from afar. At the *Casa Breza* the hum of the distant town was unnaturally clear, yet oddly muted.

This queer, impenetrable day seemed to match the Consul's mood. Since he had made his decision, two nights before, he knew that there was no looking back, and his mind was firmly fixed upon what must inevitably come to pass. Yet his strange depression would not lift.

After breakfast he drew Nicholas aside and explained to him what he was forced to do. It eased him somewhat that the boy listened with proper docility. Only when the Consul was about to leave for his office, as he walked from the portico to the car, did Nicholas give way.

"Don't go, Father." He spoke in a low, trembling voice.

"I must, Nicholas."

"Father, *please don't go.*"

But Brande was by this time in the car. He shook his head, and the next minute he was gone.

At the office, during the forenoon, he studiously kept his thoughts away from the coming journey. He sat down to draft a letter to a publisher in Paris recommended by Halevy as being most likely to do justice to his work on Malebranche. He felt sluggish, bound by a physical lethargy. Yet it gave him satisfaction to reflect that his manuscript was at last complete, parceled in his bedroom, ready for the mail.

At one o'clock, he set out for the station. Rain had begun to fall, in large warm drops which left coinlike splashes on the dusty pavements, yet the Consul walked slowly, unmindful of the wet. So rabidly had he anticipated this hour of justice that he was angry to find his mood so listless.

At the station, the party had already arrived. Pedro, José, and the *guardia* huddled together on the platform under the projecting roof. The Consul observed, with vague astonishment, how gaunt and sallow José had become, how unkempt his appearance was, how close the handcuffs forced him to stand beside the *guardia.* Viewing him after the interval of a week, Brande was conscious of no special surge of his aversion, only a queer reluctance which increased as he advanced toward the youth.

When he reached the little group, Pedro and José avoided his eyes, but the *guardia* saluted him briskly.

"Wet, isn't it?" Brande remarked.

"Very wet, señor," the *guardia* answered.

There was a long pause. The Consul's eyes kept straying to the shining handcuffs. Somehow they disturbed him. And suddenly he exclaimed, "Do you need those things?"

"Only until we are safely on the train."

Again a heavy silence fell, broken by the drumming of the rain on the corrugated roof and the low mutter of voices from behind the barrier. Through the singular sense of fantasy that now enveloped him, Brande became aware of the hostility of the crowd that had gathered outside the *despacho de billetes.* In a dignified manner, he averted his gaze. Would the train never come? This waiting was intolerable.

At last, the air was rent by a shrill whistle, the pounding and screech of wheels. As the short train jerked to a stop, Brande moved forward with a feeling of relief and preceded the others into the single wooden compartment. It had been Brande's intention to take a seat facing José, but something now restrained him. Instead he seated himself a little distance away, at the front of the coach, before a spotted mirror. Thus, though his back was toward the group, he could see the dim reflection of what was taking place.

With a start and a bump the train clattered off. Viewing the scene behind him, as they picked up speed, Brande saw the *guardia* unlock the handcuffs. Pedro, with a newspaper before him, was reading aloud, apparently trying to interest the others in the sporting news. The *guardia* maintained a correct official attitude, while José stared steadily at the fleeting, rain-drenched landscape.

That fixed and melancholy profile, emptied of all gaiety, began slowly to distress the Consul. He ought, surely, to have rejoiced in this just retribution for the harm inflicted upon him. But he could not.

Studying José covertly in the mirror, he felt an extraordinary weakness creep over him. And he had a sudden impulse to go over to him, to speak to him kindly, to promise a measure of leniency. Yet how could he do that now?

The heat in the compartment was unbearably oppressive. Although the end door immediately in front of Brande was open, the rush of humid air which entered was like a furnace blast. And he became aware that he had taken a seat next to the *común,* the coach latrine, which, on this line, was never maintained in a proper condition.

He remained sunk in himself, gripped by a profound lethargy, while the train rattled and swayed over the uneven rails. From time to time, someone pushed past him in the narrow aisle to enter the *común.* The heavy grinding of the wheels came in bursts, exploding like surf against his eardrums, echoing and re-echoing through his head. Was he ill? But he knew his disorder was not physical. It was, if anything, an affliction of the spirit, an apprehension he could not name.

THE coast at this point of the journey became broken; the railroad cut inland through the foothills of the mountains. Here the sultry haze was thicker, and trees, vineyards and little white farmsteads flashed past. At one minute the engine tore down a giddy slope, while the next it panted slowly to the succeeding summit.

In a kind of stupor, the Consul glanced at his watch. It was not yet three o'clock; and they had come no more than twenty-five kilometers from San Jorge. He groaned, realizing how much longer this tribulation must endure, and almost furtively he raised his eyes toward the mirror. Yes, they were still sitting in silence, exactly as before. Yet he saw José turn quickly and speak to the *guardia.* There was an instant's pause, then the *guardia* nodded assent, José stood up and stepped into the aisle.

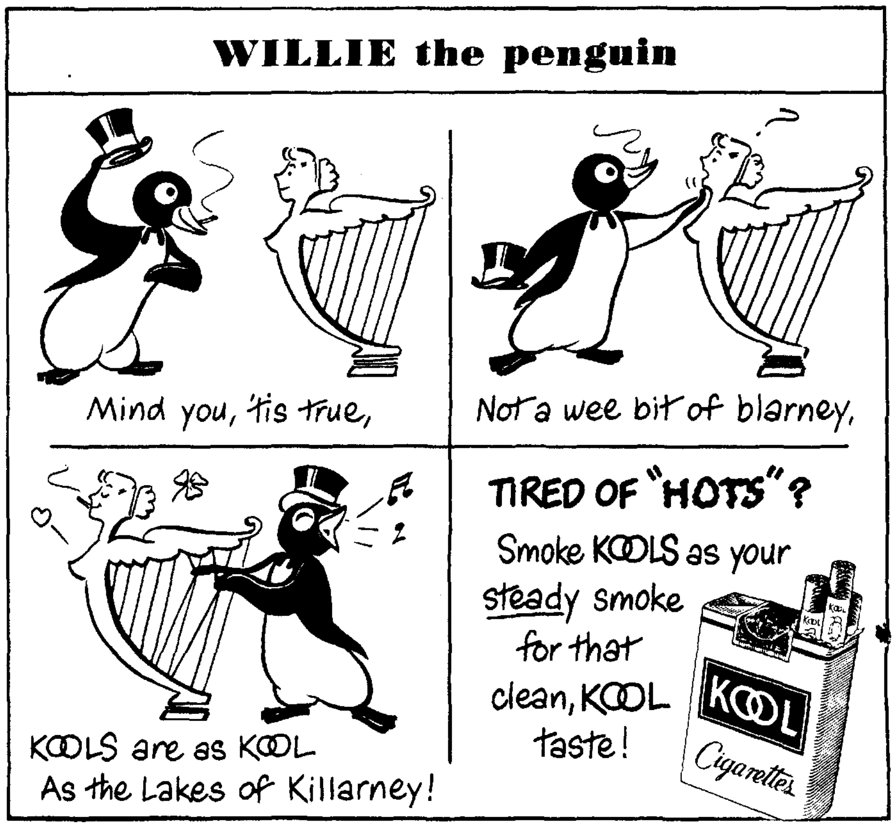
The Consul sat up tensely. He saw that José had asked permission to go to the *común,* and he realized suddenly that José was now approaching and must brush closely past him. He drew himself together, as if in dread of a violent blow.

José, swaying with the motion of the train, was now close behind him. Brande tried to feign sleep. Impossible. As though compelled by forces stronger than his will, he looked directly up at José.

José was now slightly in front of him, steadying himself against the end partition. His eyes, dark in his pale face, bore down upon the Consul—searchingly, yet without rancor. It seemed almost that a faint smile was hidden in their depths. Then, quietly, he turned his head away.

The train, having rattled downhill to a little valley, had now to make a steep ascent. As its speed slackened, José took a calm step forward.

As he did so, the Consul instantly guessed his intention. He saw that José was not going into the *común* but was about to jump through the open door of the coach! A sudden convulsion swept over Brande. He must not permit José to escape. It was dangerous, too, for him to leap from the moving train. Which of these thoughts was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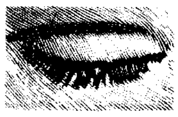

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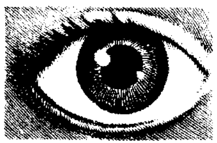

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uppermost in the Consul's mind, then or later, he never knew. At that second, as José jumped, he leaned forward and tried to hold him. His hand, clutching wildly, caught the edge of José's coat. The poor fabric ripped instantly, but the restraint, slight though it was, broke the force and power of José's leap. His body sprawled forward; and he fell, head downward, on the metal of the track, beneath the rolling wheels.

The Consul gave a horrified cry. Starting to his feet, he shouted for someone to stop the train. Hands tugged the emergency signal. In a daze of nausea, Brande heard the brakes screech. With a final hiss of steam, the train grated to a standstill. Immediately, everyone crowded out of the coach. Completely alone, the Consul straightened himself in the empty compartment. He must go, he must. Dizzily, he made his way to the exit.

José's body lay limp on the green embankment. Someone had placed a clean handkerchief over his face. The mountain grass was soft and green, starred by little yellow flowers. A clear sound of running water reached the ear. It was not far from the river he had loved, the sanctuary he had hoped to attain.

Old Pedro, standing with the watchers, did not look at the Consul. But in a low voice, a broken whisper, he said, "He will not go to prison now, señor."

IT WAS nearly ten o'clock that night before the Consul found himself, exhausted and disheveled, on the sandy lane leading to the *Casa Breza*. He had felt unable to travel back to San Jorge by train, and had walked away from the railway line, striding blindly through fields and woods, bent only upon escaping from that fatal scene. After five o'clock he had stumbled into the village of Offerino. From here he had telephoned the Consulate. But there was no answer; they had all gone home. Next he had tried to get through to his house. Again he failed: the number did not answer.

They told Brande that a bus would leave for San Jorge at eight o'clock. Silently, with bowed head and drooping shoulders he seated himself on a bench outside the whitewashed *fonda* and, unconscious of the curious glances of the tavern's patrons, began passively to wait.

Sick, empty and weak, he found it easy enough to let his weary limbs relax, but his brain was less quiet, spinning a web of anguished thought. José dead, wiped out, his young life extinguished— It still seemed impossible to him, yet it was so.

Brande tried to reason that it was an accident—a most regrettable, yet quite unavoidable occurrence.

But wait—did no one hate José, with a bitter, spiteful hatred, harass and persecute him, drive him to desperation? The Consul groaned. The arrival of the bus broke only for a moment the torment of his thoughts. He clambered into the narrow vehicle, which was almost empty, and sank into the corner with a heavy sigh. When they drove off, darkness had begun to fall. His heart beat heavily as they drew near San Jorge.

Now, having left the bus at the head of the lane, he scarcely dared approach the solitary house. Ahead of him the path was lost in the pitch-blackness. He had to clench his hands to force himself to go on.

Suddenly the outline of the villa loomed before him. The wind, roaring up the drive, bit into him like a whiplash. He reached the shelter of the portico, paused, then pushed open the door.

Inside, the hall was dark. He became aware of a strange odor, acrid and smoky, which stung his nostrils. Bewildered, he felt himself powerless, unable to move. A shutter banged. He lighted a match. It flickered wanly between his shaking fingers and went out.

At that moment, above the howling of the wind, he heard the sound of weeping. He searched the darkness with strained intentness. The sobs continued. He groped his way toward the door of the kitchen and opened it. Magdalena was before him, seated at the table, rocking herself to and fro in a passion of despair.

"Magdalena," he said, in a scarcely audible voice.

She looked toward him and he saw her face, disfigured by a great purple weal, hollowed by terror, almost unrecognizable.

"What—" he said.

Staring at him, as at an apparition, she clutched at her torn black bodice.

His voice came back to him. "For God's sake—what is the matter?"

"He has gone," she moaned.

"Who has gone?"

"Garcia. After all that I have done for him—" She gave way to little muffled cries that ended in a fit of coughing.

Brande stepped forward and shook her. "Where has he gone?"

Head in hands, she seemed to try to think, to remember. "He has gone where you or any of the others will never find him. He can go fast in your splendid automobile. You will never find that, either." She raised her wounded eyes, kindled now by a spark of bitterness. "What did you expect, my fine master? That Rodrigo would wait until the police came for him? Yes, that's his name, Rodrigo Espantago. He's a thief, a criminal, a maniac, all in one. He fooled you nicely, and me too, as he fools everyone. He's not my husband. I met him in Madrid. He promised me he'd treat me right. He got round me, got me to do all the work, to slave for him—the lazy, filthy devil! And now he's gone."

Her voice rose to a scream. "Why did you let him know that they were after him? If you had only heard him mock you! You and your little professor! The stuffed codfish and the curried shrimp—that's what he called the pair of you. He planted everything on José. Didn't you guess that? He hated José and swore he'd send him to the *cuartel*. He hated Nicholas too. He got all your jewelry, a pretty lot of loot. And now"— she began to shake hysterically, torn between tears and a terrible laughter—"now he's got more, like he always said he would. Just wait till you see—"

Brande turned away from her and lighted a candle that stood on the kitchen table. He left the kitchen, holding the flickering flame aloft. In the hall, shielding the light from the eddying drafts, he glanced round fearfully. Everything seemed in order. He began, slowly, to climb the stairs. Outside his own room he paused. The air felt cold and was filled with that smoky odor which he had noticed earlier. He entered his room and lighted the gas.

THE stark disorder of the bedroom struck him like a blow. All the drawers were pulled out, the floor was strewn with scattered garments, the wardrobe had been emptied of his best suits. The room had been stripped of everything of value, systematically and with wanton destructiveness. He looked about him with darting, hunted glances, and saw a charred and crumbled mass on the hearthstone. At first he did not comprehend, then with a painful indrawing of his breath he bent forward. Yes, it was his manuscript—burnt, black, brittle—totally destroyed.

He straightened up and dusted the sooty fragments from his fingers. The frightful effort which he made to control himself gave to each of his jerky movements a mechanical precision. This was his punishment then—the loss of his lifework. He stood for a moment in a state of blankness; then he picked up the candle and turned toward his son's room.

A moment later, he was staring at the empty bed which had not been slept in. A blast of cold air made him spin. The window was wide open at the foot. His heart began to pound. Turning, he stretched a hand toward the bed. But still the room was empty. Then the cry which he had been forcing back all night burst from his throat. He rushed from the room and stumbled downstairs to the kitchen.

"My son." The words came in a raucous whisper. "Where is Nicholas?"

Magdalena had composed herself, but

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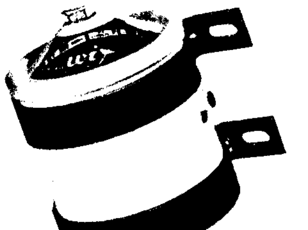

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now a sulky anger flashed through the misery in her eyes. "Where, indeed?" she said tauntingly. "Did you expect to find him sleeping peacefully, after that devil had rampaged through the house?"

The Consul came close to her. "Tell me!" he shouted.

The housekeeper stirred sullenly. "Garcia didn't touch him," she said. "He would have, but Nicholas had gone. This afternoon he ran away."

"Where did he go?"

"How should I know? When I saw him running down the drive, I called him from the kitchen window. But he would not stop. He called back to me, 'I am in a hurry, Magdalena.' Then in a crazy sort of way, with his little face very white and desperate, he called again, 'I am going fishing.' "

At first Brande thought she had lost her senses, but suddenly a gleam of understanding dawned upon him. From Halevy's investigations he was aware of the child's excursion to Torrido. José's bid for liberty had clearly been premeditated. Nothing was more likely than that Nicholas, forewarned, had set out to meet his friend at that mountain stream.

Brande felt a swift tightening in his stomach, and at the same instant a vision rose before him of his son, lost among the high hills, wandering into the swollen torrent, the roaring waters closing over him, in the pitch-blackness of this stormy night.

A gust of wind banged the shutter again, and a spatter of rain rattled like nails against the windowpanes. Brande collected himself. He left the room.

Never more than at this moment had he felt so utterly lonely. To whom could he turn in this crisis? Only one name rose feebly to his mind, that of the humble, disparaged Brotherhood. Groping for the telephone, he asked for the number, gasped with relief when Alvin's voice came through to him, then, in a desperate rush of words, begged his assistant to come at once, with a car.

It was not long before the sharp whine of an engine cut across the moaning of the wind and a taxicab screeched round the curve of the drive and came to a stop. Brande tugged open the door and got in. "Tell him to drive to Torrido," he said.

IN THE cramped darkness of the cab, the Consul lay back exhausted. Dimly he sensed that Brotherhood had heard the news of José's death but did not dare speak of it. But at last Alvin stammered, "I hope you're all right, sir?"

Brande did not answer. Huddled in the narrow seat, he made a gesture with his arm, demanding greater speed. Then, in a husky voice, he muttered, as if speaking to himself, "I am looking for my son."

"Nicholas?" exclaimed Alvin, in subdued surprise. "Is he at Torrido?"

"He left to go there this afternoon. Whether he has arrived, I do not know."

"We shall find him, sir," Alvin said. "Please don't worry."

The Consul bent forward and peered through the rain-streaked window of the cab, searching the road with straining eyes. Now they had left the main coastal thoroughfare and were on the secondary country road, beginning the long and winding climb into the mountains.

Once Alvin let out a muted exclamation as they discerned a moving form ahead of them. But it was only a farm laborer, plodding back to his home in the valley. Apart from that solitary figure they might have been traversing the country of the dead.

At last, they saw a few faint lights through the pelting downpour.

"Torrido," said the driver. Five minutes later, he drew up in the deserted square.

"Why do you stop?" cried the Consul.

"The señor wished to go to Torrido," the driver said. "We are there."

"Go on," said Brande.

"Shouldn't we make some inquiries here?" Alvin suggested.

"Go on," the Consul repeated.

With a shrug, the driver threw in the gears. The car rasped forward, through the little village, onto the plateau beyond.

The road, washed out in places by the floods, was now almost impassable. Still nothing was visible on the narrow way. The driver, glancing back at Brotherhood, was about to protest when suddenly the headlights showed a small figure, tramping forward on the far side of the road.

"My God!" Alvin cried. "It's Nicholas."

The Consul stared through the window. It was no illusion. There was his beloved child, facing the car, blinking at the headlights, his knapsack across his shoulder. He was drenched and bedraggled but safe—oh, yes, dear Heaven—safe and sound.

The Consul thrust open the door and leaped from the car. "Nicholas," he wept, stumbling forward. "My son . . . my son."

SEVEN months later, on a clear, cold winter evening, the steamer from Stockholm approached the Swedish port of Halversholm. When the sturdy little vessel had docked, its handful of well-wrapped passengers disembarked. The new Consul was met by a short, bearded, bustling man in a blue pilot coat, who introduced himself as the harbor master, Mr. Andersen.

The town was already under snow, the sky agleam with myriads of stars, the northern wind keen and invigorating. Andersen, in a jolly, hospitable fashion, invited the newcomers to his house for supper; but the Consul hastily explained that they had had dinner on the boat; that his son, who had just recovered from a long illness, was overtired; that they desired only to take possession of their new residence.

The Consulate, to which Andersen agreeably conducted them, was quite near, a modest, narrow-fronted house opening directly on the square, with the living quarters above and the offices below.

No one was on hand but a very old watchman, puffing his meerschaum in the basement beside a big porcelain stove, and Andersen insisted hospitably that he must send his wife over to see them settled for the night. The Consul politely declined the offer. A rapid, if weary, glance showed him that these apartments, although far from spacious, were clean and habitable. The bedrooms were in order; linen and towels had been freshly laid out. One room, the master bedroom, was lushly decorated in a heavy red. Brande thanked the harbor master for his offer to provide a hot breakfast in the morning, saw him to the front door, and finally got rid of him.

As the Consul turned and began to climb the scrubbed pine-wood stairs, he was suddenly conscious of his own fatigue, and he realized with a pang how these last few months had slowed him down. He felt older—much older; his shoulders were bowed, and his face showed a queer gauntness. All the arrogance had gone out of his eyes; his expression was subdued, even careworn. Yet he was glad to be here; without doubt, Bailey, whom he had once maligned, had done him a great service in proposing his transfer, in promoting Alvin Brotherhood to his place. The feeling against him at San Jorge had been bitter.

And Nicholas, although recovering physically, had failed to shake off his melancholy lassitude in an environment which brought, every day, poignant reminders of the past. Perhaps here, among these pure and glittering northern snows, life would be better for both of them—at least for Nicholas. Harrington Brande wanted nothing for himself. His ambition was gone. Henceforth he would be content to jog along. Even the thought of the great work on Malebranche failed to rouse him. Already he viewed himself as a new Carlyle, his lifework ruined, but, unlike that other historian, he would never attempt to recreate it.

Upstairs, the boy was already in the huge bed. His eyes were closed. In him, the change was even more apparent. He was much taller. His legs stretched out long and lanky; his features had lost their babyish curves and were cast in a more masculine mold. He seemed to have gained the firmness which his father had lost. Gazing at him, the Consul thought again, with an inward sigh: He is growing up.

"You are not asleep, Nicholas?"

"No, Father." The boy did not open his eyes.

"Well," said the Consul after a moment. "Here we are, starting out again. It's not a bad place. I hope you will like it."

"At least there is no garden."

"No, there is no garden."

A long pause followed. Would the boy never come back to him? He would never forget those frightful weeks when Nicholas had refused to look at him and had met his tenderest advances with the muttered words: "I hate you." Even when the shock of José's death had lost some of its sting, he had remained silent and apart, had spent much of his time with old Pedro and the Brotherhoods. Then, to Brande's consternation, he had begun to speak about his mother and to ask the most distressing questions, requesting her photograph for his bedroom, pressing to know her address, asking when he might see her again.

Now he stirred, raised himself upon the pillow. "Father," he inquired, "where shall I have my lessons in this new town?"

"Why," Brande replied mildly, "I shall give them to you, as before."

"No, Father. I want to go to school."

"But, Nicholas—"

"To school, Father—where I shall meet other boys, and play games, and perhaps make friends."

There was a pause.

"Well," said the Consul in a subdued voice. "We shall have to see about that."

A short silence followed. Then, as though nerving himself to speak, Nicholas gazed at the Consul and drew a quick, deep breath. "There's something else, Father. I've—I've had a letter from Mother."

"What!"

"You knew I had written to her, didn't you? What's more—" With a courageous rush the words came out: "She's coming here next month."

Speechless, Brande stared at his son. Before he could recover himself, Nicholas went on, "After all, she *is* my mother. I have a right to be with her. And she has a right to be with me."

For an instant, a surge of the old anger swelled in the Consul's breast. But it was quickly over. "Do you mean that she—that she is coming here? To stay?"

"That depends on you, Father. On us. If we're good to her, then perhaps she will stay. Oh, she must stay with us."

Brande pressed his hand to his forehead, covering his eyes with trembling fingers. He had suspected an exchange of letters between Nicholas and Marion, had even, in a numb way, envisaged their reunion. Yet the sudden presentation of the fact overwhelmed him. In a kind of daze, he asked himself how it had come about, how from that first unheeded moment twelve months before when he had engaged a simple Spanish boy to work his garden, this incredible result had sprung. Marion—his wife—coming back. How could he face her? And what would she think of him, now that he was spent and broken?

"You will try, won't you?" Nicholas was saying, in that new persuasive tone.

The Consul, still with bent head, made an incoherent murmur of assent. Then Brande laid his fingers on his son's hand.

"Nicholas," he said. "Many things have come between us in these past months. If I've been to blame, I am sorry. But don't let my mistakes destroy our feeling for each other. We still have the future."

AGAIN there was a long silence. The Consul sighed, rose to his feet, and was moving dejectedly toward the door when, at a thought, he turned wistfully, though not hopefully, to his son.

"You wouldn't care for me to read to you tonight?"

The boy averted his eyes. He was about to refuse. The hard words had already formed on his lips. Then something overcame him. He turned his head away. "All right," he muttered. "If you want to."

A pathetic smile spread over the Consul's face. Clumsily, he went into the other room, rummaged in his valise, and returned with the familiar red leather-bound volume.

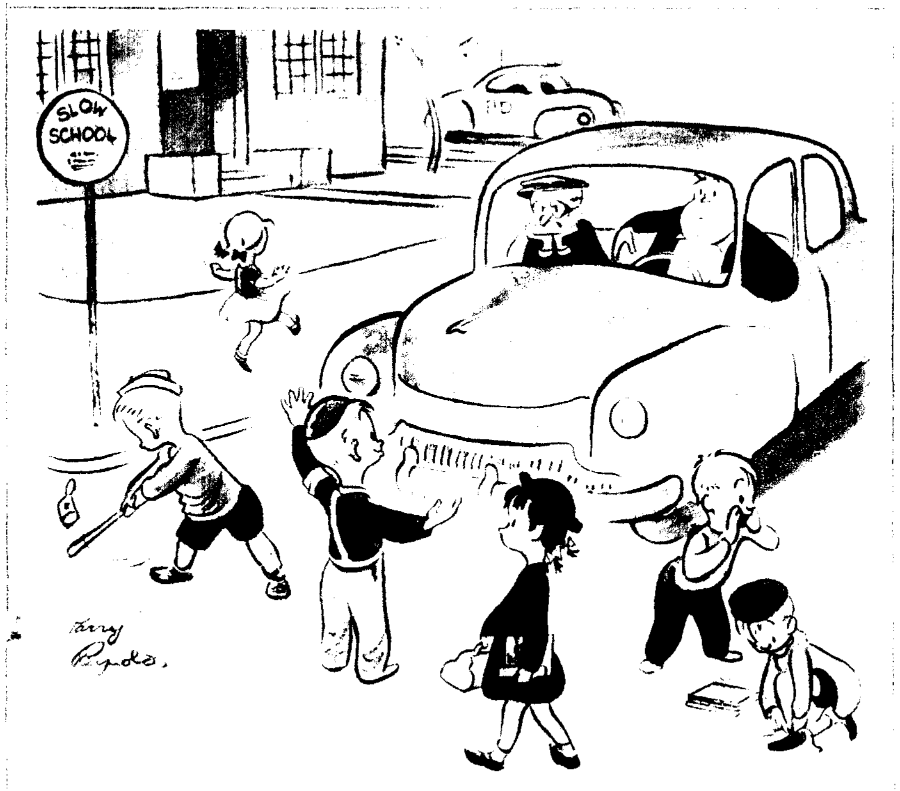
"We'll take the chapter that deals with the characteristics of some of the larger birds. It's really most instructive. Oh, it's so long since we had this little treat."

Seating himself on the bed, he adjusted his glasses and read: "The turkey is by nature a peculiar bird—arrogant, self-sufficient, yet, because of his inordinate vanity, liable to grave discomfiture . . ."

He broke off. Nicholas, head turned sideways on the pillow, was not paying the least attention. He wasn't listening—no, not listening to him at all.

THE END

BUTCH



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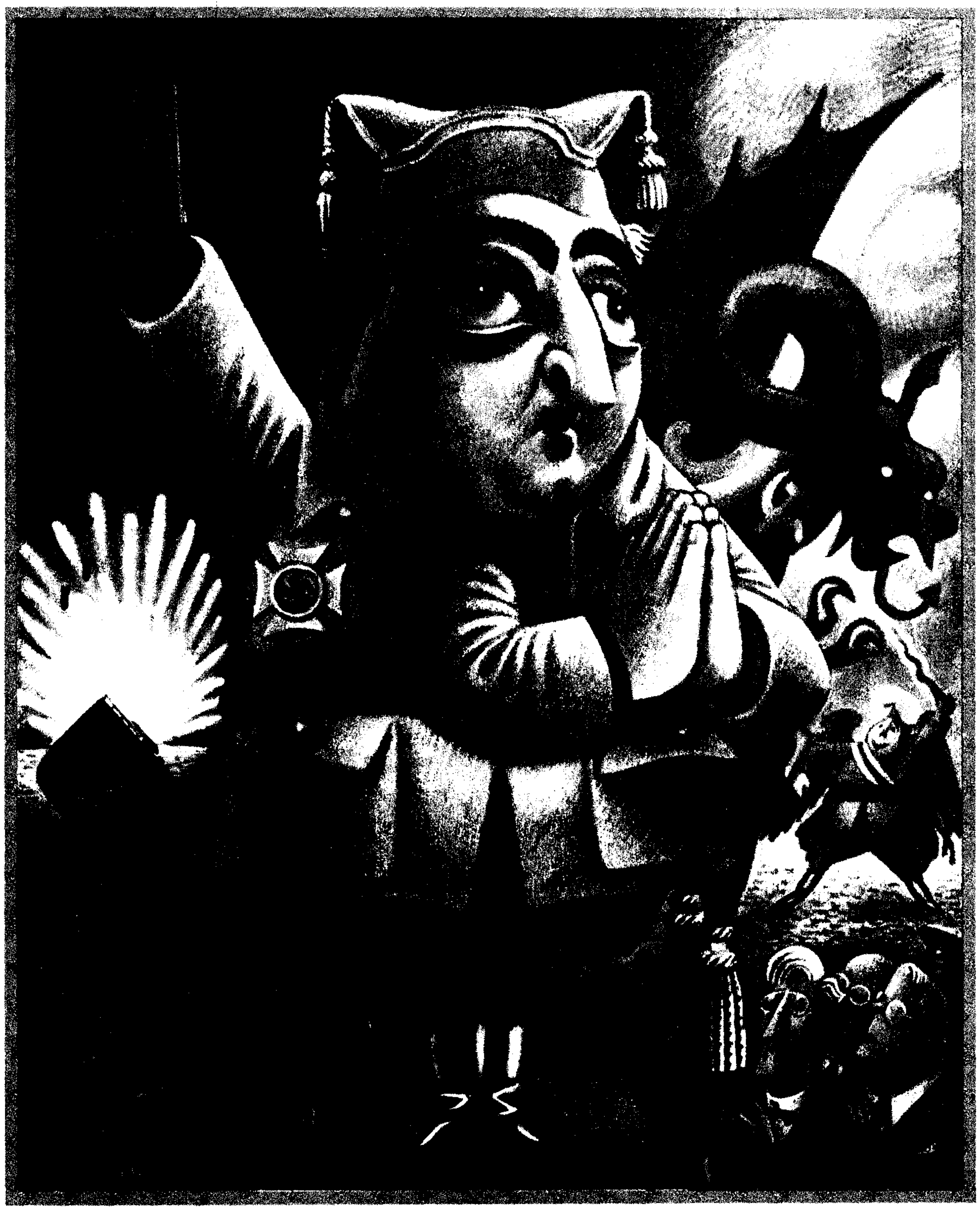
News for a Reporter

Look into the facts on Sauterne wine and find out why it is creating such a sensation with chicken and fish. This is a story packed with good taste!

It's an easy assignment to cover.
You just chill the Sauterne and serve.

And remember: A Sauterne *wine of California* costs so little you won't even want to put it on your expense account!

Wine Advisory Board, 717 Market St., San Francisco 3, California



MIGUEL COVARRUBIAS

LEST WE FORGET

GENERALISSIMO FRANCISCO FRANCO, who modestly bills himself "Caudillo of Spain by the Grace of God," has got quite a corps of unofficial press agents in this country. A growing number of prominent citizens, in and out of government, are saying that the United States ought to return an ambassador to Madrid and also let Franco in on the European Recovery Program and lend him some money—maybe about $100,000,000. Their supporting arguments boil down to these three points:

1. Our government "recognizes" other regimes that are undemocratic, such as those in Russia, the Soviet satellite countries and Argentina. So why snub Franco? (Actually, of course, Washington has never broken diplomatic relations with the Franco regime. It simply withdrew the headmen of its diplomatic mission there in accordance with a United Nations resolution of 1946.)
2. Franco is anti-Communistic.
3. Spanish bases would be vitally necessary if the North Atlantic allies had to fight Russia.

It may be that we are setting out to write a minority report, but neither volume nor repetition makes the last two points sound convincing to us. Probably it doesn't make too much difference about the ambassador. But if the other arguments are valid reasons for bolstering Franco's threadbare Fascism with dollars (which probably wouldn't get farther than the pockets of the top-level Falangists) then we should feel that American policy is at a dangerously low point.

Of course Franco is an anti-Communist. He is also an antidemocrat. And if anti-Communism has become the only requirement for entrance into the North Atlantic Alliance, then maybe it is time for the members of that alliance to re-examine their statement of noble purposes, and perhaps revise it.

As for bases, the democratic Allies won two wars in Europe without the aid of Spanish arms or Spanish hospitality. We cannot believe that victory or defeat in another war would hinge on either of those factors. But in the unlikely event that this might be the case, we still don't see the necessity of wooing Franco with friendship and money now. We agree with Walter Winchell when he says that "Franco is the type of 'ally' we can buy any time we need him."

We have another reason for opposing aid to Franco. There may be those who will dismiss it as vindictive or unrealistic. Secretary of State Acheson did not even mention it in his long detailed letter to Senator Connally explaining this government's Spanish policy.

But we cannot forget that Franco is the creature and protégé of Mussolini and Hitler and that, as such, he is the symbol of an evil which some people seem to have forgotten. Yet it is the same evil which started history's greatest war, the same evil which cost the lives of more than 20,000,000 persons before its power was broken.

The Franco regime is responsible for some of those lives. Franco was not a neutral. He was a nonbelligerent, or almost nonbelligerent, member of the Axis. And we recall three firsthand accounts of his successful efforts to aid his masters in Rome and Berlin.

One was of the little Spanish fishing boats, looking top-heavy with radio antennas, which used to "get lost" in the midst of Allied convoys a day out of Gibraltar. In spite of directions shouted at them in Spanish, they were never able to get their bearings until they had had plenty of time to count the ships. The next day the *Luftwaffe* would be waiting for the convoy.

The second account was of the Italian who, before his country had surrendered was allowed to sit in the Spanish town of Algeciras, on Gibraltar's very doorstep, and radio to the Italian sea and air forces complete information on all Allied vessels anchored off the Rock.

The third told of American ships torpedoed in the Mediterranean by Nazi submarines which would then surface, run up the Spanish flag, and proceed unhurriedly to the shelter of one of the Spanish islands while the dead lay on the decks of the stricken warships and the crews of other ships stood fuming and frustrated at their guns, unable to fire a shot at this flag of bogus neutrality.

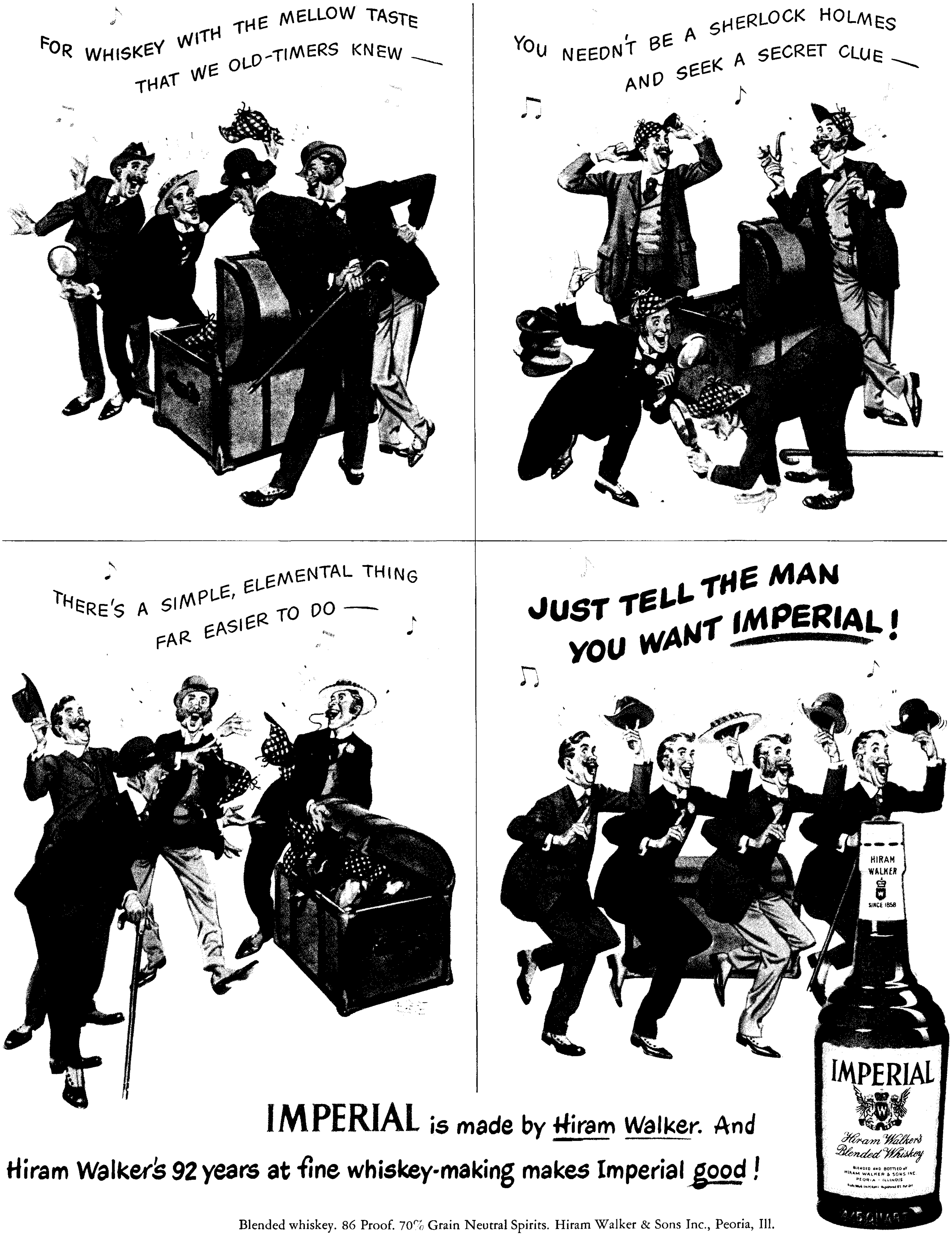
Those are only three stories. There are surely many more like them, all involving the cheerfully conniving Francisco Franco, "Caudillo by the Grace of God," and all ending with the death of American men. It seems to us that the people who now talk of loans and friendship for Franco show scant respect for those dead.

Ahead of the Times

A GERMAN FIRM is making a woman's handbag designed to help the owner find a keyhole in the dark. When the bag is opened a little electric light on the inside goes on and shines a beam through a small window in the side, thus illuminating the lock.

If the German passion for orderliness extends to Mama's handbag, this new gadget will probably be a success on its own home grounds. But we don't think it will ever catch on over here. Too advanced.

What the average American woman's purse needs first is a strong light shining on its contents—plus an automatic filing system and a magnet to help the fumbling lady find her key.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NOTED THROAT SPECIALISTS REPORT ON 30-DAY TEST OF CAMEL SMOKERS...

Not one single case of throat irritation due to smoking CAMELS!

YES, THESE WERE THE FINDINGS OF NOTED THROAT SPECIALISTS AFTER A TOTAL OF 2,470 WEEKLY EXAMINATIONS OF THE THROATS OF HUNDREDS OF MEN AND WOMEN WHO SMOKED CAMELS—AND ONLY CAMELS—FOR 30 CONSECUTIVE DAYS!

COLLEGE STUDENT Anne Hogan: "My doctor's report after my 30-day test proved what my own throat told me from the start—Camels are wonderfully *mild.* And they taste so good!"

MR. AND MRS. RICHARD COLE of Fresh Meadows, N. Y., made the test under the observation of a throat specialist. Both agree, "Camels are the mildest, best-tasting cigarette I ever smoked!"

PERSONNEL DIRECTOR Robert R. Lamkie: "Camel mildness agreed with my throat right from the start. I like everything about Camels—they're my cigarette from now on!"

THE 30-DAY TEST SURE WON ME OVER TO CAMELS — THEY TASTE GREAT AND THEY AGREE WITH MY THROAT!
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